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Child Classics

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SHE WAS A WONDER, AND NOTHING LESS!

See "The Deacon's Masterpiece"

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CHILD CLASSICS
THE FIFTH READER

By

GEORGIA ALEXANDER

and

GRACE ALEXANDER

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

INDIANAPOLIS
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PREFACE

WHEN a community takes upon itself the responsibility of teaching its children to read it should assume at the same time that greater responsibility of teaching them what to read. A series of school readers designed to teach the art of reading should therefore carry in its pages that which will train in the choice of reading.

The cultivation of this habit should begin with the primer. From the first page the child should go to the book to get thought, not merely exercise in word calling. The succeeding books should gradually develop a high and catholic taste, and foster this taste by establishing early the custom of reading standard books at home.

Child Classics have been prepared with these principles in view. In addition to providing a definite and flexible method for teaching beginners to read, effort has been made to include only material that may justly be called classic. The selections chosen have borne the repeated test of school-room trial both as to interest and careful grading. Care has also been taken to present a variety of appeal through the heroic, the imaginative, the humorous, the ethical and the realistic.

Special attention has been given to the biographies of authors in the desire to make them interesting as well as instructive. As great men truly furnish the "very marrow of the world's history," a vivid personal impression, especially glimpses of their childhood when ideals were forming, outvalues many dates and other encyclopedic details.

Lists of books for home reading edited for this series by Hamilton Wright Mabie are included in the *Third*, *Fourth* and *Fifth Readers*, not only for the direction of the child and the guidance of the teacher, but also to obtain the coöperation of parents in fixing in habit the taste for good literature created by the text books themselves.

The notes appended for study have been prepared, not only to

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explain the text, but to further the child's interest in the author and the selection. At the end of each book will be found suggestions to teachers. These have been made unusually concrete and full in the desire to throw increased light on the teaching of this, the most important subject in the school curriculum. It is hoped that a measure of success has attended the undertaking, and that teachers and pupils to whom the books may come will take new joy in their work.

It is a pleasure to thank Miss Nebraska Cropsey, Assistant Superintendent of Schools in Indianapolis, for suggestions concerning the teaching of reading covering a period of twenty years; Miss Adelaide Baylor, Superintendent of Schools at Wabash, who has carefully read the text and made valuable criticisms, and the many teachers who have tested the books in their classes.

G. A.

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Consider what you have in the smallest chosen library. A company of the wisest and wittiest men that could be picked out of all civil countries in a thousand years have set in best order the results of their learning and wisdom. The men themselves were hid and inaccessible, solitary, impatient of interruption, fenced by etiquette; but the thought which they did not uncover to their bosom friend is here written out in transparent words to us, the strangers of another age.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

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THE FIFTH READER

TOM AND MAGGIE

By George Eliot

"Maggie," said Tom confidentially, taking her into a corner, as soon as his mother was gone out to examine his box, and the warm parlor had taken off the chill he had felt from the long drive, "you don't know what I've got in my pockets," nodding his head up and down as a means of rousing her sense of mystery.

"No," said Maggie. "How stodgy they look, Tom! Is it marbles or cobnuts?" Maggie's heart sank a little, because Tom always said it was "no good" playing with her at these games—she played so badly.

"Marbles! no; I've swapped all my marbles with the little fellows, and cobnuts are no fun, you silly, only when the nuts are green. But see here!" He drew something half out of his right-hand pocket.

"What is it?" said Maggie, in a whisper. "I can see nothing but a bit of yellow."

"Why, it's a — new — Guess, Maggie!"

"Oh, I can't guess, Tom," said Maggie impatiently.

"Don't be a spitfire, else I won't tell you," said Tom,

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thrusting his hand back into his pocket, and looking determined.

"No, Tom," said Maggie imploringly, laying hold of the arm that was held stiffly in the pocket. "I'm not cross, Tom; it was only because I can't bear guessing. Please be good to me."

Tom's arm slowly relaxed, and he said, "Well then, it's a new fish-line—two new uns—one for you, Maggie, all to yourself. I wouldn't go halves in the toffee and gingerbread on purpose to save the money; and Gibson and Spouncer fought with me because I wouldn't. And here's hooks; see here!—I say, won't we go and fish to-morrow, down by the Round Pool? And you shall catch your own fish, Maggie, and put the worms on, and everything—won't it be fun?"

Maggie's answer was to throw her arms around Tom's neck and hug him, and hold her cheek against his without speaking, while he slowly unwound some of the line, saying, after a pause:

"Wasn't I a good brother, now, to buy you a line all to yourself? You know, I needn't have bought it, if I hadn't liked."

"Yes, very, very good—I do love you, Tom."

Tom had put the line back in his pocket, and was looking at the hooks one by one, before he spoke again. "And the fellows fought me, because I wouldn't give in about the toffee."

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"Oh, dear! I wish they wouldn't fight at your school, Tom. Didn't it hurt you?"

"Hurt me? No," said Tom, putting up the hooks again, taking out a large pocket-knife, and slowly opening the largest blade, which he looked at meditatively as he rubbed his finger along it. Then he added—"I gave Spouncer a black eye, I know—that's what he got by wanting to leather me; I wasn't going to go halves because anybody leathered me."

"Oh, how brave you are, Tom! I think you're like Samson. If there came a lion roaring at me, I think you'd fight him—wouldn't you, Tom?"

"How can a lion come roaring at you, you silly thing? There's no lions, only in the shows."

"No; but if we were in the lion countries—I mean in Africa, where it's very hot—the lions eat people there. I can show it to you in the book where I read it."

"Well, I should get a gun and shoot him."

"But if you hadn't got a gun—we might have gone out, you know, not thinking—just as we go fishing; and then a great lion might run towards us roaring, and we couldn't get away from him. What should you do, Tom?"

Tom paused, and at last turned away contemptuously, saying, "But the lion isn't coming. What's the use of talking?"

"But I like to fancy how it would be," said Maggie, following him. "Just think what you would do, Tom."

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"Oh, don't bother, Maggie! you're such a silly—I shall go and see my rabbits."

Maggie's heart began to flutter with fear. She dared not tell the sad truth at once, but she walked after Tom in trembling silence as he went out, thinking how she could tell him the news so as to soften at once his sorrow and his anger; for Maggie dreaded Tom's anger of all things—it was quite a different anger from her own.

"Tom," she said timidly, when they were out of doors, "how much money did you give for your rabbits?"

"Two half-crowns and a sixpence," said Tom promptly.

"I think I've got a great deal more than that in my steel purse up-stairs. I'll ask mother to give it to you."

"What for?" said Tom. "I don't want your money, you silly thing. I've got a great deal more money than you, because I'm a boy. I always have half-sovereigns and sovereigns for my Christmas boxes, because I shall be a man, and you only have five-shilling pieces, because you're only a girl."

"Well, but, Tom—if mother would let me give you two half-crowns and a sixpence out of my purse to put into your pocket and spend, you know; and buy some more rabbits with it?"

"More rabbits? I don't want any more."

"Oh, but, Tom, they're all dead."

Tom stopped immediately in his walk, and turned round to Maggie. "You forgot to feed 'em, then?" he said, his

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color heightening for a moment, but soon subsiding. "And I don't love you, Maggie. You shan't go fishing with me to-morrow. I told you to go and see the rabbits every day." He walked on again.

"Yes, but I forgot — and I couldn't help it, indeed, Tom. I'm so very sorry," said Maggie, while the tears rushed fast.

"You're a naughty girl," said Tom severely, "and I'm sorry I bought you the fish-line. I don't love you."

"Oh, Tom, it's very cruel," sobbed Maggie. "I'd forgive you, if you forgot anything—I wouldn't mind what you did—I'd forgive you and love you."

"Yes, you're a silly—but I never do forget things—I don't."

"Oh, please forgive me, Tom; my heart will break," said Maggie, shaking with sobs, clinging to Tom's arm, and laying her wet cheek on his shoulder.

Tom shook her off, and stopped again, saying in a peremptory tone, "Now, Maggie, you just listen. Aren't I a good brother to you?"

"Ye-ye-es," sobbed Maggie, her chin rising and falling convulsively.

"Didn't I think about your fish-line all this quarter, and mean to buy it, and saved my money o' purpose, and wouldn't go halves in the toffee, and Spouncer fought me because I wouldn't?"

"Ye-ye-es—and I lo-lo-love you so, Tom."

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"But you're a naughty girl. Last holidays you licked the paint off my lozenge-box, and the holidays before that you let the boat drag my fish-line down when I'd set you to watch it, and you pushed your head through my kite, all for nothing."

"But I didn't mean," said Maggie; "I couldn't help it."

"Yes, you could," said Tom, "if you'd minded what you were doing. And you're a naughty girl, and you shan't go fishing with me to-morrow." With this terrible conclusion, Tom ran away from Maggie toward the mill.

Maggie stood motionless, except for her sobs, for a minute or two; then she turned round and ran into the house, and up to her attic, where she sat on the floor, and laid her head against the worm-eaten shelf, with a crushing sense of misery. Tom was come home, and she had thought how happy she should be—and now he was cruel to her. What use was anything if Tom didn't love her? Oh, he was very cruel!

Maggie soon thought she had been hours in the attic, and it must be tea time, and they were all having their tea, and not thinking of her. Well, then, she would stay up there and starve herself—hide herself behind the tub and stay there all night; and then they would all be frightened, and Tom would be sorry. Thus Maggie thought in the pride of her heart, as she crept behind the tub; but presently she began to cry again at the idea that they didn't mind her being there. If she went down

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again to Tom now—would he forgive her? Perhaps her father would be there, and he would take her part.

But then she wanted Tom to forgive her because he loved her, not because his father told him. No, she would never go down if Tom didn't come to fetch her. This resolution lasted in great intensity for five dark minutes behind the tub; but then the need of being loved, the strongest need in poor Maggie's nature, began to wrestle with her pride, and soon threw it. She crept from behind her tub into the twilight of the long attic, but just then she heard a quick footstep on the stairs.

Tom had been too much interested in going the round of the premises, walking in and out where he pleased, and whittling sticks without any particular reason, except that he didn't whittle sticks at school, to think of Maggie and the effect his anger had produced on her. He meant to punish her, and that business having been performed, he occupied himself with other matters, like a practical person. But when he had been called in to tea, his father said, "Why, where's the little wench?" and Mrs. Tulliver, almost at the same moment, said, "Where's your little sister?"—both of them having supposed that Maggie and Tom had been together all the afternoon.

"I don't know," said Tom. He didn't want to "tell on" Maggie, though he was angry with her; for Tom Tulliver was a lad of honor.

"What! hasn't she been playing with you all this

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while?" said the father. "She's been thinking of nothing but your coming home."

"I haven't seen her this two hours," said Tom, commencing on the plum cake.

"Goodness heart! She's got drownded!" exclaimed Mrs. Tulliver, rising from her seat and running to the window.

"Nay, nay, she's none drownded," said Mr. Tulliver. "You've been naughty to her, Tom, I doubt?"

"I'm sure I haven't, father," said Tom indignantly. "I think she's in the house."

"Perhaps up in that attic," said Mrs. Tulliver, "a-singing and talking to herself and forgetting all about meal-times."

"You go and fetch her down, Tom," said Mr. Tulliver, rather sharply, his perspicacity or his fatherly fondness for Maggie making him suspect that the lad had been hard upon "the little un," else she would never have left his side. "And be good to her, do you hear? Else I'll let you know better."

Tom never disobeyed his father, for Mr. Tulliver was a peremptory man, and, as he said, would never let anybody get hold of his whip-hand; but he went out rather sullenly, carrying his piece of plum cake, and not intending to reprieve Maggie's punishment, which was no more than she deserved.

It was Tom's step, then, that Maggie heard on the stairs,

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when her need of love had triumphed over her pride, and she was going down with her swollen eyes and disheveled hair to beg for pity. At least her father would stroke her head and say, "Never mind, my wench." It is a wonderful subduer, this need of love,—this hunger of the heart,—as peremptory as that other hunger by which Nature forces us to submit to the yoke, and change the face of the world.

But she knew Tom's step, and her heart began to beat violently with the sudden shock of hope. He only stood still at the top of the stairs and said, "Maggie, you're to come down." But she rushed to him and clung round his neck, sobbing, "O Tom, please forgive me—I can't bear it—I will always be good—always remember things—do love me—please, dear Tom!"

There were tender fibers in the lad that had been used to answer to Maggie's fondling; so that he behaved with a weakness quite inconsistent with his resolution to punish her as much as she deserved; he actually began to kiss her in return, and say:—

"Don't cry, then, Magsie—here, eat a bit o' cake."

Maggie's sobs began to subside, and she put out her mouth for the cake and bit a piece; and then Tom bit a piece, just for company, and they ate together and rubbed each other's cheeks and brows and noses together while they ate, with a humiliating resemblance to two friendly ponies.

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"Come along, Magsie, and have tea," said Tom at last, when there was no more cake except what was downstairs.

So ended the sorrows of this day, and the next morning Maggie was trotting with her own fishing-rod in one hand and a handle of the basket in the other, stepping always, by a peculiar gift, in the muddiest places, and looking darkly radiant from under her beaver-bonnet, because Tom was good to her.

From "The Mill on the Floss." Adapted.

. . . Were another childhood's world my share
I would be born a little sister there.

George Eliot.

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DAYBREAK

By Percy Bysshe Shelley

Day had awakened all things that be,
The lark and the thrush and the swallow free,
And the milkmaid's song and the mower's scythe,
And the matin-bell and the mountain bee:
Fireflies were quenched on the dewy corn,
Glowworms went out on the river's brim,
Like lamps which a student forgets to trim:
The beetle forgot to wind his horn,
The crickets were still in the meadow and hill:
Like a flock of rooks at a farmer's gun,
Night's dreams and terrors, every one,
Fled from the brains which are their prey,
From the lamp's death to the morning ray.

From "The Boat on the Serchio."

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MOSES GOES TO THE FAIR

By Oliver Goldsmith

As we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, my wife suggested that it would be proper to sell the colt, which was grown old, at a neighboring fair, and buy us a horse that would carry single or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church or upon a visit. This at first I opposed stoutly; but it was as stoutly defended. However, as I weakened, my antagonist gained strength, till at last it was resolved to part with him.

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. "No, my dear," said she, "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to very good advantage. You know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain."

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to intrust him with this commission; and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair; trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satis-

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faction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in.

He had on a coat made of that cloth they call "thunder and lightning," which, though grown too short, was

much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling-green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black ribbon. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, "Good luck! good luck!" till we could see him no longer.

. . . . . .

I began to wonder what could keep our son so long at

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the fair, as it was now almost nightfall. "Never mind our son," cried my wife; "depend upon it, he knows what he is about. I'll warrant we'll never see him sell his hen on a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. I'll tell you a good story about that, that will make you split your sides with laughing.—But as I live, yonder comes Moses without a horse, and the box at his back."

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a peddler. "Welcome, welcome, Moses! Well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?"

"I have brought you myself," cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser.

"Ay, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know, but where is the horse?"

"I have sold him," cried Moses, "for three pounds, five shillings and twopence."

"Well done, my good boy," returned she; "I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds, five shillings and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it then."

"I have brought no money," cried Moses again. "I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast; "here they are; a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases."

"A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife in a

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faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of green paltry spectacles!"

"Dear mother," cried the boy, "why won't you listen to reason? I had them at a dead bargain, or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money."

"A fig for the silver rims!" cried my wife in a passion; "I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money, at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce."

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"You need be in no uneasiness," cried I, "about selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence, for I perceive they are only copper varnished over."

"What," cried my wife, "not silver, the rims not silver!"

"No," cried I, "no more silver than your saucepan."

"And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases! A murrain take such trumpery! The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better."

"There, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong; he should not have known them at all."

"Oh! The stupid boy," returned she, "to bring me such stuff. If I had them, I would throw them in the fire."

"There again you are wrong, my dear," cried I; "for though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had indeed been imposed upon by a prowling sharper who had marked him for an easy prey. I, therefore, asked the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent under pretense of having one to sell. "Here," continued Moses, "we met another man, very well dressed,

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who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of the value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered to me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. And so at last I was persuaded to buy them."

From "The Vicar of Wakefield." Abridged.

THE BUGLE SONG

By Alfred, Lord Tennyson

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

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O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

From "The Princess."

MY ARRIVAL IN PHILADELPHIA

By Benjamin Franklin

I was in my working-dress, my best clothes having to come by sea. I was dirty from my journey; my pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no soul, nor where to look for lodging. I was fatigued with traveling, rowing, and want of rest; I was very hungry, and my whole stock of cash consisted of a Dutch dollar and about a shilling in copper.

The latter I gave the people of the boat for my passage, who at first refused it on account of my rowing; but I insisted on their taking it, a man being sometimes more generous when he has but a little money than when he has plenty; perhaps through fear of being thought to have but little.

Then I walked up the street, gazing about, till, near the market-house, I met a boy with bread. I had made

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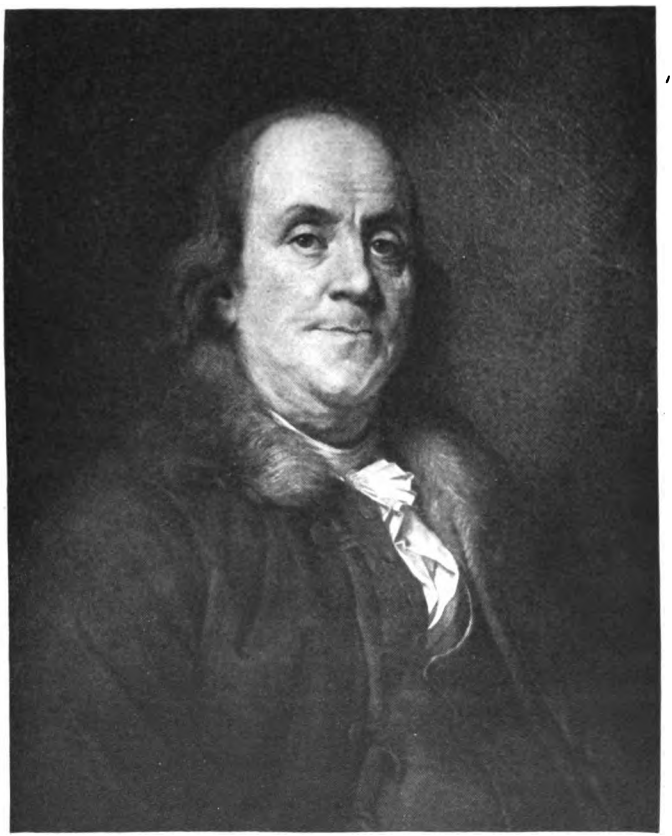
many a meal on bread, and, inquiring where he got it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to, in



Second Street, and asked for biscuit, intending such as we had in Boston, but they, it seems, were not made in Philadelphia.

I then asked for a threepenny loaf. They made no

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loaves at that price. Finding myself ignorant of the prices, as well as of the different kinds of bread, I desired him to let me have threepenny worth of bread of some kind or other. He gave me three large rolls.

I was surprised at receiving so much; I took them, however, and having no room in my pockets, I walked on with a roll under each arm, eating a third. In this manner I went through Market Street to Fourth Street, and passed the house of Mr. Read, the father of my future wife. She was standing at the door, observed me, and thought, with reason, that I made a very singular and grotesque appearance.

I then turned the corner, and went through Chestnut Street, eating my roll all the way; and having made this round, I found myself again on Market Street wharf, near the boat in which I arrived. I stepped into it to take a draft of the river water; and finding myself satisfied with my first roll, I gave the other two to a woman and her child, who had come down with us in the boat, and were waiting to continue their journey.

Thus refreshed, I regained the street, which was now full of well-dressed people, all going the same way. I joined them, and was thus led to a large Quakers' meeting-house near the market-place. I sat down with the rest, and, after looking around me for some time, hearing nothing said, and being drowsy from my last night's labor and want of rest, I fell into a sound sleep.

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In this state I continued till the assembly dispersed, when one of the congregation had the goodness to wake me. This was consequently the first house I entered, or in which I slept, at Philadelphia.

From Benjamin Franklin's Autobiography.

TO A WATERFOWL

By William Cullen Bryant

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

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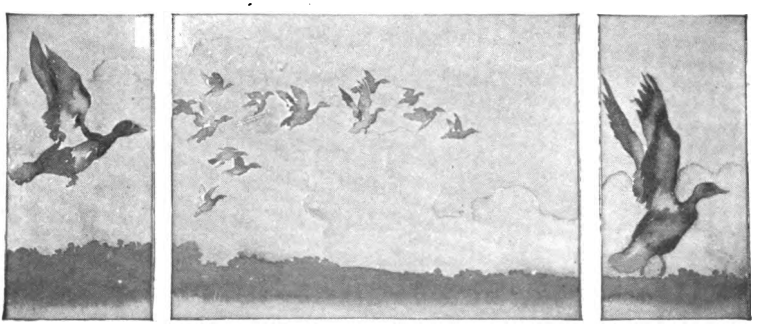
All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.



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THE CRUISE OF THE DOLPHIN

By Thomas Bailey Aldrich

It was a proud moment when I stood on the wharf with my three partners, inspecting the *Dolphin*, moored at the foot of a very slippery flight of steps. She was painted white, with a green stripe outside; and on the stern a yellow dolphin, with its scarlet mouth wide open, stared with a surprised expression at its own reflection in the water. The boat was ours,—just bought at a great bargain.

Not long after the purchase of the boat we planned an excursion to Sandpeep Island, the last of the islands in the harbor. We proposed to start early in the morning, and return with the tide in the moonlight.

We were up before sunrise, in order to take advantage of the flood tide, which waits for no man. Our preparations for the cruise were made the previous evening. In the way of eatables and drinkables, we had stored in the stern of the *Dolphin* a generous bag of hardtack for the chowder, a piece of pork to fry the cunners in, three gigantic apple-pies, half a dozen lemons, and a keg of spring-water,—the last-named article we slung over the side to keep it cool, as soon as we got under way.

The crockery and the bricks for our camp-stove we placed in the bows with the groceries, which included

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sugar, pepper, salt, and a bottle of pickles. Phil Adams contributed to the outfit a small tent of unbleached cotton cloth, under which we intended to take our nooning.

Charley Marden, whose father had promised to cane him if he ever stepped foot on sail- or rowboat, came down to the wharf in a sour-grape humor, to see us off. Nothing would tempt him to go out on the river in such a crazy clam-shell of a boat. He pretended that he did not expect to behold us alive again, and tried to throw a wet blanket over the expedition.

"You'll have a squally time of it," said Charley, casting off the painter.

"Bosh!" muttered Phil Adams, sticking the boat-hook into the string-piece of the wharf, and sending the *Dolphin* half a dozen yards towards the current.

How calm and lovely the river was; not a ripple stirred on the glassy surface, broken only by the sharp cutwater of our tiny craft. The sun, as round and red as an August moon, was by this time peering above the water-line.

The town had drifted behind us, and we were entering among the group of islands. Sometimes we could almost touch with our boat-hook the shelving banks on either side. As we neared the mouth of the harbor, a little breeze now and then wrinkled the blue water, shook the spangles from the foliage, and gently lifted the spiral mist-wreaths that still clung along-shore.

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The measured dip of our oars, and the drowsy twitterings of the birds, seemed to mingle with, rather than break, the enchanted silence that reigned about us. The scent of the new clover comes back to me now, as I recall that delicious morning when we floated away in a fairy boat down a river, like a dream.

The sun was well up when the nose of the *Dolphin* nestled against the snow-white bosom of Sandpeep Island. This island was the last of the cluster, one side of it being washed by the sea.

It took us an hour or two to transport our stores to the spot selected for the encampment. Having pitched our tent, using the five oars to support the canvas, we got out our lines, and went down the rocks seaward to fish.

It was early for cunners, but we were lucky enough to catch as nice a mess as ever you saw. A cod for the chowder was not so easily secured. At last Binny Wallace hauled in a plump little fellow, crusted all over with flaky silver.

To skin the fish, build our fireplace, and cook the chowder kept us busy the next two hours. The fresh air and the exercise had given us the appetites of wolves, and we were about famished by the time the savory mixture was ready for our clam-shell saucers.

How happy we were, we four, sitting cross-legged in the crisp salt grass, with the invigorating sea-breeze blowing gratefully through our hair! What a joyous thing

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was life, and how far off seemed death,—death, that lurks in all pleasant places, and was so near!

The wind had freshened by this, and we found it comfortable to put on the jackets which had been thrown aside in the heat of the day. We strolled along the beach, and gathered large quantities of the fairy-woven Iceland moss, which, at certain seasons, is washed to these shores; then we played at ducks and drakes, and then, the sun being sufficiently low, we went in bathing.

Before our bath was ended, a slight change had come over the sky and sea; fleecy white clouds scudded here and there, and a muffled moan from the breakers caught our ears from time to time. While we were dressing, a few hurried drops of rain came lisping down, and we adjourned to the tent to await the passing of the squall.

"We're all right, anyhow," said Phil Adams. "It won't be much of a blow, and we'll be as snug as a bug in a rug, here in the tent, particularly if we have that lemonade which some of you fellows were going to make."

By an oversight, the lemons had been left in the boat. Binny Wallace volunteered to go for them.

"Put an extra stone on the painter, Binny," said Adams, calling after him; "it would be awkward to have the *Dolphin* give us the slip, and return to port minus her passengers."

"That it would," answered Binny, scrambling down the rocks.

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Binny Wallace had been absent five or six minutes, when we heard him calling our several names in tones that indicated distress or surprise, we could not tell which. Our first thought was, "The boat has broken adrift!"

We sprang to our feet and hastened down to the beach. On turning the bluff which had hidden the mooring-place from view, we found the conjecture correct. Not only was the *Dolphin* afloat, but poor little Binny Wallace was standing in the bows with his arms stretched helplessly towards us—*drifting out to sea!*

"Head the boat in shore!" shouted Phil Adams.

Wallace ran to the tiller; but the slight cockle-shell merely swung round and drifted broadside on. Oh, if we had but left a single scull in the *Dolphin!*

"Can you swim it?" cried Adams desperately, using his hand as a speaking-trumpet, for the distance between the boat and the island widened momently.

Binny Wallace looked down at the sea, which was covered with whitecaps, and made a despairing gesture. He knew, and we knew, that the stoutest swimmer could not live forty seconds in those angry waters.

A wild, insane light came into Phil Adams's eyes, as he stood knee-deep in the boiling surf, and for an instant, I think he meditated plunging into the ocean after the receding boat.

The sky darkened, and an ugly look stole rapidly over the broken surface of the sea.

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Binny Wallace half rose from his seat in the stern, and waved his hand to us in token of farewell. In spite of the distance, increasing every instant, we could see his face plainly. The anxious expression it wore at first had passed. It was pale and meek now; and I love to think there was a kind of halo about it, like that which the painters place around the forehead of a saint. So he drifted away.

Poor little Binny Wallace! Always the same to me. The rest of us have grown up into hard, worldly men, fighting the fight of life; but you are for ever young, and gentle, and pure; a part of my own childhood that time can not wither; always a little boy, always poor little Binny Wallace!

From "The Story of A Bad Boy." Abridged.

May I reach
That purest Heaven,—be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion evermore intense!
So shall I join the choir invisible,
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

George Eliot.

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LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

By John Henry Newman

Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet! I do not ask to see
The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Square thyself for use. A stone that may fit in the wall is not left by the way.

Persian Proverb.

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AFTON WATERS

By Robert Burns

Through a friend of Sir Walter Scott we get an interesting portrait of Burns as he appeared to Scott when the latter was sixteen years old. The meeting between the two, one of whom was to become his country's greatest novelist, and the other, who was already known as its most gifted poet, took place at the home of a mutual friend. "Burns's person was strong and robust; his manners rustic, not clownish, with a sort of dignified plainness and simplicity. His eye was large, and literally glowed when he spoke with feeling or interest." Yet, not long before this Burns had been plowing ground for the sum of seven pounds a year.

He had come by chance on some of Shakespeare's plays, Pope's poems and other books, and, he tells us, "I pored over them, driving my cart or walking to labor, song by song, verse by verse." Later this plowman was welcomed to the friendship of the first men and women of his time. Carlyle has described the songs of Burns as "humble, pensive lark-notes," as of a "skylark, starting from the humble furrow, far overhead into the blue depths, and singing to us so genuinely there!" Burns was peculiarly a poet of his own country's life, especially of her peasant life. In *The Cotter's Saturday Night* and in *Honest Poverty* he has shown that this life often has true dignity and beauty. The birthplace of Burns, near Ayr, is one of the pilgrim shrines of Scotland.

[Born in 1759—died in 1796]

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Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds through the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills,
Far marked with the courses of clear winding rills;
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
There oft as mild evening weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

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MANNERS

By Ralph Waldo Emerson

There is always a best way of doing everything, if it be but to boil an egg. Manners are the happy ways of doing things; each, once a stroke of genius or of love, now repeated and hardened into usage. They form at last a rich varnish with which the routine of life is washed and its details adorned. If they are superficial, so are the dew-drops which give such a depth to the morning meadows.

The power of manners is incessant,—an element as unconcealable as fire. The nobility can not in any country be disguised, and no more in a republic or a democracy than in a kingdom. No man can resist their influence. There are certain manners which are learned in good society, of that force that if a person have them, he or she must be considered, and is everywhere welcome, though without beauty, or wealth, or genius. Give a boy address and accomplishments and you give him the mastery of palaces and fortunes wherever he goes.

From the essay, "Behavior." Abridged.

For manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal nature and of noble mind.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

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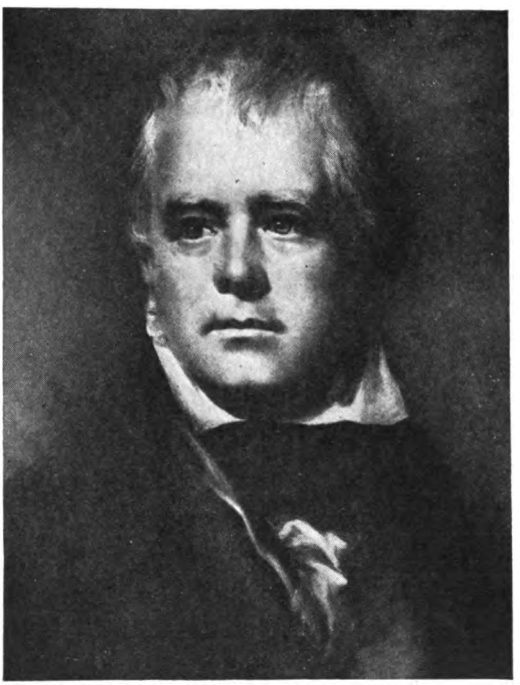
SIR WALTER SCOTT

"There are still living," says Lockhart, in his life of Walter Scott, "two old women, who were in the domestic service at Sandy-Knowe, when the lame child was brought thither in the third year of his age. One of them, Tibby Hunter, remembers his coming well; and that he was a sweet-tempered bairn, a darling with all about the house. The young milkers delighted to carry him about on their backs among the crags; and he was very quick, soon knowing every sheep and lamb by head-mark as well as any of them. One day he was forgotten among the knolls when a thunder-storm came on; and his aunt, suddenly recollecting his situation, and running out to bring him home,



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is said to have found him lying on his back, clapping his hands at the lightning, and crying out, 'Bonny, bonny!' at every flash. Another friend describes him as 'the most extraordinary genius of a boy I ever saw. He was reading a poem to his mother when I went in. It was the description of a shipwreck. His passion rose with the storm. He lifted his eyes and hands. "There's the mast gone," said he, "crash, it goes!—they will all perish!"' Scott was at this time not quite six years old."

The man was like the child. The gift of strong and vital imagination characterized him through life. His poems and romances are all imbued with it. So vividly does he bring back the old spirit of the border times, and so glowingly does he paint the rugged beauty of the Scotch landscape that he has been called "the Scotch magician." His father had hoped to make a lawyer of him, but the instant acclaim that greeted his first important poem, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, decided the day in favor of romancing. He passionately loved everything pertaining to his native land. He retained its rough bur in his speech, held to its canny words, had the bagpipes played daily outside his window during the dinner-hour, and loyally kept each Christmas with the chief of his clan.

Despite his lameness, Scott was strong, and in every other way he was remarkably well favored. Washington Irving, who visited him at his great house, Abbotsford, says that he was "tall, and of a large and powerful frame.

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His dress was simple, and almost rustic, an old green shooting-coat, with a dog-whistle at the buttonhole, brown linen pantaloons, stout shoes that tied at the ankles, and a white hat that had evidently seen service. He came limping up the gravel walk, aiding himself by a stout walking staff, but moving rapidly and with vigor. By his side jogged along a large iron-gray staghound of a most grave demeanor."

Scott counted his dogs among his most valued friends. A favorite, Camp, who died, was buried in the little garden behind the house, in Castle Street. Scott himself, says Lockhart, "smoothed the turf." He had been engaged to dine abroad that day, but apologized on account of the death of "a dear old friend."

One of Scott's most cherished friends was a little girl of six years, named Marjorie Fleming, whose conversation, letters, rhymes and recitations were phenomenal. To Marjorie's home Scott went when he was tired or disheartened, and would romp and talk with her for hours together. In cold weather he carried her lovingly as a shepherd carries a lamb, in the neck of his big rough plaid.

Doctor John Brown tells us that the year before Marjorie died—she was then only eight—when in Edinburgh, she was at a Twelfth Night supper at Scott's, in Castle Street. "The company had all come,—all but Marjorie. Scott's familiars were there,—all were come but Marjorie, and

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all were dull because Scott was dull. 'Where's that bairn? What can have come over her? I'll go myself and see' And he was getting up, and would have gone, when the bell rang, and in came Duncan Roy and his henchman, Tougald, with the sedan-chair, which was brought right into the lobby, and its top raised. And there, in its darkness and dingy old cloth, sat Maidie in white, her eyes gleaming, and Scott bending over her in ecstasy. 'Sit ye there, my dautie, till they all see you'; and forthwith he brought them all. You can fancy the scene. And he lifted her up and marched to his seat with her on his stout shoulder, and set her down beside him; and then began the night, and such a night! Those who knew Scott best said that night was never equaled; Maidie and he were the stars; and she gave them Constance's speeches and Helvellyn, the ballad then much in vogue, and all her repertoire,—Scott showing her off, and being ofttimes rebuked by her for his intentional blunders."

Up in the mornings at five, Scott was at his writing-desk by six, and by the time the other members of the family had come down to breakfast at ten, he had done enough, as he put it, "to break the neck of the day's work." His manly, earnest life, his kindness to all men, his genuineness, and what Carlyle calls his healthiness of mind and temper, won him the highest esteem, and personally endeared him to a very wide circle. He delighted in company, and was never happier than when reciting for his

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guests some ancient border ballad with all the fire of a rude minstrel. In his later life, owing largely to the failure of a publishing house in which he was a silent partner, debt almost overwhelmed him, but he worked manfully under his load. His literary achievements at this time were enormous. Finally, though in failing health, he paid his creditors in full. For years he chose to conceal the authorship of his novels, wittily turning aside the inquiries of those who suspected the fact. People waited eagerly for the next Waverley novel and speculated by the hour as to who wrote it. Finally, at a public dinner in Edinburgh, he disclosed the truth. We can imagine the scene, the crowding about, and the healths, for a man who had won more by his pen alone than, perhaps, any other man had done. George IV conferred on him the title of baronet, and from that time he was Sir Walter Scott. "Be a good man, my dear," were his last words, spoken to his son-in-law, J. G. Lockhart.

[Born in 1771—died in 1832]

TO SIR WALTER SCOTT

By Alfred, Lord Tennyson

O, great and gallant Scott,
True gentleman, heart, blood and bone,
I would it had been my lot
To have seen thee, and heard thee, and known.

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THE ARCHERY CONTEST

By Sir Walter Scott

Ivanhoe, from which the following selection is taken, is a story of the time of Richard I. Locksley, the stranger who shoots against Hubert, is Robin Hood, the famous English outlaw, in disguise.

"Now, Locksley," said Prince John to the bold yeoman, with a bitter smile, "wilt thou try conclusions with Hubert, or wilt thou yield up bow, baldric, and quiver, to the provost of the sports?"

"Sith it be no better," said Locksley, "I am content to try my fortune; on condition that when I have shot two shafts at yonder mark of Hubert's, he shall be bound to shoot one at that which I propose."

"That is but fair," answered Prince John, "and it shall not be refused thee.—If thou dost beat this braggart, Hubert, I will fill the bugle with silver pennies for thee."

"A man can do but his best," answered Hubert; "but my grandsire drew a good long-bow at Hastings, and I trust not to dishonor his memory."

The former target was now removed, and a fresh one of the same size placed in its room. Hubert, who, as victor in the first trial of skill, had the right to shoot first, took his aim with great deliberation, long measuring the distance with his eye, while he held in his hand his bended bow, with the arrow placed on the string. At length he

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made a step forward, and raising the bow at the full stretch of his left arm, till the center or grasping-place was high level with his face, he drew his bow-string to his ear. The arrow whistled through the air, and lighted within the inner ring of the target, but not exactly in the center.

"You have not allowed for the wind, Hubert," said his antagonist, bending his bow, "or that had been a better shot."

So saying, and without shewing the least anxiety to pause upon his aim, Locksley stepped to the appointed station, and shot his arrow as carelessly in appearance as if he had not even looked at the mark. He was speaking almost at the instant that the shaft left the bow-string, yet it alighted in the target two inches nearer to the white spot which marked the center than that of Hubert.

"By the light of Heaven!" said Prince John to Hubert, "an thou suffer that runagate knave to overcome thee, thou art worthy of the gallows!"

Hubert had but one set speech for all occasions. "An your highness were to hang me," he said, "a man can but do his best. Nevertheless, my grandsire drew a good bow—"

"The foul fiend on thy grandsire and all his generation!" interrupted John; "shoot, knave, and shoot thy best, or it shall be worse for thee!"

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Thus exhorted, Hubert resumed his place, and not neglecting the caution which he had received from his adversary, he made the necessary allowance for a very light air of wind, which had just arisen, and shot so successfully that his arrow alighted in the very center of the target.

"A Hubert! a Hubert!" shouted the populace, more interested in a known person than in a stranger. "In the clout!—in the clout!—a Hubert for ever!"

"Thou canst not mend that shot, Locksley," said the Prince with an insulting smile.

"I will notch his shaft for him, however," replied Locksley.

And letting fly his arrow with a little more precaution than before, it lighted right upon that of his competitor, which it split to shivers. The people who stood around were so astonished at his wonderful dexterity, that they could not even give vent to their surprise in their usual clamor. "This must be the devil, and no man of flesh and blood," whispered the yeomen to each other; "such archery was never seen since a bow was first bent in Britain."

"And now," said Locksley, "I will crave your Grace's permission to plant such a mark as is used in the North Country; and welcome every brave yeoman who shall try a shot at it to win a smile from the bonny lass he loves best."

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He then turned to leave the lists. "Let your guards attend me," he said, "if you please—I go but to cut a rod from the next willow-bush."

Prince John made a signal that some attendants should follow him in case of his escape; but the cry of "Shame, shame!" which burst from the multitude, induced him to alter his ungenerous purpose.

Locksley returned almost instantly with a willow wand about six feet in length, perfectly straight, and rather thicker than a man's thumb. He began to peel this with great composure, observing at the same time, that to ask a good woodsman to shoot at a target so broad as had hitherto been used, was to put shame upon his skill. "For my own part," he said, "and in the land where I was bred, men would as soon take for their mark King Arthur's round table, which held sixty knights around it. A child of seven years old," he said, "might hit yonder target with a headless shaft; but," added he, walking deliberately to the other end of the lists, and sticking the willow wand upright in the ground, "he that hits that rod at five-score yards, I call him an archer fit to bear both bow and quiver before a king, an it were the stout King Richard himself."

"My grandsire," said Hubert, "drew a good bow at the battle of Hastings, and never shot at such a mark in his life—and neither will I. If this yeoman can cleave that rod, I give him the bucklers—or rather, I yield to

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the devil that is in his jerkin, and not to any human skill; a man can but do his best, and I will not shoot where I am sure to miss. I might as well shoot at the edge of our parson's whittle, or at a wheat straw, or at a sunbeam, as at a twinkling white streak which I can hardly see."

"Cowardly dog!" said Prince John—"Sirrah Locksley, do thou shoot; but, if thou hittest such a mark, I will say thou art the first man ever did so. Howe'er it be, thou shalt not crow over us with a mere show of superior skill."

"I will do my best, as Hubert says," answered Locksley; "no man can do more."

So saying, he again bent his bow, but on the present occasion looked with attention to his weapon, and changed the string, which he thought was no longer truly round, having been a little frayed by the two former shots. He then took his aim with some deliberation, and the multitude awaited the event in breathless silence. The archer vindicated their opinion of his skill: his arrow split the willow rod against which it was aimed. A jubilee of acclamations followed; and even Prince John, in admiration of Locksley's skill, lost for an instant his dislike to his person. "These twenty nobles," he said, "which, with the bugle, thou hast fairly won, are thine own; we will make them fifty, if thou wilt take livery and service with us as a yeoman of our body guard

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and be near to our person. For never did so strong a hand bend a bow, or so true an eye direct a shaft."

"Pardon me, noble Prince," said Locksley; "but I have vowed, that if ever I take service, it should be with your royal brother, King Richard. These twenty nobles I leave to Hubert, who has this day drawn as brave a bow as his grandsire did at Hastings. Had his modesty not refused the trial, he would have hit the wand as well as I."

Hubert shook his head as he received with reluctance the bounty of the stranger; and Locksley, anxious to escape further observation, mixed with the crowd, and was seen no more.

From "Ivanhoe."

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

From "The Cloud." By Percy Bysshe Shelley.

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EVANGELINE AND HER FATHER

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

The poem from which these lines are taken describes the peaceful life of the Acadians on their farms in Nova Scotia, and tells of the cruel deportation of large numbers of them in 1755 by the British.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas,
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré,
Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his household,
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.
Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters;
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snow-flakes;
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak-leaves.
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the way-side,
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses!
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows.

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EVANGELINE AND HER FATHER

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When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the maiden.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea; and a shady
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it.
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and a footpath
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.
Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-grown
Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.
Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns and the farm-yard.
There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique ploughs and the harrows.
Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In each one
Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a staircase,

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Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-loft.

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly the farmer
Sat in his elbow-chair and watched how the flames and the smoke-wreaths
Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind him,
Nodding and mocking along the wall, with gestures fantastic,
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into darkness.
Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his arm-chair
Laughed in the flickering light; and the pewter plates on the dresser
Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sunshine.
Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christmas,
Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before him
Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian vineyards.

From "Evangeline." Abridged.

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THE SACRIFICE OF MARCUS CURTIUS

By Titus Livius Livy

Translation of Alfred Church

In the three hundred and ninety-third year after the building of Rome there was seen suddenly to open in the market-place a great gulf of a deepness that no man could measure. And this gulf could not be filled up, though all the people brought earth and stones and the like to cast into it. But at the last there was sent a message from the gods that the Romans must inquire what was that by which more than all things the state was made strong. "For," said the soothsayer, "this thing must be dedicated to the gods in this place if the commonwealth of Rome is to stand fast for ever." And while they doubted, one Marcus Curtius, a youth that had won great renown in war, rebuked them, saying, "Can ye doubt that Rome hath nothing better than arms and valor?"

Then all the people stood silent; and Curtius, first beholding the temples of the immortal gods that hung over the market-place and the capitol, and afterward stretching forth his hands both to heaven above and to this gulf that opened its mouth to the very pit, as it were, of hell, devoted himself for his country; and so—being clothed in armor and with arms in his hand, and having his horse

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arrayed as sumptuously as might be—he leaped into the gulf; and the multitude, both of men and women, threw in gifts and offerings of the fruits of the earth, and afterward the earth closed together.

Abridged.

ABOU BEN ADHEM

By Leigh Hunt

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?"—The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou; "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel.—Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names, whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

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THE SHIPWRECK

By Charles Dickens

It was broad day—eight or nine o'clock; the storm raging, and some one knocking and calling at my door.

"What is the matter?" I cried.

"A wreck! Close by!"

I sprang out of bed, and asked, what wreck?

"A schooner, from Spain or Portugal, laden with fruit and wine. Make haste, sir, if you want to see her! It's thought, down on the beach, she'll go to pieces every moment."

The excited voice went clamoring along the staircase; and I wrapped myself in my clothes as quickly as I could, and ran into the street.

Numbers of people were there before me, all running in one direction, to the beach. I ran the same way, outstripping a good many, and soon came facing the wild sea.

The wind might by this time have lulled a little, but the sea, having upon it the additional agitation of the whole night, was infinitely more terrific than when I had seen it last. Every appearance it had then presented, bore the expression of being swelled; and the height to which the breakers rose, and, looking over one another, bore one another down, and rolled in, in interminable hosts, was most appalling.

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In the difficulty of hearing anything but wind and waves, and in the crowd, and the unspeakable confusion, and my first breathless efforts to stand against the weather, I was so confused that I looked out to sea for the wreck, and saw nothing but the foaming heads of the great waves. A half-dressed boatman, standing next me, pointed with his bare arm to the left. Then I saw it, close in upon us!

One mast was broken short off, six or eight feet from the deck, and lay over the side, entangled in a maze of sail and rigging; and all that ruin, as the ship rolled and beat,—which she did without a moment's pause, with a violence quite inconceivable,—beat the side as if it would stave it in. Some efforts were making to cut this portion of the wreck away; for, as the ship turned towards us in her rolling, I plainly descried her people at work with axes, especially one active figure with long curling hair, conspicuous among the rest. But a great cry, which was audible even above the wind and water, rose from the shore at this moment; the sea, sweeping over the rolling wreck, made a clean breach, and carried men, spars, casks, planks, bulwarks, heaps of such toys, into the boiling surge.

The second mast was yet standing, with the rags of a rent sail, and a wild confusion of broken cordage flapping to and fro. The ship had struck once, the same boatman hoarsely said in my ear, and then lifted in and struck

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again. I understood him to add that she was parting amidships, and I could readily suppose so, for the rolling and beating were too tremendous for any human work to suffer long. As he spoke, there was another great cry of pity from the beach; four men arose with the wreck out of the deep, clinging to the rigging of the remaining mast; uppermost, the active figure with the curling hair.

There was a bell on board; and as the ship rolled and dashed, like a desperate creature driven mad, now showing us the whole sweep of her deck, as she turned on her beam-ends towards the shore, now nothing but her keel, as she sprang wildly over and turned towards the sea, the bell rang; and its sound, the knell of those unhappy men, was borne towards us on the wind.

Again we lost her, and again she rose. Two men were gone. The agony on shore increased. Men groaned and clasped their hands; women shrieked and turned away their faces. Some ran wildly up and down along the beach, crying for help, where no help could be. I found myself one of these, frantically imploring a knot of sailors, whom I knew, not to let those two lost creatures perish before our eyes.

They were making out to me, in an agitated way—I don't know how, for the little I could hear I was scarcely composed enough to understand,—that the life-boat had been bravely manned an hour ago, and could do nothing; and that as no man would be so desperate as to attempt

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to wade off with a rope, and establish a communication with the shore, there was nothing left to try; when I noticed that some new sensation moved the people on the beach, and saw them part, and Ham come breaking through them to the front.

I ran to him, to repeat my appeal for help. But the determination in his face, and his look, out to sea, awoke me to a knowledge of his danger. I held him back with both arms; and implored the men with whom I had been speaking not to listen to him, not to let him stir from off that sand!

Another cry arose on shore; and, looking to the wreck, we saw the cruel sail, with blow on blow, beat off the lower of the two men, and fly up in triumph round the active figure left alone upon the mast.

Against such a sight, and against such determination as that of the calmly desperate man who was already accustomed to lead half the people present, I might as hopefully have entreated the wind. "Mas'r Davy," he said cheerily, grasping me by both hands, "if my time is come, 'tis come. If it hasn't, I'll bide it. Lord above bless you, and bless all! Mates, make me ready! I'm agoing off!"

I was swept away, but not unkindly, to some distance, where the people around me made me stay; urging, as I confusedly perceived, that he was bent on going, with help or without, and that I should endanger the precau-

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tions for his safety by troubling those with whom they rested. I don't know what I answered, or what they rejoined; but I saw a hurry on the beach, and men running with ropes from a capstan that was there, and penetrating into a circle of figures that hid him from me. Then, I saw him standing alone, in a seaman's frock and trousers, a rope in his hand, or slung to his wrist, another round his body, and several of the best men holding, at a little distance, to the latter, which he laid out himself, slack upon the shore, at his feet.

The wreck, even to my unpractised eye, was breaking up. I saw that she was parting in the middle, and that the life of the solitary man upon the mast hung by a thread. Still, he clung to it. He had a singular red cap on,—not like a sailor's cap, but of a finer color; and as the few yielding planks between him and destruction rolled and bulged, and his death-knell rang, he was seen by all of us to wave it. I saw him do it now, and thought I was going distracted, when his action brought an old remembrance to my mind of a once dear friend.

Ham watched the sea, standing alone, with the silence of suspended breath behind him, and the storm before, until there was a great retiring wave, when, with a backward glance at those who held the rope which was made fast round his body, he dashed in after it, and in a moment was buffeting with the water; rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the foam; then

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drawn again to land. They hauled in hastily. He was hurt. I saw blood on his face from where I stood, but he took no thought of that. He seemed hurriedly to give them some directions for leaving him more free,—or so I judged from the motion of his arm,—and was gone, as before.

And now he made for the wreck—rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the rugged foam, borne in toward the shore, borne on toward the ship, striving hard and valiantly. The distance was nothing, but the power of the sea and wind made the strife deadly.

At length he neared the wreck. He was so near, that with one more of his vigorous strokes he would be clinging to it,—when a high, green, vast hillside of water, moving on shoreward, from beyond the ship, he seemed to leap up into it with a mighty bound, and the ship was gone!

Some eddying fragments I saw in the sea, as if a mere cask had been broken, in running to the spot where they were hauling in. Consternation was in every face. They drew him to my very feet—insensible—dead. He was carried to the nearest house; and, no one preventing me now, I remained near him, busy, while every means of restoration was tried; but he had been beaten to death by the great wave, and his generous heart was stilled for ever.

From "David Copperfield." Abridged.

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AN INDIAN-SUMMER REVERIE

By James Russell Lowell

What visionary tints the year puts on,
When falling leaves falter through motionless air
Or numbly cling and shiver to be gone!
How shimmer the low flats and pastures bare,
As with her nectar Hebe Autumn fills
The bowl between me and those distant hills,
And smiles and shakes abroad her misty, tremulous hair!

How fuse and mix, with what unfelt degrees,
Clasped by the faint horizon's languid arms,
Each into each, the hazy distances!
The softened season all the landscape charms;
Those hills, my native village that embay,
In waves of dreamier purple roll away,
And floating in mirage seem all the glimmering farms.

Abridged.

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THE SIMPLE OLD MAN

An Old English Ballad Retold

"Wife," said the simple old man, "it's time to pay the rent. How many pounds have we in the house? I must get on old Tib and hobble along the way to see the landlord."

"There's the forty pounds that we saved for the last half-year's rent, and that's under the stone in the fireplace; and there's the five shillings and three pence that's in the pocket of my best church gown; and there's nineteen shillings and five pence and one farthing that's put up in the hole in the chimney; and there's a penny that I found in the road as I was coming home from the fair; and there's twenty pounds and one shilling and four pence that we got for the butter and the eggs, only they brought two-score of the eggs back again after they had kept them so long that they were addled; and there's the money for the sheep's wool, and that's out in the corner of old Tib's stall under a wisp of hay, lest thieves should come upon us of a sudden. It's all put convenient and near to hand, so that if the house were afire we could find it in the wink of a cat's eye, and take care of it. That's not all, for under the head of the bed in the west room there's a box, and in the box there's a wooden bucket, and in the bucket there's six pounds and eleven shillings and ten pence; and

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under the front doorstep"—but the simple old man looked bewildered, and began to shake his head and rub his eyes.

"Wife," said he, "couldn't you get it together and heap it up and tell me if it's all right? Then I'll get on old Tib and go to the landlord, and I'll say, 'Here's the forty pounds for the last half-year, and here's the forty pounds for this half-year. I'm not very good at the learning, but my wife says it's all right.'"

"I do believe," rejoined the wife rather sharply, "that I'd better get on old Tib and go myself."

"I wish you would, I wish you would," pleaded the simple old man meekly. "I'm always afeard I'll lose some of the money and be hanged for it."

"No, I'll not go either," said his wife. "What's the use of having a man if he can't do what you tell him?" And so the simple old man got on old Tib and started out of the gate.

"Now, if you meet a thief on the highway, remember to tell him that you're going to pay the landlord, and that you have four-score pounds in your leather saddle. You're so simple that I really believe it's just what you would do," she said to herself as she shut the door with a slam. She would have been more anxious if she had heard the old man's humble promise, "Yes, wife, I'll do just what you tell me," as he went out of the gate and into the road.

As he was jogging along the highway, who should come

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up to him but a fine gentleman riding on a noble black horse, with silver mountings to his saddle and a handsome black portmanteau with silver at the corners.

"Good-morning," said the fine gentleman, and the simple old man answered humbly,

"Good-morning, and thank you kindly, sir, for speaking so friendly like to a plain old man like me."

"How far are you going?" asked the fine gentleman; and the old man smiled and answered with a good deal of pride for so humble an old man,

"I'm going to pay my rent, sir. It's only two miles away, sir, where my landlord lives. I didn't pay him the last half-year, but, indeed, sir, it wasn't my fault, for he was away."

"And so you're going to pay him now, are you?"

"Yes," said the simple old man, "I have forty pounds for the last half-year's rent and forty pounds for this half-year's rent. My wife says it's all right, and she's good at the counting, my wife is; and she told me that's what I must say if any one asked me. Some of it's from the butter and some of it's from the wool, and there's a penny that my wife picked up in the road when she came from the fair, but she says it is all right."

"Then it must be," declared the fine gentleman, "but there's many a thief going about these days, and you ought not to tell any one about your money; you might be robbed."

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"Oh no, my wife is far wiser than that," said the simple old man, "for she put all the money in my saddle, where no one would look for it."

So the two jogged pleasantly along together, and the old man said to himself that he had never before seen a fine gentleman who was so gracious to him. The fine gentleman asked him about his sheep and how he cared for them, and about his old horse Tib, and how long he had had her. The old man was just telling about what a fine colt she was only twenty-nine years ago, when the road made a sharp turn down a hill, with a brook at the bottom, and trees growing thickly all around, and the fine gentleman pulled out a pistol and pointed it full at the simple old man and said,

"Stand still and give me your money!" but the simple old man hesitated and asked,

"Please tell me, sir, are you a thief?" and the fine gentleman answered,

"There's better names for it than that, but what do you want to know for?" and the simple old man replied,

"My wife told me that if I met a thief on the highway, I was to tell him that I was going to pay the rent, and that I had four-score pounds in my saddle; but she did not tell me what to do if he told me to give it to him. I'll have to follow my own wit, and, indeed, I haven't much; so I'll just fling the saddle over the hedge and be rid of it."

The thief threw back his head and laughed. "Your

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wife will never find any fault with you if you mind her like that; and yet you never know what a woman will like," he added meditatively, for he was a philosopher as well as a thief. "Now see how well you can mind me," he said. "Stand here and hold my horse while I go over the hedge, and take good care of my bag."

It was not easy to climb through the hedge, for it was all thorns and briers, but the very moment that the thief was through it, the simple old man put his foot in the stirrup of the thief's noble horse and rode away like the wind chasing a hat.

"Hold on!" shouted the thief.

"Yes, sir, I am a-holding on," he cried, "and I am a-taking care of the bag, sir, just as you told me to. I'm a-minding, sir."

"Stay," called the thief, "and I'll give you half of all I've got."

"My wife didn't tell me to," said the simple old man, "and I don't think she'd like it if I did. She told me to go to the landlord and pay the rent."

There was nothing for the thief to do but to sit down on the ground and cut open the old man's saddle. The leather was hard, and his sword was rusty, for he was more accustomed to frightening people with it than to cutting their heads off, and it was full three hours by the sun that he worked to get the saddle open; and after all, there was nothing in it but rags, for when the simple old man

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had once made his way out of his wife's sight, he had taken the money out of the saddle and put it into his bosom, for he said to himself,

"A man ought to be at the head of his own house, and I am going to do what I like with it. I'm not one bit afraid."

The old man had never sat on so noble a horse before, and had never had such a gallop in all his life as he had that morning. When he came to his landlord's house, he opened the portmanteau, and the landlord stared in surprise, for there were five hundred pounds in silver and five hundred pounds in good yellow gold.

"And where did you get the silver money, and where

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did you get the gold?" asked the landlord; and the simple old man answered,

"I met a man by the way, and he and I swapped horses, and he gave me the silver money and the gold money to boot."

"I don't believe that you ought to go about by yourself with all that money," said the landlord; and the simple old man answered,

"I don't think any one would hurt such a simple old man as I am; and besides, I always do what my wife tells me to, for she has learning and she can count. Maybe the fine gentleman that I met didn't mind his wife."

The simple old man did not go home by the highway, but by a narrow lane; and far down the road he spied old Tib feeding under a tree, for the fine gentleman had found that he could get on faster without her. So the simple old man and Tib and the fine gentleman's horse and the fine gentleman's portmanteau with the gold and the silver all went home together; and when his wife saw it she danced for joy, and she said,

"Now, old man, see what you get by minding your wife!"

From "Old Ballads in Prose." By Eva March Tappan.

He that by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.

Benjamin Franklin.

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MY NATIVE LAND

By Sir Walter Scott

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
  This is my own, my native land?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
  From wandering on a foreign strand?

If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,—
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

From "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

One of the illusions is, that the present hour is not the critical, decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

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THE DEATH OF SOCRATES

By Plato

Socrates was a celebrated Greek philosopher who lived in the fifth century before Christ. His high simple life and noble teachings drew many disciples to him, but he was accused by the government of misleading the young, and condemned to drink a cup of hemlock. Plato, who preserved many of Socrates's utterances in his *Dialogues*, was his most famous pupil.

"Soon must I drink the poison. Already, the voice of fate calls me. But let a man who has cast away the pleasures of the body as alien to him be of good cheer about his soul; the man who has sought the pleasures of knowledge in this life,—who has adorned his soul in her own proper jewels, which are temperance, and justice, and courage, and nobility, and truth; in these she is ready to go on her journey to the world below when her time comes."

When he had done speaking, Crito said: "And have you any commands for us, Socrates,—anything to say about your children, or any other matter in which we can serve you?"

"Nothing particular," he said, "only, as I have already told you, I would have you look to yourselves; that is a service which you may always be doing to me and mine as well as to yourselves. And you need not make professions; for if you take no thought for yourselves, and walk

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not according to the precepts which I have given you, not now for the first time, the warmth of your professions will be of no avail."

"We will do our best," said Crito. "But in what way would you have us bury you?"

"In any way that you like; only you must get hold of me, and take care that I do not walk away from you." Then he turned to us, and added with a smile: "I can not make Crito believe that I am the same Socrates who has been talking; he fancies that I am the other Socrates whom he will soon see, a dead body,—and he asks how he shall bury me. And, though I have spoken many words in the endeavor to show that when I have drunk the poison, I shall leave you and go to the joys of the blessed —these words of mine, with which I comforted you and myself, have had, as I perceive, no effect upon Crito. And therefore, I want you to be surety for me now, that I shall not remain, but go away and depart; and then he will suffer less at my death, and not be grieved when he sees my body being burned or buried. I would not have him sorrow at my hard lot, or say at the burial, 'Thus we lay out Socrates,' or 'Thus we follow him to the grave, or bury him!' for false words are not only evil in themselves, but they infect the soul with evil. Be of good cheer, then, my dear Crito, and say that you are burying my body only, and do with that as is usual, and as you think best."

Soon the jailer entered and stood by him, saying: "To

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SOCRATES IN PRISON

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you, Socrates, whom I know to be the noblest and gentlest and best of all who ever came to this place, I will not impute the angry feelings of other men, who rage and swear at me when, in obedience to the authorities, I bid them drink the poison—indeed I am sure that you will not be angry with me; for others, as you are aware, and not I, are the guilty cause. And so, fare you well, and try to bear lightly what must needs be; you know my errand." Then, bursting into tears, he turned away and went out.

Socrates looked at him and said: "I return your good wishes and will do as you bid." Then turning to us, he said, "How charming the man is; since I have been in prison he has always been coming to see me, and at times he would talk to me, and was as good as could be to me, and now see how generously he sorrows for me. But we must do as he says, Crito; let the cup be brought."

The jailer handed the cup to Socrates, who, in the easiest and gentlest manner, without the least fear or change of color or feature, looking at the man with all his eyes, as his manner was, took the cup and said: "What do you say about making a libation out of this cup to any god? May I, or not?" The man answered: "We only prepare, Socrates, just so much as we deem enough." "I understand," he said; "yet I may and must pray to the gods to prosper my journey from this to that other world—may this, then, which is my prayer, be granted to me." Then holding the cup to his lips, quite readily and cheerfully

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he drank off the poison. Hitherto most of us had been able to control our sorrow; but now, when we saw him drinking, and saw, too, that he had finished the draft, we could no longer forbear, and in spite of myself my own tears were flowing fast; so that I covered my face and wept over myself, for certainly I was not weeping over him, but at the thought of my own calamity in having lost such a companion. Nor was I the first, for Crito, when he found himself unable to restrain his tears, had got up and moved away, and I followed, and at that moment Apollodorus, who had been weeping all the time, broke out into a loud cry which made cowards of us all.

Socrates alone retained his calmness. "What is this strange outcry?" he said. "I have heard that a man should die in peace. Be quiet, then, and have patience." When we heard that, we were ashamed, and refrained our tears; and he walked about, and then he lay on his back. He was beginning to grow cold, when he uncovered his face, for he had covered himself up, and said (they were his last words)—he said: "Crito, I owe a cock to Æsculapius; will you remember to pay the debt?" "The debt shall be paid," said Crito; "is there anything else?" There was no answer to this question.

Such was the end of our friend, whom I may truly call the wisest, justest and best of all the men whom I have ever known.

From Benjamin Jowett's Translation of "The Phædrus." Adapted.

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THE REVENGE

A Ballad of the Fleet

By Alfred, Lord Tennyson

"That man must be a poet," instantly said the master of Trinity Hall, at Cambridge, the great English University, when Alfred Tennyson entered it as a student. And

Tennyson's son tells us that from his earliest years his father felt that he was to be a poet and earnestly prepared himself to be worthy of his calling. In a country of "quiet villages, large fields, gray hillsides and noble, tall-towered churches," Tennyson was born in his father's rectory in 1809. All of the Tennysons were poets, and Alfred, when only eight years old, covered his slate with verses. The graces of gentle nurture surrounded the twelve children. The mother was especially lovely in person and character, tender of heart, a lover of nature, and through her Tennyson early became "wise in wingéd things." Winter nights by the fire, Tennyson told his still younger brothers and sisters tales of chivalry. By daylight he was a knight and jousted in tournaments, or acted in some old play. The day Byron died he carved the words "Byron's dead" on a sandstone rock and felt "the whole world darkened." He was then fourteen. At Cambridge, his class included a number of men afterward prominent in literature or affairs. When one of them, Arthur Hallam, died, Tennyson expressed his grief in *In Memoriam*, one of the most beautiful elegies ever written. He succeeded Wordsworth as poet laureate of England in 1850. In 1884 he was made

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a baron. Tennyson stood six feet two, had a powerful frame and a noble head finely poised. His poetry is marked by exquisite melody and finish of form. He died in 1892. His body was buried in the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey.

Sir Richard Grenville was a sixteenth century naval hero, a cousin of Walter Raleigh. Sent as vice-admiral of the British fleet to the Azores against the Spanish, he encountered a fleet of fifty-three ships. In a direct attack from a number of these, he held his ground for fifteen hours.

I

At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a flutter'd bird, came flying from far away:
"Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-three!"
Then sware Lord Thomas Howard: "'Fore God I am no coward;
But I can not meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,
And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow quick.
We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-three?"

II

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I know you are no coward;
You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.

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But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore.
I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord Howard,
To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain."

III

So Lord Howard passed away with five ships of war that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven;
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land
Very carefully and slow, men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down below;
For we brought them all aboard,
And they blessed him in their pain, that they were not left to Spain,
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the Lord.

IV

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to fight,
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard came in sight,
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow.
"Shall we fight or shall we fly?

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Good Sir Richard, tell us now,
For to fight is but to die!
There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set."
And Sir Richard said again: "We be all good English men.
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,
For I never turn'd my back upon Don or devil yet."

V

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh'd, and we roar'd a hurrah, and so
The little *Revenge* ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick below;
For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left were seen,
And the little *Revenge* ran on thro' the long sea-lane between.

VI

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their decks and laugh'd,
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little craft

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Running on and on, till delay'd
By their mountain-like *San Philip* that, of fifteen hundred tons,
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers of guns,
Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.

VII

And while now the great *San Philip* hung above us like a cloud
Whence the thunderbolt will fall long and loud,
Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish fleet that day,
And two upon the larboard and two upon the starboard lay,
And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

VIII

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-three.
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-thunder and flame;

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Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her dead and her shame.
For some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and so could fight us no more—
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before?

IX

For he said, "Fight on! fight on!"
Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck;
And it chanced that, when half of the short summer night was gone,
With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,
But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly dead,
And himself he was wounded again in the side and the head,
And he said, "Fight on! fight on!"

X

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far over the summer sea,
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all in a ring;
But they dared not touch us again, for they fear'd that we still could sting,

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So they watch'd what the end would be.
And we had not fought them in vain,
But in perilous plight were we,
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,
And half of the rest of us maim'd for life
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife;
And the sick men down in the hold were most of them stark and cold,
And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder was all of it spent;
And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side;
But Sir Richard cried in his English pride,
"We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
As may never be fought again!
We have won great glory, my men!
And a day less or more
At sea or ashore,
We die—does it matter when?
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her in twain!
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain."

XI

And the gunner said "Ay, ay," but the seamen made reply:
"We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.

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We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let
us go;
We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow."
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe.

XII

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him
then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught
at last,
And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign
grace;
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried:
"I have fought for Queen and faith like a valiant man
and true;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do:
With a joyful spirit I, Sir Richard Grenville, die!"
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

XIII

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and
true,
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap
That he dared her with one little ship and his English
few;
Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they knew,

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But they sank his body with honor down into the deep,
And they mann'd the *Revenge* with a swarthier alien crew,
And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for her own;
When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke from sleep,
And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earthquake grew,
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts and their flags,
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shatter'd navy of Spain,
And the little *Revenge* herself went down by the island crags
To be lost evermore in the main.

Abridged.

Never forget that nothing can happen to us which is not of the same nature as ourselves. Every chance that happens comes to our souls in the shape of our habitual thoughts, and no heroic opportunity has ever come to one who has not been a silent and obscure hero for many years.

Maurice Maeterlinck.

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JOHN HALIFAX

By Dinah Mulock Craik

"Get out o' Mr. Fletcher's road, ye idle, lounging, little—" "Vagabond," I think the woman (Sally Watkins, once my nurse), was going to say, but she changed her mind.

My father and I both glanced round surprised but when the lad addressed turned, fixed his eyes on each of us for a moment, and made way for us, we ceased to wonder. Ragged, muddy, and miserable as he was, the poor boy looked anything but a vagabond.

"Thee need not go into the wet, my lad. Keep close to the wall, and there will be shelter enough both for us and thee," said my father, as he pulled my little hand-carriage into the alley, under cover from the pelting rain. The lad, with a grateful look, put out a hand likewise, and pushed me farther in. A strong hand it was—roughened and browned with labor—though he was scarcely as old as I. What would I not have given to have been so stalwart and so tall!

Sally called from her house-door, "Wouldn't Master Phineas come in and sit by the fire a bit?" But it was always a trouble to me to move, or walk; and I liked staying at the mouth of the alley, watching the autumnal shower come sweeping down the street; besides, I wanted to look again at the stranger-lad.

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He had scarcely stirred, but remained leaning against the wall—either through weariness, or in order to be out of our way. He took little or no notice of us, but kept his eyes fixed on the pavement—watching the eddying rain-drops, which, each as it fell, threw up a little mist of spray. It was a serious, haggard face for a boy of only fourteen, or so.

Brown eyes, deep-sunken, with strongly-marked brows, a nose like most other Saxon noses, nothing particular; lips well-shaped, lying one upon the other, firm and close; a square, sharply outlined, resolute chin, of that type which gives character and determination to the whole countenance and without which, in the fairest features, as in the best dispositions, one is always conscious of a certain want.

As I have stated, in person the lad was tall and strongly built; and I, poor puny wretch! so reverenced physical strength. Everything in him seemed to indicate that which I had not: his muscular limbs, his square, broad shoulders, his healthy cheek, though it was sharp and thin—even his crisp curls of bright thick hair.

Thus he stood, principal figure in a picture which is even yet as clear to me as yesterday,—the narrow, dirty alley leading out of the High Street, yet showing a glimmer of green field at the farther end; the open house-doors on either side, through which came the drowsy bur of many a stocking-loom, the prattle of children paddling

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in the gutter, and sailing thereon a fleet of potato parings. In front, the High Street, with the mayor's house opposite, porticoed and grand; and beyond, just where the rain-clouds were breaking, rose up out of a nest of trees, the square tower of our ancient abbey—Norton Bury's boast and pride. On it, from a break in the clouds, came a sudden stream of light. The stranger-lad lifted his head to look at it.

"The rain will be over soon," I said, but doubted if he heard me. What could he be thinking of so intently?—a poor working lad, whom few would have given credit for thinking at all.

My father pulled out his great silver watch—the dread of our house, for it was a watch which seemed to have imbibed something of its master's character; remorseless as justice or fate, it never erred a moment.

"Twenty-three minutes lost by this shower. Phineas, my son, how am I to get thee safe home? Unless thee wilt go with me to the tan-yard—"

I shook my head. It was very hard for Abel Fletcher to have for his only child such a sickly creature as I, now at sixteen as helpless and useless to him as a baby.

"Well, well, I must find some one to go home with thee." For though my father had got me a sort of carriage, in which, with a little external aid, I could propel myself, so as to be his companion occasionally in his walks between our house, the tan-yard and the Friends'

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meeting-house—still, he never trusted me anywhere alone. "Here, Sally,—Sally Watkins! do any o' thy lads want to earn an honest penny?"

Sally was out of earshot; but I noticed that as the lad near us heard my father's words, the color rushed over his face, and he started forward involuntarily. I had not before perceived how wasted and hungry-looking he was.

"Father!" I whispered. But here the boy had mustered up his courage and voice.

"Sir, I want work; may I earn a penny?"

He spoke in tolerably good English, and taking off his tattered old cap, looked right up into my father's face. The old man scanned him closely.

"What is thy name, lad?"

"John Halifax."

"Where dost thee come from?"

"Cornwall."

"Hast thee any parents living?"

"No."

I wished my father would not question thus; but possibly he had his own motives, which were rarely harsh, though his actions often appeared so.

"How old might thee be, John Halifax?"

"Fourteen, sir."

"Thee art used to work?"

"Yes."

"What sort of work?"

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"Anything that I can get to do."

I listened nervously to this catechism, which went on behind my back.

"Well," said my father, after a pause, "thee shall take my son home, and I'll give thee a groat. Let me see;—art thee a lad to be trusted?" And holding him at arm's length, regarding him meanwhile with eyes that were the terror of all the rogues in Norton Bury, Abel Fletcher jingled temptingly the silver money in the pockets of his long flapped brown waistcoat. "I say, art thee a lad to be trusted?"

John Halifax neither answered nor declined his eyes. He seemed to feel that this was a critical moment, and to have gathered all his mental forces into a serried square, to meet the attack. He met it, and conquered in silence.

"Lad, shall I give thee the groat now?"

"Not till I've earned it, sir."

So, drawing his hand back, my father slipped the money into mine, and left us.

I followed him with my eyes, as he went sturdily plashing down the street: his broad comfortable back, which owned a coat of true Quaker cut, but spotless, warm and fine; his ribbed hose and leathern gaiters, and the wide-brimmed hat, set over a fringe of gray hairs, that crowned the whole with respectable dignity. He looked precisely what he was,—an honest, honorable, prosperous tradesman. I watched him down the street—my good

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father, whom I respected perhaps even more than I loved him. The Cornish lad watched him likewise.

It still rained slightly, so we remained under cover. John Halifax leaned in his old place, and did not attempt to talk.

Once only, when the draft through the alley made me shiver, he pulled my cloak around me carefully.

"You are not very strong, I'm afraid?"

"No."

Then he stood idly looking up at the opposite—the mayor's—house, with its steps and portico, and its fourteen windows, one of which was open, with a cluster of little heads visible there.

The mayor's children seemed greatly amused by watching us shivering shelterers from the rain. Doubtless our position made their own appear all the pleasanter. For myself, it mattered little; but for this poor, desolate, homeless, way-faring lad to stand in sight of their merry nursery-window, and hear the clatter of voices, and of not unwelcome dinner-sounds—I wondered how he felt.

Just at this moment another head came to the window, a somewhat older child; I had met her with the rest; she was only a visitor. She looked at us, then disappeared. Soon after, we saw the front door half opened, and an evident struggle taking place behind it; we even heard loud words across the narrow street.

"I will—I say I will."

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"You shan't, Miss Ursula."

"But I will!"

And there stood the little girl, with a loaf in one hand, and a carving-knife in the other. She succeeded in cutting off a large slice, and holding it out.

"Take it, poor boy!—you look so hungry. Do take it." But the servant forced her in, and the door was shut upon a sharp cry.

It made John Halifax start, and look up at the nursery window, which was likewise closed. We heard nothing more. After a minute, he crossed the street, and picked up the slice of bread. Now, in those days bread was precious, exceedingly. The poor folk rarely got it; they lived on rye or meal. John Halifax had probably not tasted wheaten bread like this for months; it appeared not, he eyed it so ravenously; then glancing towards the shut door his mind seemed to change. He was a long time before he ate a morsel; when he did so, it was quietly and slowly; looking very thoughtful all the while.

As soon as the rain ceased, we took our way home, down the High Street, toward the abbey church—he guiding my carriage along in silence. I wished he would talk, and let me hear again his pleasant Cornish accent.

"How strong you are!" said I sighing, when, with a sudden pull, he had saved me from being overturned by a horseman riding past, "so tall and so strong."

"Am I? Well, I shall want my strength."

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"How?"

"To earn my living."

He drew up his broad shoulders, and planted on the pavement a firmer foot, as if he knew he had the world before him—would meet it single-handed, and without fear.

"What have you worked at lately?"

"Anything I could get, for I have never learned a trade."

"Would you like to learn one?"

He hesitated a minute, as if weighing his speech. "Once, I thought I should like to be what my father was."

"What was he?"

"A scholar and a gentleman."

"And your mother?"

He turned suddenly round; his cheeks hot, his lips quivering. "She is dead. I do not like to hear strangers speak about my mother."

I asked his pardon. It was plain he had loved and mourned her; and that circumstances had smothered down his quick boyish feelings into a man's aversion to betraying where he had loved and mourned. I, only a few minutes after, said something about wishing we were not "strangers."

"Do you?" The lad's half-amazed, half-grateful smile went right to my heart.

"Have you been up and down the country much?"

"A great deal, these last three years: doing a hand's

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turn, as best I could, in hop-picking, apple-gathering, harvesting; only, this summer I had typhus fever, and could not work."

"What did you do then?"

"I lay in a barn till I got well.—I am quite well now, you need not be afraid."

"No, indeed; I never thought of that."

We soon became quite sociable together. He guided me carefully out of the town into the abbey walk, flecked with sunshine through overhanging trees. Once he stopped to pick up for me the large brown fan of a horse-chestnut leaf.

"It's pretty, isn't it?—only it shows that autumn is come."

"And how shall you live in the winter, when there is no out-of-door work to be had?"

"I don't know."

The lad's countenance fell, and that hungry, weary look, which had vanished while he talked, returned, more painful than ever. I reproached myself for having, under the influence of his merry talk, temporarily forgotten it.

"Ah!" I cried eagerly, when we left the shade of the abbey trees, and crossed the street; "here we are at home!"

"Are you?" The homeless lad just glanced at it—the flight of spotless stone steps, guarded by ponderous rail-

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ings, which led to my father's respectable and handsome door. "Good day, then, which means good-by."

I started. The word pained me. On my sad, lonely life—brief indeed, though ill health seemed to have doubled and trebled my sixteen years into a mournful maturity—this lad's face had come like a flash of sunshine; a reflection of the merry boyhood, the youth and strength that never were, never could be mine. To let it go from me was like going back into the dark.

"Not good-by just yet!" said I, trying painfully to disengage myself from my little carriage, and mount the steps. John Halifax came to my aid.

"Suppose you let me carry you. I could—and—and—it would be great fun, you know."

He tried to turn it into a jest, so as not to hurt me; but the tremble in his voice was as tender as any woman's—tenderer than any woman's I ever was used to hear. I put my arms around his neck; he lifted me safely and carefully, and set me at my own door. Then, with another good-by, he again turned to go.

My heart cried after him with an irrepressible cry. What I said I do not remember, but it caused him to return.

"Is there anything more I can do for you, sir?"

"Don't call me 'sir'; I am only a boy like yourself. I want you; don't go yet. Ah! here comes my father!"

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John Halifax stood aside, and touched his cap with a respectful deference, as the old man passed.

"So here thee be—hast thou taken care of my son? Did he give thee thy groat, my lad?"

We had neither of us once thought of the money.

When I acknowledged this my father laughed, called John an honest lad, and began searching in his pocket for some larger coin. I ventured to draw his ear down, and whisper something—but I got no answer; meanwhile, John Halifax, for the third time, was going away.

"Stop, lad—I forget thy name—here is thy groat, and a shilling added, for being kind to my son."

"Thank you, but I don't want payment for kindness."

He kept the groat, and put back the shilling into my father's hand.

"Eh!" said the old man, much astonished, "thee'rt an odd lad; but I can't stay talking with thee. Come into dinner, Phineas.—I say," turning back to John Halifax with a sudden thought, "art thee hungry?"

"Very hungry." Nature gave way at last, and great tears came into the poor lad's eyes. "Nearly starving."

"Bless me! then get in, and have thy dinner. But first," and my inexorable father held him by the shoulder, "thee art a decent lad, come of decent parents?"

"Yes," almost indignantly.

"Thee works for thy living?"

"I do whenever I can get it."

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"Thee hast never been in jail?"

"No!" thundered out the lad, with a furious look. "I don't want your dinner, sir; I would have stayed, because your son asked me, and he was civil to me, and I liked him. Now I think I had better go. Good day, sir."

There is a verse in a very old Book—even in its human histories the most pathetic of all books—which runs thus:

"And it came to pass, when he had made an end of speaking unto Saul, that the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David; and Jonathan loved him as his own soul."

And this day, I a poorer and more helpless Jonathan, had found my David.

I caught him by the hand, and would not let him go.

"There, get in, lads—make no more ado," said Abel Fletcher sharply as he disappeared.

So, still holding my David fast, I brought him into my father's house.

From "John Halifax, Gentleman." Adapted.

In men whom men condemn as ill
I find so much of goodness still,
In men whom men pronounce divine
I find so much of sin and blot,
I hesitate to draw the line,
Where God has not.

Joaquin Miller.

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DOWN TO SLEEP

By Helen Hunt Jackson

November woods are bare and still,
November days are clear and bright,
Each noon burns up the morning's chill,
The morning's snow is gone by night,
Each day my steps grow slow, grow light,
As through the woods I reverent creep,
Watching all things "lie down to sleep."

November woods are bare and still,
November days are bright and good,
Life's noon burns up life's morning chill,
Life's night rests feet that long have stood:
Some warm, soft bed in field or wood
The mother will not fail to keep
Where we can "lay us down to sleep."

Abridged.

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THE HIGHEST ARISTOCRACY

By John Ruskin

Born "in the thick of London," John Ruskin nevertheless grew up almost a country boy. Long months in Scotland gave the pure air his delicate lungs required and fed the craving for beauty plainly shown even then. At the age of four, he sat for his picture, just after his return from a visit to Scotland, and when asked what background he would like, he answered, "Blue hills." A solitary child, he so cleverly invented games for himself with his bunch of keys, his cart, ball or bricks, that he was seldom lonely and never idle. He worshipped Scott and liked to dress as a soldier. A father talented in water-color painting, and a mother of strong religious bent gave him his two most marked inheritances, devotion to art and a call to teach. The story that at three he mounted a chair and preached a sermon is easily believable. Wealth early opened for him the doors of rich education, of travel and society, and talent and great industry made much of these advantages. He studied painting, published, in 1843, *Modern Painters*, found himself famous, was honored by a chair in Cambridge University, and thenceforward gave his life to art in its relation of helpfulness to men. Whatever his hands found to do that would further this cause,—establishing a college for working-men, helping with pick, ax and shovel to mend a bit of bad road, striving to teach music more beautifully to school children, – he did with courage and earnestness. His students adored him. Ruskin had "a large head

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with an enormous capacity for brain . . . a forehead as if the sculptor had heaped his clay in handfuls over the brows and then heaped more, and under shaggy eyebrows, ever so far behind, the fieriest blue eyes." Ruskin's style, which caused Charlotte Brontë to speak of his *Stones of Venice* as "nobly chiselled," has been traced largely to his early study of the Bible. "My mother forced me," he says, "by steady, daily toil, to learn long chapters of the Bible by heart, as well as to read it, every syllable, through aloud, hard names and all, from Genesis to the Apocalypse, about once a year; and to that discipline—patient, accurate and resolute—I owe, not only a knowledge of the book, but much of my general power of taking pains, and the best part of my taste in literature."

[Born in 1819—died in 1900]

Granting that we had both the will and the sense to choose our friends well, how few of us have the power! or, at least, how limited, for most, is the sphere of choice! Nearly all our associations are determined by chance or necessity; and restricted within a narrow circle. We can not know whom we would; and those whom we know, we can not have at our side when we most need them.

All the higher circles of human intelligence are, to those beneath, only momentarily and partially open. We may, by good fortune, obtain a glimpse of a great poet, and hear the sound of his voice; or put a question to a man of science, and be answered good-humoredly.

And yet these momentary chances we covet; and spend our years, and passions, and powers, in pursuit of little more than these; while, meantime, there is a society continually open to us, of people who will talk to us as long

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as we like, whatever our rank or occupation;—talk to us in the best words they can choose, and of the things nearest their hearts.

And this society, because it is so numerous and so gentle, and can be kept waiting round us all day long,—kings and statesmen lingering patiently, not to grant audience, but to gain it!—in those plainly furnished and narrow ante-rooms, our book-shelves,—we make no account of that company, perhaps never listen to a word they would say, all day long!

Will you go and gossip with the housemaid, or the stable boy, when you may talk with queens and kings? Do you ask to be the companion of nobles? Make yourself noble, and you shall be. Do you long for the conversation of the wise? Learn to understand it and you shall hear it. But on other terms?—no. If you will not rise to them, they can not stoop to you.

From "Sesame and Lilies."

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.

William Wordsworth.

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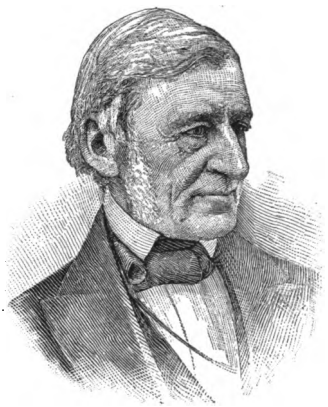
CONCORD HYMN

By Ralph Waldo Emerson

A friend of Ralph Waldo Emerson, who knew him at school, recalls him, at ten, as "a spiritual-looking boy in blue nankeen."



Spiritual, poetic, gentle, cheerful of heart, was Emerson always. The blood of eight generations of high-minded New England ministers gave nobility to his aims. Himself a minister for a time, he later taught by lectures in Harvard University, and by his essays and poems. Boston, his birthplace, and beautiful, elm-shaded Concord, his home through middle life, both became more famous because of him. Europe honored him, especially through one of her greatest men, Carlyle. A letter from Emerson was to Carlyle "as a window flung open to the azure." In his essays he has given golden counsel for conduct in life, as you may judge from the extract which you will find elsewhere in this book. Emerson was an active townsman and a good householder. It is said that he grew the best apples in New England.

[Born in 1803—died in 1882]

Concord Hymn was sung for the first time at the dedication of the Concord battle monument, April 19, 1836.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world.

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The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

Instead of saying that man is the creature of circumstances, it would be nearer the mark to say that man is the architect of circumstances. It is character which builds an existence out of circumstances. Our strength is measured by our plastic power. From the same materials one man builds palaces, another hovels; one warehouses, another villas; bricks and mortar are mortar and bricks, until the architect can make them something else.

Thomas Carlyle.

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CRANFORD

By Mrs. Gaskell

I imagine that a few of the gentlefolk of Cranford were poor, and had some difficulty in making both ends meet; but they were like the Spartans, and concealed their smart under a smiling face. We none of us spoke of money, because that subject savored of commerce and trade, and though some might be poor, we were all aristocratic. The Cranfordians had that kindly *esprit de corps* which made them overlook all deficiencies in success when some among them tried to conceal their poverty. When Mrs. Forrester, for instance, gave a party in her babyhouse of a dwelling, and the little maiden disturbed the ladies on the sofa by a request that she might get the tea-tray out from underneath, every one took this novel proceeding as the most natural thing in the world, and talked on about household forms and ceremonies as if we all believed that our hostess had a regular servants' hall, second table, with housekeeper and steward, instead of the one little charity-school maiden, whose short ruddy arms could never have been strong enough to carry the tray up-stairs, if she had not been assisted in private by her mistress, who now sat in state, pretending not to know what cakes were sent up, though she knew, and we knew, and she knew that we knew, and we knew that she knew that we knew, she had been busy all the morning making tea-bread and sponge-cakes.

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There were one or two consequences arising from this general but unacknowledged poverty, and this very much acknowledged gentility, which were not amiss, and which might be introduced into many circles of society to their great improvement. For instance, the inhabitants of Cranford kept early hours, and clattered home in their pattens, under the guidance of a lantern-bearer, about nine o'clock at night; and the whole town was abed and asleep by half-past ten. Moreover, it was considered "vulgar" (a tremendous word in Cranford) to give anything expensive, in the way of eatable or drinkable, at the evening entertainments. Wafer bread-and-butter and sponge-biscuits were all that the Honorable Mrs. Jamieson gave; and she was sister-in-law to the late Earl of Glenmire, although she did practise such "elegant economy."

"Elegant economy!" How naturally one falls back into the phraseology of Cranford! There, economy was always "elegant"; and money-spending always "vulgar and ostentatious"; a sort of sour grapeism which made us very peaceful and satisfied. I never shall forget the dismay felt when a certain Captain Brown came to live at Cranford, and openly spoke about his being poor—not in a whisper to an intimate friend, the doors and windows being previously closed, but in the public street! in a loud military voice! alleging his poverty as a reason for not taking a particular house. The ladies of Cranford were already rather moaning over the invasion of their territories by a

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man and a gentleman. He was a half-pay captain, and had obtained some situation on a neighboring railroad, which had been vehemently petitioned against by the little town, and if, in addition to his masculine gender, and his connection with the obnoxious railroad, he was so brazen as to talk of being poor—why, then, indeed, he must be sent to Coventry. Death was as true and as common as poverty; yet people never spoke about that, loud, out in the streets. It was a word not to be mentioned to ears polite. We had tacitly agreed to ignore that any with whom we associated on terms of visiting equality could ever be prevented by poverty from doing anything that they wished. If we walked to or from a party, it was because the night was so fine, or the air so refreshing, not because sedan-chairs were expensive. If we wore prints, instead of summer silks, it was because we preferred a washing material; and so on, till we blinded ourselves to the vulgar fact that we were, all of us, people of very moderate means. Of course, then, we did not know what to make of a man who could speak of poverty as if it were not a disgrace. Yet, somehow, Captain Brown made himself respected in Cranford, and was called upon, in spite of all resolutions to the contrary. I was surprised to hear his opinions quoted as authority at a visit which I paid to Cranford about a year after he had settled in the town. My own friends had been among the bitterest opponents of any proposal to visit the captain and his daughters only twelve months

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before; and now he was even admitted in the tabooed hours before twelve. True, it was to discover the cause of a smoking chimney, before the fire was lighted; but still Captain Brown walked up-stairs, nothing daunted, spoke in a voice too large for the room, and joked quite in the way of a tame man about the house. He had been blind to all the small slights and omissions of trivial ceremonies with which he had been received. He had been friendly, though the Cranford ladies had been cool; he had answered small sarcastic compliments in good faith; and with his manly frankness had overpowered all the shrinking which met him as a man who was not ashamed to be poor. And, at last, his excellent masculine common sense, and his facility in devising expedients to overcome domestic dilemmas, had gained him an extraordinary place as authority among the Cranford ladies. He himself went on in his course as unaware of his popularity as he had been of the reverse; and I am sure he was startled one day when he found his advice so highly esteemed as to make some counsel which he had given in jest to be taken in sober, serious earnest.

It was on this subject: An old lady had an Alderney cow, which she looked upon as a daughter. You could not pay the short quarter-of-an-hour call without being told of the wonderful milk or wonderful intelligence of this animal. The whole town knew and kindly regarded Miss Betsy Barker's Alderney; therefore great was the sympa-

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thy and regret when, in an unguarded moment, the poor cow tumbled into a lime-pit. She moaned so loudly that she was soon heard and rescued; but meanwhile the poor

beast had lost most of her hair, and came out looking naked, cold and miserable, in a bare skin. Everybody pitied the animal, though a few could not restrain their smiles at her droll appearance. Miss Betsy Barker absolutely cried with sorrow and dismay; and it was said she thought of trying a bath of oil. This remedy, perhaps,

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was recommended by some one of the number whose advice she asked; but the proposal, if ever it was made, was knocked on the head by Captain Brown's decided, "Get her a flannel waistcoat and flannel breeches, ma'am, if you wish to keep her alive. But my advice is, kill the poor creature at once."

Miss Betsy Barker dried her eyes, and thanked the captain heartily. She set to work, and by and by all the town turned out to see the Alderney meekly going to her pasture, clad in dark gray flannel. I have watched her myself many a time.

Abridged.

AUTUMN

By Edmund Spenser

Then came the Autumn all in yellow clad,
As though he joyèd in his plenteous store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
That he had banished hunger. . . .
Upon his head a wreath, that was enroll'd
With ears of corn of every sort, he bore;
And in his hand a sickle he did hold,
To reap the ripen'd fruits the which the earth had yold.

From "The Faerie Queene."

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THE BELLS

By Edgar Allan Poe

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding-bells—
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,

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What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,

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And a resolute endeavor,
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.

Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells,
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

Abridged.

A merry heart doeth good like a medicine.

The Bible.

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HANDY ANDY GOES TO THE POST-OFFICE

By Samuel Lover

"Ride into the town and see if there's a letter for me," cried the Squire one day to our hero.

"Yes, sir."

"You know where to go?"

"To the town, sir."

"But do you know where to go in the town?"

"No, sir."

"And why don't you ask, you stupid?"

"Sure I'd find out, sir."

"Didn't I often tell you to ask what you're to do, when you don't know?"

"Yes, sir."

"And why don't you?"

"I don't like to be troublesome, sir."

"Well!" said the Squire, though he could not help laughing at Andy's excuse for remaining in ignorance, "go to the post-office. You know the post-office, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, where they sell gunpowder."

"You're right for once," said the Squire; for his Majesty's postmaster was the person who had the privilege of dealing in the aforesaid combustible. "Go, then, to the post-office, and ask for a letter for me. Remember —not gunpowder, but a letter."

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"Yes, sir," said Andy, who got astride of his hack, and trotted away to the post-office. On arriving at the shop of the postmaster (for that person carried on a brisk trade in groceries, gimlets, broadcloth and linen-drapery), Andy presented himself at the counter and said, "I want a letter, sir, if you please."

"Whom do you want it for?" said the postmaster, in a tone which Andy considered an aggression upon the sacredness of private life; so Andy thought the coolest contempt he could throw upon the prying impertinence of the postmaster was to repeat his request.

"I want a letter, sir, if you please."

"And whom do you want it for?" repeated the postmaster.

"What's that to you?" said Andy.

The postmaster, laughing at his simplicity, told him he could not tell what letter to give him unless he told him the direction.

"The direction I got was to get a letter here—that's the direction."

"Who gave you that direction?"

"The master."

"And who's your master?"

"What concern is that of yours?"

"Why, you stupid rascal! if you don't tell me his name, how can I give you a letter?"

"You could give it if you liked; but you're fond

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of asking impudent questions, because you think I'm simple."

"Go along out of this! Your master must be as great a goose as yourself, to send such a messenger."

"Bad luck to your impudence," said Andy; "is it Squire Egan you dare to say goose to?"

"Oh, Squire Egan's your master, then?"

"Yes, have you anything to say against it?"

"Only that I never saw you before."

"Faith, then, you'll never see me again if I have my own consent."

"I won't give you any letter for the Squire unless I know you're his servant. Is there any one in the town knows you?"

"Plenty," said Andy; "it's not every one is as ignorant as you."

Just at this moment a person to whom Andy was known entered the house, who vouched to the postmaster that he might give Andy the Squire's letter. "Have you one for me?"

"Yes, sir," said the postmaster, producing one—"four pence."

The gentleman paid the four pence postage, and left the shop with his letter.

"Here's a letter for the Squire," said the postmaster; "you've to pay me eleven pence postage."

"What would I pay eleven pence for?"

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"For postage."

"Didn't I see you give Mr. Duffy a letter for four pence this minute, and a bigger letter than this? and now you want me to pay eleven pence for this scrap of a thing. Do you think I'm a fool?"

"No; but I'm sure of it," said the postmaster.

"Well, you're welcome to be sure, sure—but don't be delaying me now; here's four pence for you, and give me the letter.

"Go along, you stupid!" said the postmaster, taking up the letter, and going to serve a customer with a mouse-trap.

While this person and many others were served, Andy lounged up and down the shop, every now and then putting in his head in the middle of the customers, and saying: "Will you give me the letter?"

He waited for above half an hour, in defiance of the anathemas of the postmaster, and at last left, when he found it impossible to get common justice for his master, which he thought he deserved as well as another man; for, under this impression, Andy determined to give no more than the four pence.

The Squire, in the meantime, was getting impatient for his return, and when Andy made his appearance, asked if there was a letter for him.

"There is, sir," said Andy.

"Then give it to me."

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"I haven't it, sir."

"What do you mean?"

"He wouldn't give it to me, sir."

"Who wouldn't give it to you?"

"That old cheat beyond in the town—wanting to charge double for it."

"Maybe it's a double letter. Why didn't you pay what he asked, sir?"

"Arrah, sir, why should I let you be cheated? It's not a double letter at all; not above half the size of one Mr. Duffy got before my face for four pence."

"You'll provoke me to break your neck some day, you vagabond! Ride back for your life, and pay whatever he asks, and get me the letter."

"Why, sir, I tell you he was selling them before my face for four pence apiece."

"Go back, you scoundrel! or I'll horsewhip you; and if you're longer than an hour, I'll have you ducked in the horse-pond!"

Andy vanished, and made a second visit to the post-office. When he arrived, two other persons were getting letters, and the postmaster was selecting the epistles for each from a large parcel that lay before him on the counter; at the same time many shop customers were waiting to be served.

"I'm come for that letter," said Andy.

"I'll attend to you by and by."

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"The master's in a hurry."

"Let him wait till his hurry's over."

"He'll murder me if I'm not back soon."

"I'm glad to hear it."

While the postmaster went on with such provoking answers to these appeals for dispatch, Andy's eye caught the heap of letters which lay on the counter; so while certain weighing of soap and tobacco was going forward, he contrived to become possessed of two letters from the heap, and, having effected that, waited patiently enough till it was the great man's pleasure to give him the missive directed to his master.

Then did Andy bestride his hack, and in triumph at his trick on the postmaster, rattled along the road homeward as fast as the beast could carry him. He came into the Squire's presence, his face beaming with delight, and an air of self-satisfied superiority in his manner quite unaccountable to his master, until he pulled forth his hand, which had been grubbing up his prizes from the bottom of his pocket; and holding three letters over his head, while he said, "Look at that!" he next slapped them down under his broad fist on the table before the Squire, saying—

"Well! if he did make me pay eleven pence, I brought your honor the worth of your money anyhow!"

From "Handy Andy." Adapted.

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THE ISLES OF GREECE

By Lord Byron

Thirty-six short stormy years make up the life of George Gordon Byron. His life and personality were both marked by singular contrasts. He was born of an old but decayed English family, was brilliant in mind although extremely sensitive, inspired passionate loyalty and devotion in his friends, yet at times could be stubborn and changeable with them. Lameness and inherited traits of character brought him much unhappiness. Macaulay says, "He had a head which statuaries loved to copy, and a foot the deformity of which the beggars in the street mimicked." At seven he inherited the title and estates of Newstead Abbey. Next morning when the roll was called at school and he heard "Lord Byron," he was so startled he burst into tears. All his life he was quick to defend the weak. At school, Moore tells us, he said to a new boy, "Hamers, if any one bullies you, tell me and I'll thrash him." In manhood he threw heart and soul into the cause of the Greek revolution against Turkish rule. He was commander-in-chief of the army when he died of fever. The poem *Don Juan* was left incomplete. [Born in 1788—died in 1824]

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!

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Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free;
For, standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations; all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set, where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

From "Don Juan." Abridged.

Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle that fits them all.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

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A BIRDSEYE VIEW OF EUROPE

By John Ruskin

The charts of the world which have been drawn up by modern science have thrown into a narrow space the expression of a vast amount of knowledge, but I have never yet seen any one pictorial enough to enable the spectator to imagine the kind of contrast in physical character which exists between northern and southern countries. We know the differences in detail, but we have not that broad glance and grasp which would enable us to feel them in their fullness. We know that gentians grow on the Alps, and olives on the Apennines; but we do not enough conceive for ourselves that variegated mosaic of the world's surface which a bird sees in its migration, that difference between the district of the gentian and of the olive which the stork and the swallow see far off, as they lean upon the sirocco wind.

Let us, for a moment, try to raise ourselves even above the level of their flight, and imagine the Mediterranean lying beneath us like an irregular lake, and all its ancient promontories sleeping in the sun: here and there an angry spot of thunder, a gray stain of storm, moving upon the burning field; and here and there a fixed wreath of white volcano smoke, surrounded by its circle of ashes; but for the most part a great peacefulness of light; Syria and

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Greece, Italy and Spain, laid like pieces of golden pavement into the sea-blue, chased, as we stoop nearer to them, with bossy beaten work of mountain chains, and glowing softly with terraced gardens, and flowers heavy with frankincense, mixed among masses of laurel, and orange and plumy palm, that abate with their gray-green shadows the burning of the marble rocks, and of the ledges of porphyry sloping under lucent sand.

Then let us pass farther towards the north, until we see the orient colors change gradually into a vast belt of rainy green, where the pastures of Switzerland, and poplar valleys of France, and dark forests of the Danube and Carpathians stretch from the mouths of the Loire to those of the Volga, seen through clefts of gray swirls of rain-cloud and flaky veils of the mist of the brooks, spreading low along the pasture lands; and then farther north still, to see the earth heave into mighty masses of leaden rock and heathy moor, bordering with a broad waste of gloomy purple that belt of field and wood, and splintering into irregular and grisly islands amidst the northern seas, beaten by storm and chilled by ice-drift, and tormented by furious pulses of contending tide, until the roots of the last forests fail from among the hill ravines, and the hunger of the north wind bites their peaks into barrenness; and, at last, the wall of ice, durable like iron, sets, death-like, its white teeth against us out of the polar twilight.

From "The Nature of the Gothic."

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THE CAPTAIN OF PLYMOUTH

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

In the Old Colony days, in Plymouth the land of the Pilgrims,
To and fro in a room of his simple and primitive dwelling,
Clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cordovan leather,
Strode, with a martial air, Miles Standish the Puritan captain.
Buried in thought he seemed, with his hands behind him, and pausing
Ever and anon to behold his glittering weapons of warfare,
Hanging in shining array along the walls of the chamber,—
Cutlass and corselet of steel, and his trusty sword of Damascus,
Curved at the point and inscribed with its mystical Arabic sentence,
While underneath, in a corner, were fowling-piece, musket, and matchlock.
Short of stature he was, but strongly built and athletic,
Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with muscles and sinews of iron;
Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard was already
Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes in November.

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Near him was seated John Alden, his friend, and household companion,
Writing with diligent speed at a table of pine by the window;
Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon complexion,

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Having the dew of his youth, and the beauty thereof, as the captives
Whom Saint Gregory saw, and exclaimed, "Not Angles, but Angels."
Youngest of all was he of the men who came in the Mayflower.

Suddenly breaking the silence, the diligent scribe interrupting,
Spake, in the pride of his heart, Miles Standish the captain of Plymouth,
"Look at these arms," he said, "the war-like weapons that hang here
Burnished and bright and clean, as if for parade or inspection!
This is the sword of Damascus I fought with in Flanders; this breastplate,
Well I remember the day! once saved my life in a skirmish;
Here in front you can see the very dint of the bullet
Fired point-blank at my heart by a Spanish arcabucero.
Had it not been of sheer steel, the forgotten bones of Miles Standish
Would at this moment be mold, in their grave in the Flemish morasses."
Thereupon answered John Alden, but looked not up from his writing:

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"Truly the breath of the Lord hath slackened the speed of the bullet;
He in his mercy preserved you, to be our shield and our weapon!"
Still the Captain continued, unheeding the words of the stripling;
"See, how bright they are burnished, as if in an arsenal hanging;
That is because I have done it myself, and not left it to others.
Serve yourself, would you be well served, is an excellent adage;
So I take care of my arms, as you of your pens and your inkhorn.
Then, too, there are my soldiers, my great, invincible army,
Twelve men, all equipped, having each his rest and his matchlock,
Eighteen shillings a month, together with diet and pillage,
And, like Cæsar, I know the name of each of my soldiers!"
This he said with a smile, that danced in his eyes, as the sunbeams
Dance on the waves of the sea, and vanish again in a moment.
Alden laughed as he wrote, and still the captain continued:

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"Look! you can see from this window my brazen howitzer planted
High on the roof of the church, a preacher who speaks to the purpose,
Steady, straightforward, and strong, with irresistible logic,
Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the hearts of the heathen.
Now we are ready, I think, for any assault of the Indians;
Let them come, if they like, and the sooner they try it the better,—
Let them come, if they like, be it sagamore, sachem, or pow-wow,
Aspinet, Samoset, Corbitant, Squanto, or Tokamahamon!"

Long at the window he stood, and wistfully gazed on the landscape,
Washed with a cold gray mist, the vapory breath of the east-wind,
Forest and meadow and hill, and the steel-blue rim of the ocean,
Lying silent and sad, in the afternoon shadows and sunshine.
Over his countenance flitted a shadow like those on the landscape,
Gloom intermingled with light; and his voice was subdued with emotion,

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Tenderness, pity, regret, as after a pause he proceeded:
"Yonder there, on the hill by the sea, lies buried Rose Standish;
Beautiful rose of love, that bloomed for me by the wayside!
She was the first to die of all who came in the *Mayflower!*
Green above her is growing the field of wheat we have sown there,
Better to hide from the Indian scouts the graves of our people,
Lest they should count them and see how many already have perished!"
Sadly his face he averted, and strode up and down, and was thoughtful.

From "The Courtship of Miles Standish."

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A LETTER

By Jane Carlyle

So many talents are wasted, so many enthusiasms turned to smoke, so many lives spoilt, for want of recognizing that it is not the greatness or littleness of the duty nearest hand, but the spirit in which one does it, that makes one's doing noble or mean. I can't think how people who have any natural ambition, and any sense of power in them, escape going mad in a world like this, without the recognition of that.

I had gone with my husband to live on a little estate of peat-bog, that had descended to me all the way down from John Welsh, the Covenanter who married a daughter of John Knox. That didn't, I am ashamed to say, make me feel Craigenputtock a whit less of a peat-bog, and a most dreary, untoward place to live in. Further, we were very poor, and, further and worst, being an only child, and brought up to "great prospects," I was sublimely ignorant of every branch of useful knowledge, though a capital Latin scholar and a very fair mathematician.

It behooved me, in these astonishing circumstances, to learn to sew! Husbands, I was shocked to find, wore their stockings into holes, and were always losing buttons; and I was expected to "look to all that." Also it behooved me to learn to cook!—no capable servant

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choosing to live at such an out-of-the-way place. It was plainly my duty as a Christian wife to bake at home! So I sent for Cobbett's *Cottage Economy*, and fell to work at a loaf of bread.

But, knowing nothing about the process of fermentation, or the heat of ovens, it came to pass that my loaf got put into the oven at the time that myself ought to have been put into bed. And I remained the only person not asleep in a house in the middle of a desert. One o'clock struck, and then two, and then three, and still I was sitting there, in an immense solitude, my whole body aching with weariness, my heart aching with a sense of forlornness and degradation, that I, who had been so petted at home, whose comfort had been studied by everybody in the house, who had never been required to do anything but cultivate my mind, should have to pass all those hours of the night in watching a loaf of bread—which might not turn out bread after all!

Such thoughts maddened me, till I laid down my head on the table and sobbed aloud. It was then that somehow the idea of Benvenuto Cellini sitting up all night watching his "Perseus" in the furnace came into my head, and suddenly I asked myself—"After all, in the sight of the Upper Powers, what is the mighty difference between a statue of Perseus, and a loaf of bread, so that each be the thing one's hand has found to do?"

Abridged.

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MARMION AND DOUGLAS

By Sir Walter Scott

The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu:
"Though something I might 'plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your king's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I stayed,
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble earl, receive my hand."
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:
"My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
Be open at my sovereign's will
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation-stone—
The hand of Douglas is his own,
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."
Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire
And shook his very frame for ire,
And—"This to me!" he said,
"And 'twere not for thy hoary beard,

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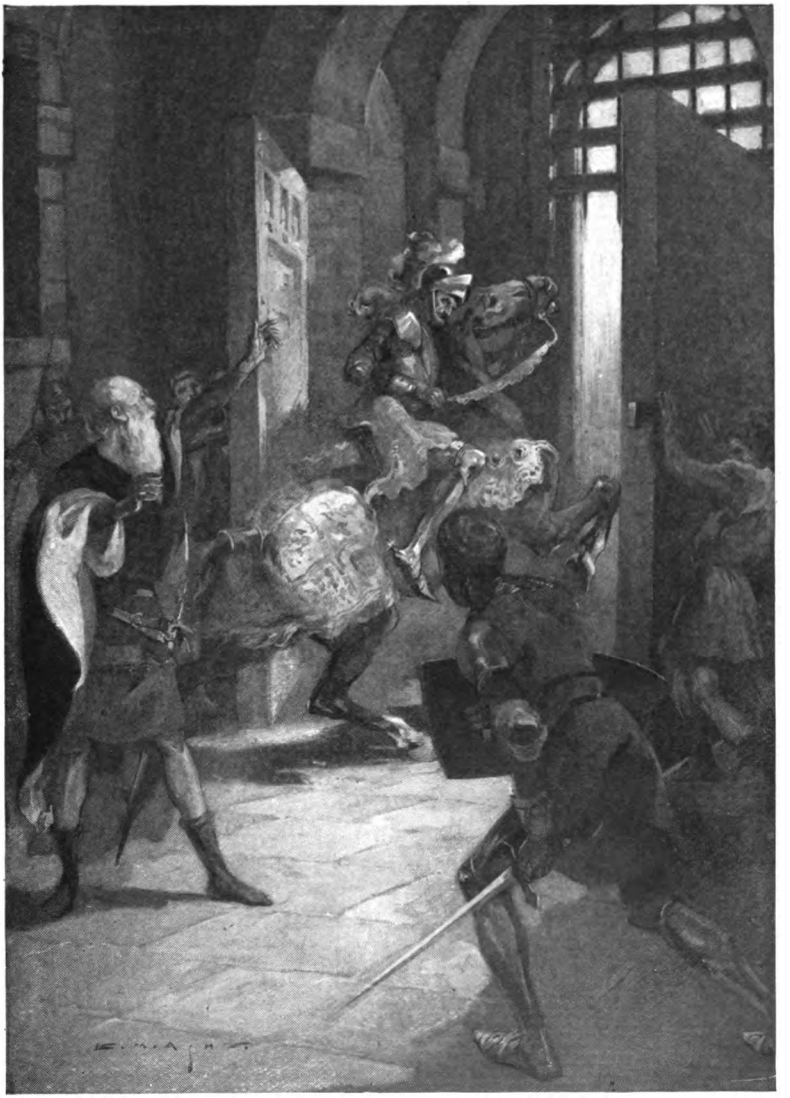

LORD MARMION TURNED, WELL WAS HIS NEED

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Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!
And first I tell thee, haughty peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate;
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,—
I tell thee, thou'rt defied!
And if thou said'st I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"
On the earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
Fierce he broke forth,—"And darest thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hopest thou hence unscathed to go?—
No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up drawbridge, grooms—what, warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall."—
Lord Marmion turned,—well was his need,—
And dashed the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the archway sprung,
The ponderous gate behind him rung;

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To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars descending grazed his plume.
The steed along the drawbridge flies
Just as it trembled on the rise;
Not lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim:
And when Lord Marmion reached his band,
He halts, and turns with clenched hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.
"Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried, "and chase!"
But soon he reined his fury's pace:
"A royal messenger he came,
Though most unworthy of the name.—
Saint Mary mend my fiery mood!
Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood,
I thought to slay him where he stood.
'Tis pity of him, too," he cried:
"Bold can he speak and fairly ride,
I warrant him a warrior tried."
With this his mandate he recalls,
And slowly seeks his castle halls.

From "Marmion." Abridged.

I would rather be a poor man in a garret, with plenty of books, than a king who did not love reading.

Thomas Babington Macaulay.

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WORK

By Thomas Carlyle

No other modern writer is like Carlyle. To find a comparison for him we must go back to the Old Testament prophets who were called by God to warn men to flee from sin and low living. Hints of Carlyle's boyhood are found in his *Sartor Resartus*, or, *The Tailor Patched*, a famous book of essays. Carlyle remembered particularly the cattle-fairs to which his father took him, and his delight each day when the mail-coach passed through the little Scotch village of his home, carrying his fancy out with it into the panorama of the great world. At Edinburgh University, where he studied as a young man, he says that he "succeeded in fishing up more books in the library than were known to the very keepers thereof." He was a life-long student and admirer of Goethe, the great German philosopher. For some years Carlyle was a schoolmaster, but his fame as a writer growing, he was made rector of Edinburgh University. His history of the French Revolution is a classic. In his friendship with Emerson the world has shared through the publication of their letters. [Born in 1795—died in 1881]

All true Work is sacred. In all true Work, were it but true hand-labor, there is something of divineness. Labor, wide as the Earth, has its summit in Heaven. Sweat of the brow; and up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of

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the heart; which includes all Kepler calculations, Newton meditations, all Sciences, all spoken Epics, all acted Heroisms, Martyrdoms. O brother, if this is not "worship," then I say, the more pity for worship; for this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God's sky. Who art thou that complainest of thy life of toil? Complain not. Look up, my wearied brother; see thy fellow-workmen there, in God's Eternity; surviving there, they alone surviving; sacred Band of the Immortals, celestial Bodyguard of the Empire of Mankind. Even in the weak Human Memory they survive so long, as saints, as heroes, as gods; they alone surviving; peopling, they alone, the unmeasured solitudes of Time!

To thee, Heaven, though severe, is not unkind; Heaven is kind,—as a noble Mother; as that Spartan Mother, saying while she gave her son his shield, "With it, my son, or upon it!" Thou too shalt return home in honor; to thy far-distant Home, in honor; doubt it not,—if in the battle thou keep thy shield! Thou, in the Eternities and deepest Death-kingdoms, art not an alien; thou everywhere art a denizen! Complain not; the very Spartans did not complain.

From "Past and Present." Abridged.

We're made so that we love
First when we see them painted, things we have passed
Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see.

Robert Browning

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ON THE NATIVITY

By John Milton

Nor war, or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around—
The idle spear and shield were high up hung;
The hooked chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began;
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kissed,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

Abridged.

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THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON

By Thomas Jefferson

I think I knew General Washington intimately and thoroughly, and were I called on to delineate his character, it should be in terms like these:

His mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of a Newton, Bacon, or Locke; and as far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder. It was slow in operation, being little aided by invention or imagination, but sure in conclusion. Hence the common remark of his officers, of the advantage he derived from councils of war, where, hearing all suggestions, he selected whatever was best; and certainly no general ever planned his battles more judiciously. But if deranged during the course of the action, if any member of his plan was dislocated by sudden circumstances, he was slow in readjustment. The consequence was that he often failed in the field, and rarely against an enemy in station, as at Boston and New York. He was incapable of fear, meeting personal dangers with the calmest unconcern.

Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence; never acting until every circumstance, every consideration, was maturely weighed; refraining if he saw a doubt, but, when once decided, going through with his

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purpose whatever obstacles opposed. His integrity was most pure, his justice the most inflexible I have ever known; no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendship or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was, indeed, in every sense of the word, a wise, a good, and a great man. His temper was naturally irritable and high-toned; but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendency over it. If ever, however, it broke its bounds, he was most tremendous in his wrath.

In his expenses he was honorable, but exact; liberal in contributions to whatever promised utility, but frowning and unyielding on all visionary projects and all unworthy calls on his charity. His heart was not warm in its affections, but he exactly calculated every man's value, and gave him a solid esteem proportioned to it. His person, you know, was fine; stature exactly what one would wish; his deportment easy, erect, and noble; the best horseman of his age, and the most graceful figure that could be seen on horseback.

Although in the circle of his friends, where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation, his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas nor fluency of words. In public, when called on for a sudden opinion, he was unready, short, and embarrassed; yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and correct style. This he had acquired by conversation with the world; for his education

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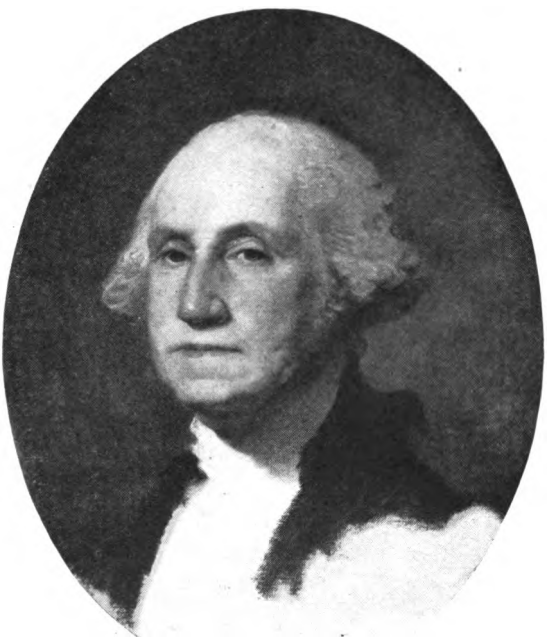
was merely reading, writing, and common arithmetic, to which he added surveying at a later day.

His time was employed in action chiefly, reading little,



and that only in agriculture and English history. His correspondence became necessarily extensive, and, with journalizing his agricultural proceedings, occupied most of his leisure hours within doors.

On the whole, his character was, in its mass, perfect—in nothing bad, in a few points indifferent; and it may be

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truly said, that never did Nature and Fortune combine more completely to make a man great, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from man an everlasting remembrance.

For his was the singular destiny and merit of leading the armies of his country successfully through an arduous war for the establishment of its independence, of conducting its councils through the birth of a government new in its forms and principles, until it had settled down into a quiet and orderly train, and of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military: of which the history of the world furnishes no other example.

From a private letter.

TO THE DANDELION

By James Russell Lowell

The life of Lowell was rooted in the soil of Cambridge, Massachusetts. He was born in 1819 in one of the pleasantest of its old houses called Elmwood, of Tory fame, where four generations of Lowells had preceded him, and whose "roomy ease" and, in summer, "cool and rustling privacy of leaves," were fit environment for a poet. "On the right, the smooth-gliding, circuitous Charles slipped through brown salt meadows to the sea." He was an imaginative child. In mature years he wrote, "Here I am in my garret. I slept here when I was a little, curly-headed boy, and used to see visions between me and the ceiling and dream the so-often recurring dream of having the earth put into my hand like an orange." He

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learned his A, B, C's at a dame's school. Later at a school for boys, he pored over poetry, and liked to open the eyes of the little fellows with wonder-tales. As a young man he had only to go a pleasant walk to his University, old Harvard, where he seems first to have realized his calling, and in whose "arched alcoves" he extended the long list of literary friendships already formed in his father's library. The *Biglow Papers*, published in 1846, first drew public attention to him by their homely humor and strong spirit of freedom. In his wide life Lowell filled a chair at Harvard, was the first editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*, and served as United States minister both to Spain and Great Britain. He was one of the most companionable of men, keen and fine, healthy and high-spirited. Men and books and nature found rare response in his affection, nature chiefly as related to men, as the poem printed here suggests. He died at Elmwood in 1891.

Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold,
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth, thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

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My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee;
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
Who, from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,
And I, secure in childish piety,
Listened as if I heard an angel sing
With news from heaven, which he could bring
Fresh every day to my untainted ears
When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth nature seem,
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!
Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,
Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
On all these living pages of God's book.

Abridged.

There is an oriental legend that every man carries two packs, one in front, the other behind, and each pack is full of faults. The one in front holds the faults of others, and is always in direct range of the man's eyes. The other pack holds his own faults, and is so strapped upon his back that it is impossible for him to see it; hence, he often forgets its very existence.

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THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE

By Oliver Wendell Holmes

Holmes was the humorist in the Cambridge group of writers. "Genial" is the word that best describes him. He was a very "boyish boy," the life of the gambrel-roofed Massachusetts house, though he loved also to browse over the books in his father's study. At the dame's school where he learned his letters he recalls the teacher's long willow rod reaching entirely across the school-room, used as a reminder, however, rather than in punishment. In Harvard University Holmes was the leader of his class in all enterprises of spirit and he wrote the class poem. Later he became professor of medicine in this same university but found time to write novels, poems and charmingly informal essays. He named *The Atlantic Monthly* and much of his work first appeared there. When Dickens visited America and was entertained in Boston, Holmes wrote the song of welcome. His life was chiefly divided between the "cloistered quiet" of Cambridge and the more worldly atmosphere of Boston, where, from his "airy oriel on the river shore", he saw a wide and pleasant prospect. Whatever he said and did was sweetened with kindness and spiced with humor. Lowell wrote,

> His are just the fine hands to weave you a lyric
> Full of fancy, fun, feeling, or spiced with satiric,
> In a measure so kindly, you doubt if the toes
> That are trodden upon are your own or your foe's.

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Bret Harte received his first encouragement to write from Holmes, to whom he had sent some verses. A birthday breakfast, at which were present, with many lesser writers, Emerson, Whittier and Harriet Beecher Stowe, was given to Holmes on his seventieth birthday. At the close of his last lecture, amid a storm of applause, his students gave him a silver loving-cup.

[Born in 1809—died in 1894]

Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it—ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits,—
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five,
Georgius Secundus was then alive,—
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.
That was the year when Lisbon-town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible Earthquake-day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot,—

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In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace,—lurking still,
Find it somewhere you must and will,—
Above or below, or within or without,—
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
That a chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't *wear out.*

But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do,
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell *yeou*,")
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'N' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
It should be so built that it *couldn'* break daown:
"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain
That the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
'N' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest
T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That couldn't be split nor bent nor broke,—
That was for spokes and floor and sills;
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees,
The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these;

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The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum,"—
Last of its timber,—they couldn't sell 'em,
Never an ax had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
Found in the pit when the tanner died.
That was the way he "put her through."
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew!"

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
Children and grandchildren—where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED;—it came and found
The Deacon's Masterpiece strong and sound.
Eighteen hundred increased by ten;—
"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came;—
Running as usual; much the same.

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Thirty and forty at last arrive,
And then come fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large;
Take it.—You're welcome.—No extra charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER,—the Earthquake-day,—
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,
A general flavor of mild decay,
But nothing local, as one may say.
There couldn't be,—for the Deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part
That there wasn't a chance for one to start.

For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whipple-tree neither less nor more,
And the back-crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring and axle and hub *encore*.
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be *worn out!*

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First of November, 'Fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
Drawn by a rat-tail, ewe-necked bay.
"Huddup!" said the parson.—Off went they.
The parson was working his Sunday's text,—
Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed
At what the—Moses—was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill,—
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock,—
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!

What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once,—
All at once, and nothing first,—
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
Logic is logic. That's all I say.

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WHO OWNS THE MOUNTAINS?

By Henry van Dyke

It was the little lad that asked the question; and the answer also, as you will see, was mainly his.

We had been keeping Sunday afternoon together in our favorite fashion, following out that pleasant text which tells us to "behold the fowls of the air." There is no injunction of Holy Writ less burdensome in acceptance, or more profitable in obedience, than this easy out-of-doors commandment. For several hours we walked in the way of this precept, through the untangled woods that lie behind the Forest Hills Lodge, where a pair of pigeon-hawks had their nest, and around the brambly shores of the small pond, where Maryland yellow-throats and song-sparrows were settled; and under the lofty hemlocks of the fragment of forest across the road, where rare warblers flitted silently among the tree-tops. The light beneath the evergreens was growing dim as we came out from their shadow into the widespread glow of the sunset, on the edge of a grassy hill, overlooking the long valley of the Gale River, and uplooking to the Franconia Mountains.

It was the benediction hour. The placid air of the day shed a new tranquillity over the consoling landscape. The heart of the earth seemed to taste a repose more perfect than that of common days. A hermit-thrush, far up the vale, sang his vesper hymn; while the swallows, seeking

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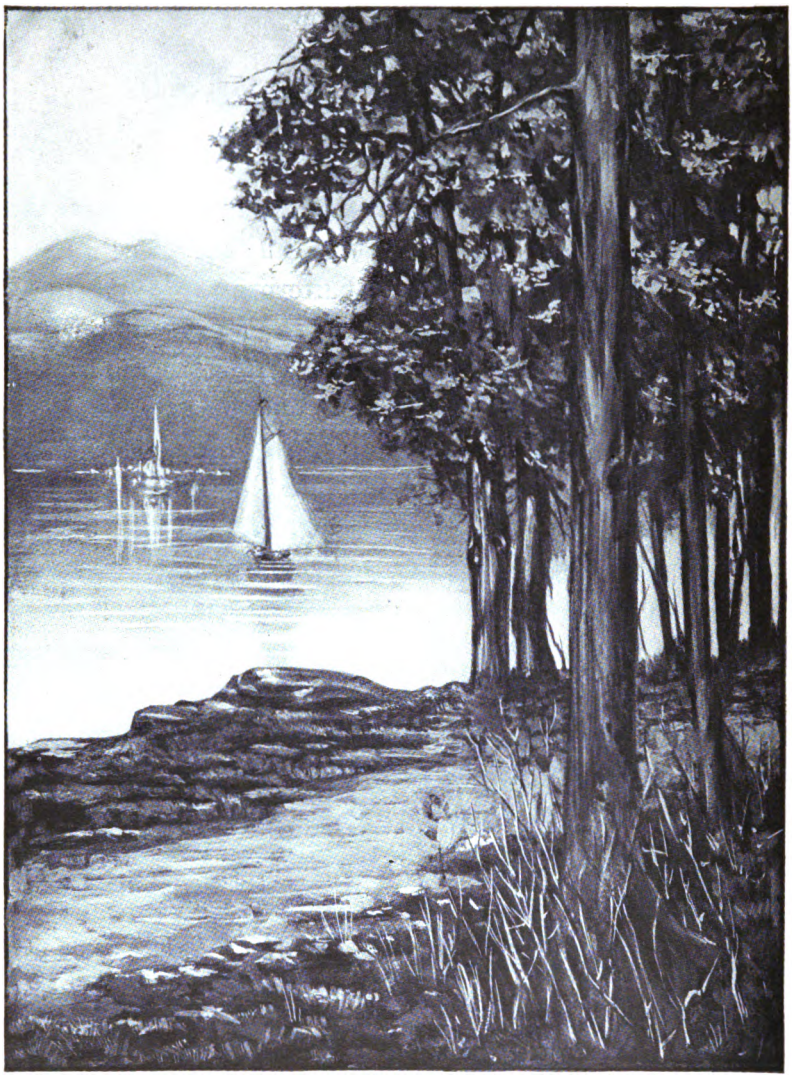

IT WAS THE BENEDICTION HOUR

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their evening meal, circled above the river-fields without an effort, twittering softly, now and then, as if they must give thanks. Slight and indefinable touches in the scene, perhaps the mere absence of the tiny human figures passing along the road or laboring in the distant meadows, perhaps the blue curls of smoke rising lazily from the farm-house chimneys, or the family groups sitting under the maple-trees before the door, diffused a Sabbath atmosphere over the world.

Then said the lad, lying on the grass beside me, "Father, who owns the mountains?"

I happened to have heard, the day before, of two or three lumber companies that had bought some of the woodland slopes; so I told him their names, adding that there were probably a good many different owners, whose claims taken altogether would cover the whole Franconia range of hills.

"Well," answered the lad, after a moment of silence, "I don't see what difference that makes. Everybody can look at them."

Abridged.

Volumes and pictures and statues
In rich men's palaces shine,—
I can neither buy nor sell them,
But they're mine in the spirit, mine.

Charles Mackay.

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OUR RURAL DIVINITY

By John Burroughs

In his little square rough-walled study overlooking the Hudson, Mr. Burroughs writes of his friend the brown owl, describes the "antics of a squirrel among the branches of the apple-tree overhead or the struggles of a honey-bee backing out of a flower of yellow-rattle." He is in the midst of the romantic and beautiful Highlands, with meadows and cultivated fields on one side and wooded, lonely, lake-set hills on the other. His great love for nature and his duties as road superintendent and postmaster of a neighboring village keep him out of doors much of the time. Mr. Burroughs is of medium height with a fine head and a skin tanned by winds and rains. His home, which he himself entirely planned, and which is half-hidden by Virginia creeper, is said to have much "the appearance of a nest, into the composition of which nothing enters that is not of soft texture and low and harmonious color." Mr. Burroughs was born in Roxbury, N. Y., in 1837.

I wonder that Wilson Flagg did not include the cow among his *Picturesque Animals*, for that is where she belongs. She has not the classic beauty of the horse, but in picture-making qualities she is far ahead of him. Her

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shaggy, loose-jointed body; her irregular, sketchy outlines, like those of the landscape,—the hollows and ridges, the slopes and prominences; her tossing horns, her bushy tail, her swinging gait, her tranquil, ruminating habits, all tend to make her an object upon which the artist eye loves to dwell. The artists are for ever putting her into pictures, too. In rural landscape scenes she is an important feature. Behold her grazing in the pastures and on the hillsides, or along banks of streams, or ruminating under wide-spreading trees, or standing knee-deep in the creek or pond, or lying upon the smooth places in the quiet summer afternoon, the day's grazing done, and waiting to be summoned home to be milked; and again, in the twilight, lying upon the level summit of the hill, or where the sward is thickest and softest; or, in winter, a herd of them filing along toward the spring to drink, or being "foddered" from the stack in the field upon the new snow,—surely the cow is a picturesque animal, and all her goings and comings are pleasant to behold.

The poets have not made much of the cow, but have rather dwelt upon the steer, or the ox yoked to the plow. I recall this touch from Emerson:—

> "The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
> Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm."

But the ear is charmed, nevertheless, especially if it be not too near, and the air be still and dense, or hollow, as the

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farmer says. And again, if it be springtime and she task that powerful bellows of hers to its utmost capacity, how round the sound is, and how far it goes over the hills!

The cow figures in Grecian mythology, and in oriental literature is treated as a sacred animal. "The clouds are cows and the rain milk." I remember what Herodotus says of the Egyptians' worship of heifers and steers; and in the traditions of the Celtic nations the cow is regarded as a divinity. In Norse mythology the milk of the cow Andhumbla afforded nourishment to the Frost giants, and it was she that licked into being and into shape a god, the father of Odin. If anything could lick a god into shape, certainly the cow could do it. You may see her perform this office for young Taurus any spring. She licks him out of the fogs and bewilderments and uncertainties in which he finds himself on first landing upon these shores, and up on to his feet in an incredibly short time. Indeed, that potent tongue of hers can almost make the dead alive any day, and the creative lick of the old Scandinavian mother cow is only a large-lettered rendering of the commonest facts.

The horse belongs to the fiery god Mars. He favors war, and is one of its oldest, most available, and most formidable engines. The steed is clothed with thunder, and smells the battle from afar; but the cattle upon a thousand hills denote that peace and plenty bear sway in the land. The neighing of the horse is a call to battle;

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but the lowing of old Brockleface in the valley brings the golden age again. The savage tribes are never without the horse; the Scythians are all mounted; but the cow would tame and humanize them. When the Indians will cultivate the cow, I shall think their civilization fairly begun. Recently, when the horses were sick with the epizootic, and the oxen came to the city and helped to do their work, what an Arcadian air again filled the streets!

But the dear old oxen,—how awkward and distressed they looked! Juno wept in the face of every one of them. The horse is a true citizen, and is entirely at home in the paved streets; but the ox—what a complete embodiment of all rustic and rural things! Slow, deliberate, thick-skinned, powerful, hulky, ruminating, fragrant-breathed, when he came to town the spirit and suggestion of all Georgics and Bucolics came with him. O citizen, was it only a plodding, unsightly brute that went by? Was there no chord in your bosom, long silent, that sweetly vibrated at the sight of that patient, Herculean couple? Did you smell no hay or cropped herbage, see no summer pastures with circles of cool shade, hear no voice of herds among the hills? They were very likely the only horses your grandfather ever had. Not much trouble to harness and unharness them. Not much vanity on the road in those days. They did all the work on the early pioneer farm. They were the gods whose rude strength first broke the soil. They could live where the moose and the deer could.

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If there was no clover or timothy to be had, then the twigs of the basswood and birch would do. Before there were yet fields given up to grass, they found ample pasturage in the woods. Their wide-spreading horns gleamed in the duskiness and their paths and the paths of the cows became the future roads and highways, or even the streets of great cities.

All the descendants of Odin show a bovine trace, and cherish and cultivate the cow. What were those old Vikings but thick-hided bulls that delighted in nothing so much as goring each other? But about all the northern races there is something that is kindred to cattle in the best sense,—something in their art and literature that is essentially pastoral, sweet-breathed, dispassionate, ruminating, wide-eyed, soft-voiced,—a charm of kine, the virtue of brutes.

The cow belongs more especially to the northern peoples, to the region of the good, green grass. She is the true grazing animal. That broad, smooth, always dewy nose of hers is just the suggestion of greensward. She caresses the grass; she sweeps off the ends of the leaves, she reaps it with the soft sickle of her tongue. She crops close, but she does not bruise or devour the turf like the horse. She is the sward's best friend, and will make it thick and smooth as a carpet.

"The turfy mountains where live the nibbling sheep" are not for her. Her muzzle is too blunt; then she does

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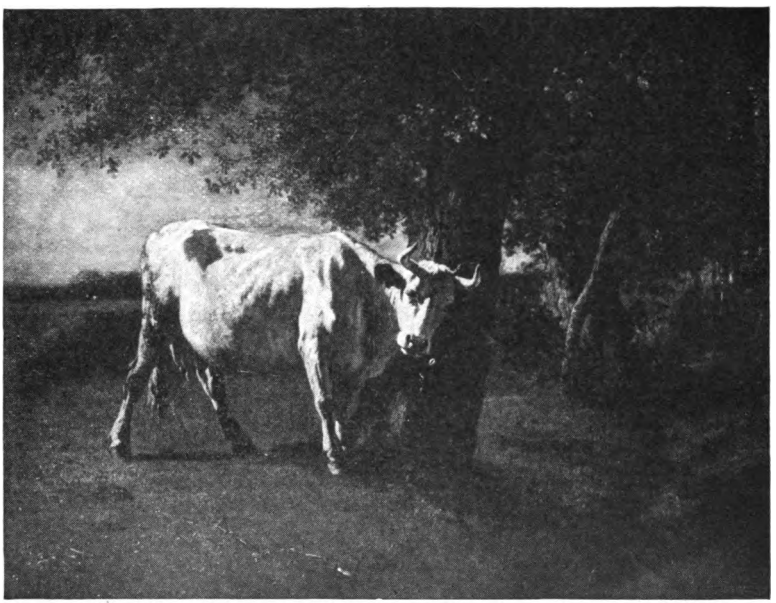
not bite as do the sheep; she has no upper teeth, she crops. But on the lower slopes and margins and rich bottoms, she is at home. Where the daisy and the buttercup and clover bloom and where corn will grow, is her proper



domain. The agriculture of no country can long thrive without her. Not only a large part of the real, but much of the potential, wealth of the land is wrapped up in her.

I have said the cow has not been of much service to the poets, and yet I remember that Jean Ingelow could hardly have managed her *High Tide* without "Whitefoot" and "Lightfoot" and "Cusha! Cusha! Cusha! calling"; or

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Trowbridge his *Evening at the Farm*, in which the real call of the American farm-boy of "Co', boss! Co', Co'," makes a very musical refrain.

What a variety of individualities a herd of cows presents when you have come to know them all, not only in form and color, but in manners and disposition! Some are timid and awkward, and the butt of the whole herd. Some remind you of deer. Some have an expression in the face like certain persons you have known. A petted and well-fed cow has a benevolent and gracious look; an ill-used and poorly-fed one, a pitiful and forlorn look. Some cows have a masculine or ox expression; others are extremely feminine. The latter are the ones for milk. Some cows will kick like a horse; some jump fences like deer. Every herd has its ringleader, its unruly spirit,—one that plans all the mischief, and leads the rest through the fences into the grain or into the orchard. This one is usually quite different from the master spirit, the "boss of the yard." The latter is generally the most peaceful and law-abiding cow in the lot, and the least bullying and quarrelsome. But she is not to be trifled with; her will is law; the whole herd give way before her, those that have crossed horns with her and those that have not, but yielded their allegiance without crossing. I remember such a one among my father's milkers when I was a boy, a slender-horned, deep-shouldered, large-uddered, dewlapped old cow that we always put first in the long stable, so she could not have a

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cow on each side of her to forage upon; for the master is yielded to no less in the stanchions than in the yard. She always had the first place anywhere. She had her choice of standing-room in the milking-yard, and when she wanted to lie down there or in the fields, the best and softest spot was hers. When the herd were foddered from the stack or barn, or fed with pumpkins in the fall, she was always first served. Her demeanor was quiet but impressive. She never bullied or gored her mates, but literally ruled them with the breath of her nostrils. If any new-comer or ambitious younger cow, however, chafed under her supremacy, she was ever ready to make good her claims. And with what spirit she would fight when openly challenged! She was a whirlwind of pluck and valor; and not after one defeat or two defeats would she yield the championship. The boss cow, when overcome, seems to brood over her disgrace, and day after day will meet her rival in fierce combat.

I have owned but three cows, and loved but one. That was the first one, Chloe, a bright red, curly-pated, golden-skinned Devonshire cow, that an ocean steamer landed for me upon the banks of the Potomac one bright May Day many clover summers ago. She came from the North, from the pastoral regions of the Catskills, to graze upon the broad commons of the national capital.

How we waited for her coming! Should I send Drewer, the colored patriarch, for her? No; the master of the house himself should receive Juno at the capital.

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"One cask for you," said the clerk, referring to the steamer bill of lading.

"Then I hope it's a cask of milk," I said. "I expected a cow."

"One cask it says here."

"Well, let's see it; I'll warrant it has horns and is tied by a rope;" which proved to be the case, for there stood the only object that bore my name, chewing its cud, on the forward deck. How she liked the voyage I could not find out; but she seemed to relish so much the feeling of solid ground beneath her feet once more, that she led me a lively step all the way home. She cut capers in front of the White House, and tried twice to wind me up in the rope as we passed the Treasury. She kicked up her heels on the broad avenue, and became very coltish as she came under the walls of the Capitol. But that night the long-vacant stall in the old stable was filled, and the next morning the coffee had met with a change of heart. I had to go out twice with the lantern and survey my treasure before I went to bed.

This was during the Arcadian age at the capital, before the easy-going southern ways had gone out and the prim new northern ways had come in, and when the domestic animals were treated with distinguished consideration and granted the freedom of the city.

Chloe took very naturally to this kind of life. At first I had to go with her a few times and pilot her to the

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nearest commons, and then I left her to her own wit, which never failed her. What adventures she had, what acquaintances she made, how far she wandered, I never knew. I never came across her in my walks or rambles. Indeed, on several occasions I thought I would look her up and see her feeding in national pastures, but I never could find her. There were plenty of cows, but they were all strangers. But punctually, between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, her white horns would be seen tossing above the gate and her impatient low be heard.

Abridged.

RECESSIONAL

By Rudyard Kipling

Written during the celebration of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, in 1887

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

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Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord! Amen.

Let our object be our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country. And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace, and of liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration for ever.

Daniel Webster.

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DON QUIXOTE AND THE WINDMILLS

By Miguel de Cervantes

The purpose of Cervantes in writing his famous satire, *Don Quixote*, was, he tells us, "to render abhorred of men false and absurd stories." His hero, Don Quixote, is a Spaniard whose brain is so filled with such stories that nothing in life appears to him as it really is. Imagining himself the champion of the world he sets forth on a ridiculous horse accompanied by Sancho Panza as his squire, in quest of adventure. In his excited imagination he sees in the humblest inn a castle, in a poor galley-slave a gentleman of fortune whose wrongs he must redress. Naturally, knight and squire alike fall into dire plight.

As they were thus talking, they discovered some thirty or forty windmills in the plain. As soon as the knight saw them he cried, "Fortune directs our affairs better than we could have wished. Look yonder, Sancho, there are at least thirty monstrous giants, whom I intend to encounter. Having deprived them of life, we will begin to enrich ourselves with their spoils, for they are lawful prize, and the destruction of that cursed brood will be an acceptable service to Heaven."

"What giants?" quoth Sancho Panza.

"Those whom thou seest yonder," answered Don Quixote, "with their long extended arms; some of that detested race have arms of so immense a size that sometimes they reach two leagues in length."

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"Pray, look better, sir," quoth Sancho. "Those things yonder are not giants, but windmills, and the arms are their sails, which, being whirled about by the wind, make the mill go."

"'Tis a sign," cried Don Quixote, "that thou art but little acquainted with adventures! I tell thee, they are giants, and, therefore, if thou art afraid, go aside and say thy prayers, for I am resolved to engage in combat with them all."

This said, he clapped spurs to his horse without giving ear to his squire, who bawled out to him, and assured him that they were windmills, and no giants. But he was so fully possessed with a strong belief to the contrary, that he did not so much as hear his squire, nor did he perceive what they were, although he was already very near them.

"Stand, cowards!" cried he as loud as he could; "stand your ground, ignoble creatures, and fly not basely from a single knight, who dares encounter you all."

The wind now rising, began to move the mill-sails; whereupon Don Quixote cried out, "Base miscreants, though you move more arms than the Giant Briareus, you shall pay for your arrogance."

He most devoutly recommended himself to his lady Dulcinea, imploring her assistance in this perilous adventure. So, covering himself with his shield, and couching his lance, he rushed with Rosinante's utmost speed upon the first windmill he could come at, and as he ran his

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DON QUIXOTE AND THE WINDMILLS

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lance into the sail, the wind whirled it about with such swiftness, that the rapidity of the motion presently broke the lance into shivers, and hurled away both knight and horse along with it, till down he fell, rolling a good way off in the field. Sancho Panza ran as fast as his donkey could drive to help his master, whom he found lying, and not able to stir.

"Did I not give your worship fair warning?" cried he; "did not I tell you they were windmills, and that nobody could think otherwise, unless he had also windmills in his head?"

"Peace, friend Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "there is nothing so subject to the fickleness of fortune as war."

"So let it be," replied Sancho.

And, heaving him up again upon his legs, once more the knight mounted poor Rosinante, who was half disjointed with his fall.

From "Don Quixote."

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but *if* I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

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HERVE RIEL

By Robert Browning

Into a quiet middle-class home in a London suburb, Robert Browning, one of the greatest of poets, was born in 1812. The poetic strain can not be directly traced, but intelligent sympathy in the parents did much to foster the boy's early and unmistakable bent. He received a rounded education by private tutors, and odd hours were rapturously spent in the overflowing library. Not far away was a picture-gallery, "a green half-hour's walk across the fields," which he often visited and of which he always spoke gratefully. Love of life and action, of "something to do," and above all, some living thing to play with, was strong in him. Owls and monkeys, magpies and hedgehogs, eagles and snakes, formed his queer company of pets. He was quick to learn and to write. "I never can recollect not writing rhymes," he says, and at twelve he had written a little book of poems. The first book which he bought for himself was a collection of verse. When, one day at a book-stall, he came by chance on a volume of Shelley, his desire to be a poet received vital impulse.

"The Boy sprang up . . . and ran,
Stung by the splendor of a sudden thought."

His poems, published at intervals, attracted critical attention, but public appreciation was slow. In 1846 Browning married Elizabeth Barrett, herself an exquisite poet, whom he took from years of secluded invalidism in London to comparative health in the sunshine

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of Italy. Their letters and the record of their years together in Italy, which both loved, are among the world's heritages. Browning's poems are usually less musical than those of Tennyson, but they are bolder in thought and of a rugged strength. As Tennyson had a passion for nature, Browning had a passion for men. He died at Venice in 1889.

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French,—woe to France!
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to Saint Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase;
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville;
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signaled to the place,
"Help the winners of a race!
Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick—or, quicker still,
Here's the English can and will!"

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Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leaped on board;
"Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?" laughed they:
"Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred and scored,
Shall the *Formidable* here, with her twelve and eighty guns,
Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,
Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,
And with flow at full beside?
Now, 'tis slackest ebb of tide.
Reach the mooring? Rather say,
While rock stands or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay!"

Then was called a council straight.
Brief and bitter the debate:
"Here's the English at our heels; would you have them take in tow
All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth Sound? Better run the ships aground!"
(Ended Damfreville his speech).

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"Not a minute more to wait!
Let the Captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!
France must undergo her fate.

"Give the word!" But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard;
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these
—A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate—first, second, third?
No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete!
But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the fleet,
A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

And "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé Riel:
"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?
Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell
On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell
'Twixt the offing here and Grève where the river disembogues?

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Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?
Morn and eve, night and day,
Have I piloted your bay,
Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.

"Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse than fifty Hogues!
Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me there's a way!
Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer,
Get this *Formidable* clear,
Make the others follow mine,
And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,
Right to Solidor past Grève,
And there lay them safe and sound;
And if one ship misbehave,
—Keel so much as grate the ground,
Why, I've nothing but my life,—here's my head!" cries Hervé Riel.

Not a minute more to wait.
"Steer us in, then, small and great!
Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried its chief.
Captains, give the sailor place!
He is Admiral, in brief.

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Still the north-wind, by God's grace!
See the noble fellow's face
As the big ship, with a bound,
Clears the entry like a hound.

Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's profound!
See, safe through shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock,
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground,
Not a spar that comes to grief!
The peril, see, is past,
All are harbored to the last,
And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!"—sure as fate,
Up the English come—too late!

So, the storm subsides to calm:
They see the green trees wave
On the heights o'erlooking Grève.
Hearts that bled are stanched with balm.
"Just our rapture to enhance,
Let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth and glare askance
As they cannonade away!
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"
How hope succeeds despair on each Captain's countenance!
Out burst all with one accord,

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"This is Paradise for Hell!
Let France, let France's King
Thank the man that did the thing!"
What a shout, and all one word,
"Hervé Riel!"
As he stepped in front once more,
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes,
Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
I must speak out at the end,
Though I find the speaking hard.
Praise is deeper than the lips:
You have saved the King his ships,
You must name your own reward.
'Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content and have! or my name's not Damfreville."

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
"Since I needs must say my say,

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Since on board the duty's done,
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a run?—
Since 'tis ask and have, I may—
Since the others go ashore—
Come! A good whole holiday!
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore!"
That he asked and that he got,—nothing more.

Name and deed alike are lost:
Not a pillar nor a post
In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
Not a head in white and black
On a single fishing-smack,
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
All that France saved from the fight whence England bore the bell.
Go to Paris: rank on rank
Search the heroes flung pell-mell
On the Louvre, face and flank!
You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.
So, for better and for worse, Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife the Belle Aurore!

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MR. PICKWICK DRIVES

By Charles Dickens

Picture to yourself a small, delicate boy, whose white face seems the whiter for his dark hair, who sits wretchedly all day long on a stool in the basement of a tumble-down London warehouse, pasting labels on blacking-bottles. Rats squeak at him from the corners, his shoulders ache with his constant work. At noon he munches a penny loaf, varied now and then with a fourpenny plate of beef from a near-by cook's shop. At night he lies down alone in an attic. His father is in prison for debt, and so even on Sundays the boy has no happier place to go than behind prison gates. Sometimes he walks out past Gadshill, a beautiful suburban house, and gazing up at it says that he means to own it some day. Poor little Charles Dickens! But a brilliant life is ahead, and after all, the dark days in the warehouse basement make wonderful pages for *David Copperfield*. What with a little schooling and some reporting and at last writing of stories, the old days were for ever banished. When Dickens at twenty-four introduced inimitable Mr. Pickwick to the world, he became instantly famous. Other stories, crowded with all human emotions, followed steadily. Now he could and did buy Gadshill. Dickens was a delightful host, especially to children, for whom, remembering his own early misery, he loved to give gay parties, with little plays in which he himself took part. His characters were living persons to the public, and when Little Nell in *The Old Curiosity Shop* died, people felt that a dear and lovely friend had been taken

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from them. The body of Dickens was buried in Westminster Abbey. "His friends were all the men, women and children who read English books." [Born in 1812—died in 1870]

"Now, about Manor Farm," said Mr. Pickwick. "How shall we go?"

"We had better consult the waiter, perhaps," said Mr. Tupman, and the waiter was summoned accordingly.

"Dingley Dell, gentlemen—fifteen miles, gentlemen—cross-road—post-chaise, sir?"

"Post-chaise won't hold more than two," said Mr. Pickwick.

"True, sir—beg your pardon, sir. Very nice four-wheeled chaise, sir—seat for two behind—one in front for the gentleman that drives—oh! beg your pardon, sir,—that'll only hold three."

"What's to be done?" said Mr. Snodgrass.

"Perhaps one of the gentlemen would like to ride, sir?" suggested the waiter, looking toward Mr. Winkle. "Very good saddle-horses, sir,—any of Mr. Wardle's men coming to Rochester can bring them back, sir."

"The very thing," said Mr. Pickwick. "Winkle, will you go on horseback?"

Mr. Winkle did entertain considerable misgivings in the very lowest recesses of his own heart relative to his equestrian skill, but as he would not have them even suspected on any account, he at once replied with great hardihood, "Certainly, I should enjoy it of all things."

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Mr. Winkle had rushed upon his fate. "Let them be at the door by eleven," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Very well, sir," replied the waiter.

The waiter retired; the breakfast concluded; and the travelers retired to their respective bedrooms to prepare a change of clothing to take with them on their approaching expedition.

Mr. Pickwick had made his preliminary arrangements and was looking over the coffee-room blinds at the passengers in the street, when the waiter entered and announced that the chaise was ready; an announcement which the vehicle itself confirmed, by forthwith appearing before the coffee-room blinds.

It was a curious little green box on four wheels, with a low place for two behind, and an elevated seat for one in front, drawn by an immense brown horse, displaying great symmetry of bone. A hostler stood near, holding by the bridle another immense horse—apparently a near relative of the animal in the chaise—ready saddled for Mr. Winkle.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Pickwick as they stood upon the pavement while the coats were being put in. "Bless my soul! who's to drive? I never thought of that."

"Oh! you, of course," said Mr. Tupman.

"Of course," said Mr. Snodgrass.

"I!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick.

"Not the slightest fear, sir," interposed the hostler.

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"Warrant him quiet, sir; a hinfant in arms might drive him."

"He doesn't shy, does he?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Shy, sir? He wouldn't shy if he was to meet a vaggin-load of monkeys with their tails burnt off."

The last recommendation was indisputable. Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass climbed into the chaise; Mr. Pickwick ascended to his perch, and deposited his feet on a floor-clothed shelf, erected beneath it for that purpose.

"Now, shiny Villiam," said the hostler to the deputy hostler, "give the gen'lm'n the ribbons." "Shiny Villiam"—so called, probably, from his sleek hair and oily countenance—placed the reins in Mr. Pickwick's left hand; and the upper hostler thrust a whip into his right.

"Wo-o!" cried Mr. Pickwick, as the tall quadruped evinced a decided inclination to back into the coffee-room window.

"Wo-o!" echoed Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass, from the bin.

"Only his playfulness, gen'lm'n," said the head hostler encouragingly; "jist kitch hold on him, Villiam." The deputy restrained the animal's impetuosity, and the principal ran to assist Mr. Winkle in mounting.

"T'other side, sir, if you please."

Mr. Winkle, thus instructed, climbed into his saddle, with about as much difficulty as he would have experienced in getting up the side of a first-rate man-of-war.

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"All right?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, with an inward presentiment that all was wrong.

"All right," replied Mr. Winkle faintly.

"Let 'em go!" cried the hostler.—"Hold him in, sir," and away went the chaise, and the saddle-horse, with Mr. Pickwick on the box of the one, and Mr. Winkle on the back of the other, to the delight and gratification of the whole inn yard.

"What makes him go sideways?" said Mr. Snodgrass in the bin, to Mr. Winkle in the saddle.

"I can't imagine," replied Mr. Winkle. His horse was drifting up the street in the most mysterious manner—side first, with his head toward one side of the way, and his tail toward the other.

Mr. Pickwick had no leisure to observe either this or any other particular, the whole of his faculties being concentrated in the management of the animal attached to the chaise, who displayed various peculiarities highly interesting to a bystander, but by no means equally amusing to any one seated behind him.

Besides constantly jerking his head up, in a very unpleasant and uncomfortable manner, and tugging at the reins to an extent which rendered it a matter of great difficulty for Mr. Pickwick to hold them, he had a singular propensity for darting suddenly every now and then to the side of the road, then stopping short, then rushing forward

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for some minutes at a speed which it was wholly impossible to control.

"What *can* he mean by this?" said Mr. Snodgrass, when the horse had executed this manœuver for the twentieth time.

"I don't know," replied Mr. Tupman; "it *looks* very like shying, doesn't it?"

Mr. Snodgrass was about to reply, when he was interrupted by a shout from Mr. Pickwick.

"Wo-o!" said the gentleman; "I have dropped my whip."

"Winkle," said Mr. Snodgrass, as the equestrian came trotting up on the tall horse, with his hat over his eyes, and shaking all over, as if he would shake to pieces, with the violence of the exercise, "pick up the whip, there's a good fellow." Mr. Winkle pulled at the bridle of the tall horse till he was black in the face; and having at length succeeded in stopping him, dismounted, handed the whip to Mr. Pickwick, and, grasping the reins, prepared to remount.

Now, whether the tall horse, in the natural playfulness of his disposition, was desirous of having a little innocent recreation with Mr. Winkle or whether it occurred to him that he could perform the journey as much to his own satisfaction without a rider as with one, are points upon which, of course, we can arrive at no definite and distinct conclusion. By whatever motives the animal was actu-

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ated, certain it is that Mr. Winkle had no sooner touched the reins, than the horse slipped them over his head, and darted backward to their full length.

"Poor fellow," said Mr. Winkle soothingly—"poor fellow—good old horse." The "poor fellow" was proof against flattery; the more Mr. Winkle tried to get nearer him, the more he sidled away; and notwithstanding all kinds of coaxing and wheedling there were Mr. Winkle and the horse going round and round each other for ten minutes, at the end of which time each was at precisely the same distance from the other as when they first commenced—an unsatisfactory sort of thing under any circumstances, but particularly so in a lonely road, where no assistance can be procured.

"What am I to do?" shouted Mr. Winkle, after the dodging had been prolonged for a considerable time. "What am I to do? He won't stand still. I can't get on him."

"You had better lead him till we come to a turnpike," replied Mr. Pickwick from the chaise.

"But he won't come!" roared Mr. Winkle. "Do come and hold him."

Mr. Pickwick was the very personation of kindness and humanity; he threw the reins on the horse's back, and having descended from his seat, carefully drew the chaise into the hedge, lest anything should come along the road, and stepped back to the assistance of his distressed com-

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panion, leaving Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass in the vehicle.

The horse no sooner beheld Mr. Pickwick advancing toward him with the chaise whip in his hand, than he exchanged the rotatory motion in which he had previously indulged, for a backward movement of so very determined a character, that it at once drew Mr. Winkle, who was still at the end of the bridle, at a rather quicker rate than fast walking, in the direction from which they had just come. Mr. Pickwick ran to his assistance, but the faster Mr. Pickwick ran forward, the faster the horse ran backward. There was a great scraping of feet and kicking up of the dust; and at last Mr. Winkle, his arms being nearly pulled out of their sockets,

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fairly let go his hold. The horse paused, stared, shook his head, turned round, and quietly trotted home to Rochester, leaving Mr. Winkle and Mr. Pickwick gazing on each other with countenances of blank dismay.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the agonized Mr. Pickwick, "there's the other horse running away!"

It was but too true. The animal was startled by the noise, and the reins were on his back. The result may be guessed. He tore off with the four-wheeled chaise behind him, and Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass in the four-wheeled chaise. The heat was a short one. Mr. Tupman threw himself into the hedge, Mr. Snodgrass followed his example, the horse dashed the four-wheeled chaise against a wooden bridge, separated the wheels from the body, and the bin from the perch; and finally stood stock still to gaze upon the ruin he had made.

The first care of the two unspilled friends was to help their unfortunate companions from their bed of quickset, —a process which gave them the satisfaction of discovering that they had sustained no injury beyond sundry rents in their garments, and various scratches from the brambles. The next thing to be done was to unharness the horse. This complicated process having been finally effected, the four gentlemen walked slowly forward, leading the horse among them, and abandoning the chaise to its fate.

It was late in the afternoon when the four friends and

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their four-footed companion turned into the lane leading to Manor Farm; and even when they were so near their place of destination, the pleasure they would have otherwise experienced was damped as they reflected on their appearance, and the absurdity of their situation.

From "Pickwick Papers." Abridged.

LINCOLN'S LETTER TO MRS. BIXBY

EXECUTIVE MANSION

Washington, November 21, 1864.

DEAR MADAM: I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I can not refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save.

I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom. Yours, very sincerely, and respectfully,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

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RING OUT, WILD BELLS

By Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Abridged.

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A STORY OF CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL

By Mary Tucker Magill

John Marshall, for thirty-four years Chief Justice of the United States, was celebrated both for the integrity and the wisdom with which he discharged his duties, and for his genuine simplicity of manner and good sense in private life. During the war of the Revolution he was an officer under Washington, whose intimate confidence he enjoyed. He was a member of the Virginia Convention which ratified the Constitution, a United States envoy to France, a member of Congress from Virginia, and a member of the Cabinet under the first President Adams. In his constitutional decisions he accomplished a great deal toward establishing the dignity of the Federal Government. A statue of him by William Wetmore Story stands before the capitol in Washington. [Born in 1755—died in 1835]

When John Marshall lived in Richmond, he used to go to market with his basket on his arm, and bring home what was needed.

One day he was turning away from the market with his purchases, when he heard some one near him speaking harshly. Marshall turned and saw a fashionably dressed young man, who had bought a turkey, and who could not find any one to carry it home for him.

"Of course I can not take it home myself," said the young man. "What am I to do?" And he was very angry at the bare idea.

John Marshall stepped up to him, and said quietly, "Where do you live, sir?"

The young man turned, and seeing a plainly dressed old

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man, thought, "This old fellow wants to make a little money, so I shall let him carry my turkey." Handing over the turkey, the young man said, "You may follow me."

Judge Marshall did so. When they reached the end of their walk, the young man took the turkey, and handed the bearer a piece of money. The young man was astonished when it was declined, and said to some one passing, "Who is that curious old fellow?"

"That is Judge Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States," was the answer.

You may imagine how the young man felt as he said, "What made him bring home my turkey?"

"Perhaps to give you a lesson on false pride," was the answer.

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

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THE FOUNDATIONS OF A WONDERFUL CITY

By Maurice Maeterlinck

Here in their new home there is nothing—not a drop of honey nor a single landmark in the shape of a piece of wax. The bee has no data and no starting-point; it has nothing but the desolate nakedness of the walls and the roof of an immense building. The walls are round and smooth, but all is dark within. The bee does not understand useless regrets, or if it does, it does not encumber itself with them. Far from being discouraged by the conditions which now confront it, it is more determined than ever. The hive is no sooner set up in its proper place than the disorder of the crowd begins to diminish, and one sees in the swarming multitude clear and definite divisions which take shape in a most unexpected manner.

The larger part of the bees, acting precisely like an army which is obeying the definite orders of its officer, at once begin to form thick columns along the whole length of the vertical partitions of the hive. The first to arrive at the top hang to the arch by the claws of their hind legs, those who come after attach themselves to the first, and so on till long chains are formed which serve as bridges for the ever mounting crowd to pass over.

Little by little these chains are multiplied with indef-

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inite reinforcements and interlacing each other become garlands, which, owing to the enormous and uninterrupted mounting of the bees upon them, are transformed into a thick triangular curtain, or rather into a sort of compact reversed cone, the point of which is attached to the top of the hive; the base of which is about two-thirds of the total height of the hive. Then the last bee, which would appear to be summoned by some interior voice to join this group, mounts this curtain, which is hung in the darkness, and little by little every movement among the vast crowd ceases, and this strange reversed cone remains for many hours in a silence which might be called religious, and in a statuesqueness which in such a mass of life is almost startling, waiting for the arrival of the mystery of the wax.

While this is going on, without taking any notice of the wonderful curtain from out of whose folds so magic a gift will come, without even appearing to be tempted to attach themselves to it, the rest of the bees, that is, all those who are on the floor of the hive, begin to examine the building and to undertake the work which is necessary to be done. The floor is carefully swept, dead leaves, twigs, grains of sand are transferred to a considerable distance one by one, for bees have an absolute mania for cleanliness.

After this cleaning up is done these same bees set themselves to work carefully to close up every opening which

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is round about the lower part of the hive. Finally when every crack has been carefully looked over, filled up and covered with propolis, they begin to varnish the whole of the interior sides. By this time guardians are placed at the entrance of the hive, and very soon a number of the working bees start on their first trip to the fields and begin to come back laden with nectar and pollen.

Let us now lift up, so far as we may, one of the folds of this garlanded curtain in the midst of which the swarm is beginning to produce that strange exudation which is almost as white as snow, and is lighter than the down on a bird's breast. The wax which is now being made does not resemble at all that with which we are acquainted. It is colorless, and may be said to be imponderable. It is the very soul of the honey, which in its turn is the very spirit of the flowers, evolved by the bees in a species of silent and motionless incantation.

After eighteen or twenty-four hours in a temperature so high that one might almost imagine there was a fire in the hive, small, white, transparent scales appear at the opening of the four little pockets which are to be found on each side of the abdomen of the bee. When the larger part of those who form the reversed cone have their abdomens decorated with these little ivory plates, one of them may be seen, as if under the influence of a sudden inspiration, to detach itself from the crowd and climb over the backs of its passive brethren until it reaches the

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apex of the cupola of the hive. Attaching itself firmly to the top, it immediately sets to work to brush away those of its neighbors that may interfere with its movements.

Then it seizes with its mouth one of the eight scales on the side of its abdomen and chews it, clips it, draws it out, steeps it in saliva, kneads it, crushes it, and makes it again into shape as dexterously as a carpenter would handle a piece of veneering. Then when the substance has been treated so as to bring it to the desired size and to the desired consistency, it is affixed to the very summit of the interior of the dome, and thus the first stone is laid of the new city, or rather the keystone of the new city is placed in the arch, for we are considering a city turned upside down, which descends from the sky and which does not arise from the bosom of the earth as do terrestrial cities. Then it proceeds to apply to this keystone more of the wax which it takes from its body, and having given to the whole of its part of the work one last finishing stroke, it retires as quickly as it came and is lost in the crowd; another replaces it and immediately takes up the work where it has left off, adds its own, puts that right which appears to it to be not in conformity with the general plan, and disappears in its turn, while a third and a fourth and a fifth succeed it in a series of sudden and inspired apparitions, not one of which finishes a piece of work, but all bring to it their common share.

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Now there hangs from the top of the vault a small block of wax which is yet without form. As soon as it appears to be thick enough there comes out of the group another bee bearing an entirely different aspect from that of those which have preceded it. One may well believe on seeing the certainty, the determination with which it goes about this work and the manner in which those that stand round about it look on, that it is an expert engineer who has come to construct in space the place which the first cell shall occupy, the cell from which must mathematically depend everything which is afterwards constructed. Whatever it may be, this bee belongs to a class of the sculpturing, of chisel working bees that produce no wax and whose function seems to be to employ the materials with which the others furnish them. This bee then chooses the place of the first cell.

It digs for a moment in the block of wax which has already been placed in position, and builds up the side of the cell with the wax that it picks from the cavity. Then in exactly the same way as its predecessors have done, it suddenly leaves the work it has designed; another impatient worker replaces it and carries it on another step, which is finished by a third one. In the meantime others are working round about it according to the same method of division of labor until the outer side of each wall is finished.

It would almost seem that an essential law of the hive

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was that every worker should take a pride in its work, and that all the work should be done in common, and so to speak, unanimously, in order that the fraternal spirit should not be disturbed by a sense of jealousy.

From "The Life of the Bee."

SIGURD AND GREYFELL

By William Morris

For a boy who loved mediæval life, as did William Morris, what a delight it must have been to live in an old English country-house which had a moat and a wooded island! Morris haunted the early Norman churches of the country-side, and knew Epping Forest "yard by yard." At school he made up tales of knights and fairies to tell his mates. Yet he was wholesomely like other boys, and wrote home for "a good large cake" and for his silk-worm eggs to be sent to him. At Oxford College Morris began his life-long friendship with Burne-Jones, the painter. He himself "went from craft to craft by a series of leaps and bounds." In his writings he reflects strongly the spirit of the old sagas, many of whose stories he has retold. Red House, which he designed out of his love for bright and beautiful color, is one of England's famous homes. [Born in 1834—died in 1896]

On the death, in battle, of King Sigmund, so say the Norse sagas, his wife finds refuge in the household of King Elf. Her new-born

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son is named, at the bidding of an ancient counselor, Sigurd, or Victory. In the king's court the young prince grows up a noble youth. Regin, the wizard-master of the court, instructs him in all the arts of a brave manhood, and incites him to a life of valor by relating the brave deeds of the boy's father.

On a day he sat with Regin amidst the unfashioned gold,
And the silver grey from the furnace, and Regin spoke and told
Sweet tales of the days that have been, and the Kings of the bold and wise,
Till the lad's heart swelled with longing and lit his sun-bright eyes.

Then Regin looked upon him: "Thou too shalt one day ride
As the Volsung Kings went faring through the noble world and wide.
For this land is nought and narrow, and Kings of the carles are these,
And their earls are acre-biders, and their hearts are dull with peace."

But Sigurd knit his brows, and in wrathful wise he said:
"Ill words of those thou speakest that my youth have cherished,
And the friends that have made me merry, and the land that is fair and good."

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Then Regin laughed and answered: "Nay, well I see by thy mood
That wide wilt thou ride in the world like thy kin of the earlier days;
And wilt thou be wroth with thy master that he longs for thy winning the praise?

"And now if the sooth thou sayest, that these King-folk cherish thee well,
Then let them give thee a gift whereof the world shall tell:
Yea hearken to this my counsel, and crave for a battle-steed."

Yet wroth was the lad and answered: "I have many a horse to my need,
And all that the heart desireth, and what wouldst thou wish me more?"

Then Regin answered and said: "Thy kin of the Kings of yore
Were the noblest men of men-folk; and their hearts would never rest
Whatso of good they had gotten, if their hands held not the best.
Now do thou after my counsel, and crave of thy fosterers here
That thou choose of the horses of Gripir whichso thine heart holds dear."

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He spake and his harp was with him, and he smote the strings full sweet,
And sang of the host of the Valkyrs, how they ride the battle to meet,
And the dew from the dear manes drippeth as they ride in the first of the sun,
And the tree-boughs open to meet it when the wind of the dawning is done:
And the deep dales drink its sweetness and spring into blossoming grass,
And the earth groweth fruitful of men, and bringeth their glory to pass.

Then the wrath ran off from Sigurd, and he left the smithying stead
While the song yet rang in the doorway: and that eve to the Kings he said:
"Will ye do so much for mine asking as to give me a horse to my will?
For belike the days shall come, that shall all my heart fulfill,
And teach me the deeds of a king."
Then answered King Elf and spake:
"The stalls of the Kings are before thee to set aside or to take,
And nought we begrudge thee the best.

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"Now choose thou of all the way-wearers that are running
loose in my lea,
And be glad as thine heart will have thee and the fate that
leadeth thee on,
And I bid thee again come hither when the sword of worth
is won,
And thy loins are girt for thy going on the road that
before thee lies;
For a glimmering over its darkness is come before mine
eyes."

Then again gat Sigurd outward, and adown the steep
he ran
And unto the horse-fed meadow: but lo, a grey-clad man,
One-eyed and seeming-ancient, there met him by the way:
And he spake: "Thou hastest, Sigurd; yet tarry till I say
A word that shall well bestead thee: for I know of these
mountains well
And all the lea of Gripir, and the beasts that thereon
dwell."

"Wouldst thou have red gold for thy tidings? art thou
Gripir's horse-herd then?
Nay sure, for thy face is shining like the battle-eager men
My master Regin tells of: and I love thy cloud-grey gown,
And thy visage gleams above it like a thing my dreams
have known."

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"Nay whiles have I heeded the horse-kind," then spake that elder of days,
"And sooth do the sages say, when the beasts of my breeding they praise.
There is one thereof in the meadow, and, wouldst thou cull him out,
Thou shalt follow an elder's counsel, who hath brought strange things about,
Who hath known thy father aforetime, and other kings of thy kin."

So Sigurd said, "I am ready; and what is the deed to win?"

He said: "We shall drive the horses adown to the water-side,
That cometh forth from the mountains, and note what next shall betide."

Then the twain sped on together, and they drave the horses on
Till they came to a rushing river, a water wide and wan;
And the white mews hovered o'er it; but none might hear their cry
For the rush and the rattle of waters, as the downlong flood swept by.

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MANY A BRAVE STEED WAS THERE

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So the whole herd took the river and strove the stream
to stem,
And many a brave steed was there; but the flood o'er-
mastered them;
And some, it swept them downward, and some won back
to bank,
Some, caught by the net of the eddies, in the swirling
hubbub sank,
But one of all swam over, and they saw his mane of grey
Toss over the flowery meadows, a bright thing far away:
Wide then he wheeled about them, then took the stream
again
And with the waves' white horses mingled his cloudy
mane.

Then spake the elder of days: "Hearken now, Sigurd, and
hear;
Time was when I gave thy father a gift thou shalt yet
deem dear,
And this horse is a gift of my giving:—heed nought
where thou mayest ride
For I have seen thy fathers in a shining house abide,
And on earth they thought of its threshold, and the gifts
I had to give,
Nor prayed for a little longer, and a little longer to live."

Then forth he strode to the mountains, and fain was
Sigurd now

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To ask him many a matter: but dim did his bright shape grow,
As a man from the litten doorway fades into the dusk of night;
And the sun in the high-noon shone, and the world was exceeding bright.

So Sigurd turned to the river and stood by the wave-wet strand,
And the grey horse swims to his feet and lightly leaps a-land,
And the youngling looks upon him, and deems none beside him good.
And indeed, as tells the story, he was come of Sleipnir's blood,
The tireless horse of Odin: cloud-grey he was of hue,
And it seemed as Sigurd backed him that Sigmund's son he knew,
So glad he went beneath him. Then the youngling's song arose
As he brushed through the noon-tide blossoms of Gripir's mighty close,
Then he singeth the song of Greyfell, the horse that Odin gave,
Who swam through the sweeping river, and back through the toppling wave.

From "Sigurd, the Volsung."

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HOW MUCH LAND A MAN NEEDS

By Leo Tolstoy

No one else has done so much for great, half-barbarous Russia as Leo Tolstoy. Especially has he worked to help the serfs, as the Russian peasants are called. Tolstoy's long life, beginning in 1828, has been singularly rich. His grandfather was one of the first landholders of his day to build comfortable homes for his serfs. Tolstoy's mother died when he was too young to remember her, but her spiritual qualities of strong attachment and devotion to lofty ideals became his by inheritance. A kind aunt took the mother's place toward the five children. In his *Reminiscences*, Tolstoy recalls the merry Yuletide masquerades, in which the whole great household joined, and how, each evening, on bidding his grandmother and aunts good night, he and his brother always kissed their hands. Wonderfully interesting is his account of a little brotherhood formed by this beloved brother of eleven years, Leo, then six, and a third boy comrade, whose purpose was to banish trouble from the world and make all men love one another. Tolstoy, after a university education, went into the army. But a spirit of unrest pursued him, and it was not until he entered on a life of study, writing and personal service to the poor, that he became content. He has given up wealth and position to live as a peasant in order to understand better the peasant's lot. In this attitude of service he has been aided by the devoted sympathy of his wife. As a novelist Tolstoy is dramatic and deeply thoughtful. On Tolstoy's eighteenth birthday, celebrated in 1908, he received congratulations from all parts of the world.

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Pahom, a Russian in Tolstoy's story, was a contented farmer until the boasting of his sister-in-law from the city made him resolve to grow rich. By sacrifice and toil he acquired considerable property. Not satisfied with this, he kept adding to his wealth until money-getting became a passion. Learning that in the wild country of the Bashkirs, land might be had for the asking, he set out for this country accompanied by a laborer and laden with gifts for the Bashkir natives. Arrived, he was told by the people that he must see their Elder before he could obtain his desire.

While they were still discussing this, a man wearing a cap of fox fur was seen approaching. All arose and became silent. The interpreter said: "This is our Elder."

Pahom at once took the richest dressing-gown and five pounds of tea and presented them to him. He accepted the gifts, and when he had taken the seat of honor the Bashkirs proceeded to explain matters to him. He heard it all, smiled, and said in Russian: "Why not? Take whatever suits you. We have plenty of land."

"I am very grateful to you," Pahom said. "It is true you have plenty of land, and I want but little. I would like to know, however, just how much will be mine. It had better be measured and a title deed drawn up. You know we are all liable to die at any moment, and although you are a kind people to give me the land, your children may take it away from me."

The Elder laughed. "We will give you the title, and will deed it as firmly as possible."

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"And what will be the price?" asked Pahom.

"We have but one price—a thousand roubles a day."

Pahom did not understand this.

"How many dessiatines will that make?" he asked.

"We do not know how to measure," replied the Elder; "our price is for the day. As much as you can travel around in one day is yours; that is our way of measuring, and the price is one thousand roubles."

Pahom was surprised. "That will be a great deal," he said; "one can make a wide circuit in a day."

The Elder laughed. "It will all be yours, on one condition, namely, that if you do not return on the same day to the place you started from, you will forfeit your money."

"But how shall you know where I go?"

"We shall remain on the spot from whence you start; you will go and make the circuit, and our men will follow you on horseback. Wherever you say, there they will plant poles, and afterwards we will plow it from pole to pole. You can make the circuit as wide as you like, only you must return before sunset to the spot you start from. What you encircle is to be yours."

Pahom agreed, and decided to start early. They chatted a while, drank tea and kumiss, ate more mutton, and at night Pahom was put on a feather bed, the Bashkirs promising to be ready at the place agreed upon, at daybreak.

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Pahom stretched himself out on the feather bed, but could not fall asleep. He was thinking about the land, and what he would do with it. "Promised Land, indeed," he thought. "I can easily make a circuit of fifty versts. The days are long now, and there ought to be ten thousand dessiatines in it. Then I shall be beholden to no one. I can buy two teams of oxen, hire two workmen and cultivate the best land, using the rest for pasture."

He was unable to drop to sleep, and only before dawn managed to snatch a few winks. Hardly had he fallen to sleep when he had a dream. He dreamed he was lying in the same tent, and that he heard some one outside laughing. Wishing to find out who it was, he went out and saw the Elder with both hands on his stomach, sitting, and laughing with all his might. Just as Pahom approached him, asking what he was laughing about, he saw that it was not the Elder, but the merchant who had stopped at his house, and had told him about the land. As he was about to ask him when he had come there, he saw it was the merchant no longer, but the peasant who had rested at his house formerly. And he, also, changed and became a devil with horns and hoofs, who sat there laughing. Pahom thought, "What can he be looking at and laughing?" He went towards him and saw a man lying on the ground, barefooted, and as white as a sheet. As he examined him closer he recognized himself; he

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woke up. "Queer dreams," he thought, and looked out. He saw the daylight breaking, and knew that it must be time to start and wake the others.

Pahom arose, roused his workman and told him to harness, then went to wake the Bashkirs. "It is time to start," he said. They arose, assembled, and the Elder arrived. Again they drank kumiss and wanted to treat Pahom with tea, but he refused and said, "If we are going, it is time we were on our way."

The Bashkirs got ready, mounted their horses and started, Pahom with his workman following in his cart. When they arrived at the steppe the day was beginning to break. They ascended a hillock, got off their horses, and formed a group. The Elder pointed out to Pahom the land. "This is all ours," he said, "choose."

Pahom's eyes sparkled. Fine, rich meadows, as even as the palm of one's hand. Wherever there was a ravine, there the variety of vegetation was still greater, and the grass stood as high as one's chest. The Elder took off his fur cap and placed it on the top of the hillock.

"Here is the mark," he said. "Put your money on it. Your man will stay here; start from here and return. All you encircle is yours."

Pahom took out the money, placed it on the hat, took off his caftan, tightened his belt, put his bag, containing bread, in his breast pocket, fastened a brandy flask to his belt, pulled up his boots and prepared to start. He was

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puzzled to decide which direction he had better take; the land looked good everywhere.

"It makes no difference," he thought; "I will go towards the spot where the sun rises." He turned towards the east and waited until it should appear above the horizon. "One had better lose no time, and it is easier to walk when it is cool," he thought.

The Bashkir riders also climbed the hillock and placed themselves behind him. As soon as the sun showed itself Pahom started on his journey, the horsemen following. He walked leisurely at first. After a short time he ordered a pole planted. As he went on he increased his speed. A verst more and another pole was planted. He glanced at the sun; the hillock was in sight and the people on it. Pahom guessed that he had traveled about five versts. He went on and made five more. He felt warm and took off his coat, then went on again and made another five versts. It was warm. He glanced once more at the sun and saw that it was time to think about lunch.

"A quarter of the day is past, and there are four of them," he thought. "It is too early to turn; let me pull off my boots." He sat down, took them off, then started on again. Now, he traveled with ease. "Five more and I shall turn to the left. This is a fine spot; it would be a pity to leave it. The farther I go, the better it is." And so he continued to walk straight ahead.

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Looking back at the hillock it was scarcely visible, and the people on it looked like ants.

"I have walked enough in this direction, and must turn now. I am hot and thirsty." He raised his flask and drank a draft, ordered a pole to be planted, and turned sharply to the left. As he went on the grass grew higher, the sun hotter, and he himself became more and more weary. Looking at the sun he saw that it was the dinner hour. He ate some bread, but did not stop to rest. "If I should sit down, I should be likely presently to lie down and fall asleep," he thought.

He stood still a while, then started on farther. At first he walked easier; the food had strengthened him, but it was very hot now, and he was very tired and sleepy. "An hour to bear, a lifetime to live," he thought. He made about ten versts in this direction and as he was about to turn to his left, noticed a rich, damp hollow. "It would be too bad to leave this out; flax would grow finely here," and he still kept on. He took in the hollow, had a pole planted, and then turned the second corner. The people on the hillock were scarcely visible. "I have made the sides too long," he thought, "and had better make this one shorter."

It was almost noon by the sun and he had only made two versts on the third side. Still fifteen remained as before. "Although my lot will not be square, I must take care to make a direct line and not take in any more. I

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have quite enough as it is." And he aimed straight for the hillock.

He was exhausted. His feet were sore, his gait unsteady; he would have liked to rest, but did not dare, lest he might not be able to reach the hill by sunset. The sun does not wait; it sets as though some one were hurrying it.

"Have I miscalculated and taken in too much?" thought Pahom. "What if I am late? The hill is still far away, and I am tired. I fear my effort is in vain. I must exert myself."

He started on the run. His feet were bleeding, yet he kept on, and still the hill was far away. He threw away his coat, boots, flask and hat. "I have been greedy and lost it all," he thought; "I can not reach the place before sunset;" but still he kept on.

His shirt stuck to his body, his mouth was parched; bellows seemed to blow in his chest; his heart beat violently, and his feet scarcely supported him. He thought no more of the land—his only thought was of his life. He did not want to die, and yet he could not stop. "If I give up now, after running so far, they will call me a fool."

He heard the yells and hoots of the Bashkirs. Their shrieks made his heart beat faster. He ran with waning strength, while the setting sun approached the edge of the horizon. Only a little more remained. He saw the

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people on the hillock waving their hands and urging him on, he saw the fur hat with the money lying on it, and the Elder seated on the ground, holding his stomach. He remembered his dream. "I have plenty of land, but shall I ever live on it? I am lost," he thought. And yet he kept on.

He glanced at the sun; it looked large and red, and had almost reached the edge of the horizon. Now it was setting. He reached the hillock—the sun had set. Pahom was in despair. "All is lost," he thought. Just then it flashed upon him that though he could not see the sun from below, it was still visible from the hillock. He ran up. As he reached the summit, he saw the hat. There it was. Then he slipped and fell. As he did so he reached the hat with his hands.

"Good for you," said the Elder. "You own much land."

Pahom's workman ran towards him and was about to raise him when he saw blood pouring from his mouth. Pahom was dead.

The Elder, crouching on the ground and holding his stomach, was laughing immoderately. Finally he arose, lifted a shovel from the ground and tossed it to Pahom's man. "Bury him," he said.

The Bashkirs started and rode away. Pahom's workman remained. He dug a grave three arshines long, just long enough for Pahom, and buried him. Abridged.

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O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

By Walt Whitman

Written in 1865, at the close of the Civil War and just after the assassination of Lincoln

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring:
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills;
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding;
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head;
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

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My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done;
From fearful trip, the victor ship comes in with object won:
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

INDIANA AND HER PEOPLE

By Meredith Nicholson

The Indianians came primarily of American stock, and they have been influenced much less than the majority of their neighbors in other states by the currents of alien migration that have flowed around and beyond them. The frontiersmen, who carried the rifle and the ax to make way for the plow, were brave, hardy, and intelligent; and those who accompanied them and became builders of cities and framers and interpreters of law, were their kinsmen, and possessed the natural qualities and the cultivation that would have made them conspicuous anywhere. The Indianians remained in a striking degree the fixed population of the territory that fell to them. They were sustained and lifted by religion through all their

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formative years, and when aroused to the importance of education were quick to insure intelligence in their posterity. The artistic impulse appeared naturally in later generations.

Indiana has always lain near the currents of national life, and her beginnings were joined to the larger fortunes of the national destiny. Three flags have been emblems of government in her territory, and wars whose principal incidents occurred far from the western wildness played an important part in her history. Early in the eighteenth century the French settled on the Wabash, which was an essential link in the chain of communication between the settlements of the St. Lawrence and Great Lakes and those of the Lower Mississippi; and the couriers, as they guided their frail navies up and down the stream, or sang their songs as they lay in lonely camps, gave the first color of romance to the Hoosier country. The treaty signed at Paris, February 10, 1763, ended French dominion and brought British rule. The American Revolution made itself felt on the Wabash when, in 1779, George Rogers Clark effected the capture of Fort Vincennes from a British commander. The first territorial governor of Indiana became the ninth president of the United States after the rollicking campaign of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too"; and when, years afterward, Benjamin Harrison, his grandson, was elected twenty-third president, the bonds between state and nation were close and strong. Indiana

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valiantly defended herself against the Indians in the War of 1812; she sent five regiments to the Mexican War, equipped 208,300 volunteers for the war of the rebellion, and 7,300 for the war with Spain. Slavery was an issue on Indiana soil long before the Northwest Territory had been divided. At a convention held at Vincennes in 1802, a year and a half after the organization of Indiana Territory, a memorial was sent to the National Congress asking that the anti-slavery proviso in the ordinance of 1787 be repealed, and slavery thereafter was a potent influence in territorial politics until the admission of Indiana, as a free state, in 1816.

The victories of George Rogers Clark were not only of great importance in determining the future political relations of the Northwest Territory, but they defined the character of the population that should dominate in the region he conquered. The Ohio was the highway that led into the new world, and the first comers to Indiana in the years immediately following the Revolution were mainly drawn either directly from Pennsylvania, the Carolinas, or Virginia, or were of that fascinating band of hunters and frontiersmen of similar origin, who had only a few years earlier begun the redemption of Tennessee and Kentucky from savagery. Kentucky was a temporary resting-place for many who later drifted West and Northwest; and their descendants, markedly of Scotch-Irish origin, are still clearly defined in Indiana. Charleston and Phila-

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delphia were the two ports to which these Presbyterian Irish came in greatest numbers in the early years of the eighteenth century. They at once left the seaboard settlements and spread along the Alleghanies, the Pennsylvanians moving southward until they met their Carolina brethren, when the united stream swept with fresh strength boldly into the Ohio Valley. Emigration from the north of Ireland "waxed and waned," says Doctor Eggleston, "as the great Irish linen industry of the last century declined or prospered." Some of these people were steady and thrifty, others were reckless and adventurous. The frontier life afforded an outlet for their wild spirits, and Indian wars and the hunting of big game were their congenial employments. The Germans, also derived from Pennsylvania and the Carolinas, joined the westward stream; the English, the Dutch and the Swiss added to it in varying degree, but the North-Irish element, dating from the earliest settlement, was long potent in politics, society and religion, and became a most important factor in Indiana history.

Northern Indiana was settled much more slowly than the southern half of the State, owing primarily to the fierce resistance of the Miami Confederacy, which barred ingress by way of the lakes, rivers and portages, and defeated successive armies that were sent against it. When the way was opened, the Middle States and New England slowly contributed to the population. Many of these im-

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migrants paused first in the Western Reserve of Ohio, and a smaller proportion in Michigan. It is a question for the scientists whether the differences still observable between the people of the northern prairie region in Indiana and those of the woodland areas—differences of thrift, energy and initiative—are not due as much to natural conditions as to racial influences; and they may also have an explanation of the fact that Indiana's literary activity has been observed principally in the southern half of the State, below a line drawn through Crawfordsville.

The rural and urban classes produced a first generation that realized a type drawing strength from both farm and town and destined to steady improvement throughout the century. New people poured in from the Eastern States and from Europe; but in no old community of the seaboard has loftier dignity been conferred by long residence or pioneer ancestry than in Indiana. This pride was brought in more particularly from the Southeast, and there are still communities in which the stranger will be sensible of it. The native Americans of Indiana have continued the dominant element to a greater extent than in most Northern States, seventy-four per cent. of the total population in 1890 consisting of natives; twenty per cent. of natives of other States; while the foreign-born population comprised only six per cent. of the total. The center of population in the United States, which lay just east of Baltimore in the first decade of the century, moved

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gradually westward, until, in the last decade, it lay in Indiana at a point sixty-five miles south of Indianapolis.

The older Indiana towns enjoyed in their beginnings all the benefits that may be bestowed upon new communities by a people of good social antecedents. Many of these towns have lost their prestige, owing to changed political or commercial conditions; the departed glory of some of them is only a tradition among the elders; but the charm of many remains. Indiana, as Territory and State, has had three political capitals, Vincennes and Corydon having enjoyed the distinction before Indianapolis finally attained.

Great care had been taken to assure to the Northwest religious liberty and free schools. The ordinance of 1787 touched directly on the questions of religion and education in the Northwest Territory. "No person," it declared, "demeaning himself in a peaceable, orderly manner shall ever be molested on account of his mode of worship or religious sentiments in the said territory;" and "religion, morality and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall be for ever encouraged." The ordinance has clearly been one of the great guiding influences of the nation. It prepared the way in the Ohio Valley for the attitude of the people toward slavery; and its assurance of religious freedom and friendliness to learning brought to the new territory the benefit of the experience of those

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who had striven for such liberties and advantages in the seaboard colonies. The history of civilization in Indiana may be said to date from its passage.

The prevailing note of the landscape is tranquillity. There is hardly a spot in the State that touches the imagination with a sense of power or grandeur, and yet there are countless scenes of quiet beauty. The Wabash gathers breadth and grace as it flows southward. Long curves here and there give to the eye the illusion of a chain of lakes, and the river's valley is a rich garden. The Tippecanoe is another beautiful river, famous among fishermen, and there are a number of charming lakes in the northern part of the State. The Kankakee marsh was long haunted by the migrant wild birds, and in recent years a wild goose was found there with a piece of an Eskimo arrow, made of reindeer bone, through its breast. Poets and novelists have found inspiration in the Kankakee. The possibilities of mixed forests are nowhere more happily illustrated than in Indiana, whether in the earliest wistful days of spring or in the full glory of autumn. The beech and the elm, the maple, the hickory and the walnut, and the humbler sassafras and pawpaw are companions of a royal order of forestry, from which the sycamore—the self-constituted guardian of rivers and creeks—is excluded by nature's decree, confirmed by man's preference.

The variety of cereals that may be grown saves the

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tilled areas from monotony. The corn ripens between wheat stubble on one hand, and green pastures or remnants of woodland on the other. The transitional seasons bring more of delight to the senses than the full measure of winter and summer, and have for the observer constant novelty and change. There are qualities in the spring of the Ohio Valley—qualities of sweetness and wistfulness that are peculiar to the region; and when the winds are all from the south, and the winter wheat is brilliant in the fields; when the sap sings beneath the rough bark of the old forest trees, and the young orchards are a blur of pink and white, spirits are abroad there with messages for the sons of men.

From "The Hoosiers." Abridged.

April cold with dropping rain
Willows and lilacs brings again,
The whistle of returning birds,
And trumpet-lowing of the herds;
The scarlet maple-keys betray
What potent blood hath modest May;
What fiery force the earth renews,
The wealth of forms, the flush of hues;
What Joy in rosy waves outpoured,
Flows from the heart of Love, the Lord.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

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THE GOTHIC CHURCH

By Ralph Waldo Emerson

The Gothic church plainly originated in a rude adaptation of the forest trees, with all their boughs, to a festal or solemn arcade; as the bands about the cleft pillars still indicate the green withes that tied them. No one can walk in a road cut through pine woods, without being struck with the architectural appearance of the grove, especially in winter, when the barrenness of all other trees shows the low arch of the Saxons. In the woods in a winter afternoon one will see as readily the origin of the stained glass window, with which the Gothic cathedrals are adorned, in the colors of the western sky seen through the bare and crossing branches of the forest. Nor can any lover of nature enter the old piles of Oxford and the English cathedrals, without feeling that the forest overpowered the mind of the builder, and that his chisel, his saw and plane still reproduced its ferns, its spikes of flowers, its locust, elm, oak, pine, fir and spruce.

The Gothic cathedral is a blossoming in stone subdued by the insatiable demand of harmony in man. The mountain of granite blooms into an eternal flower, with the lightness and delicate finish as well as the aerial proportions and perspective of vegetable beauty.

From the essay, "History."

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THE SNOW-STORM

By John Townsend Trowbridge

The speckled sky is dim with snow,
The light flakes falter and fall slow;
Athwart the hill-top, rapt and pale,
Silently drops a silvery veil;
And all the valley is shut in
By flickering curtains gray and thin.

But cheerily the chickadee
Singeth to me on fence and tree;
The snow sails round him as he sings,
White as the down of angels' wings.

On turf and curb and bower-roof
The snow-storm spreads its ivory woof;
It paves with pearl the garden walk;
And lovingly round tattered stalk
And shivering stem its magic weaves
A mantle fair as lily-leaves.

Abridged.

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THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

Delivered by Abraham Lincoln, November 19, 1863, at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, the field of one of the great battles of the Civil War, a portion of which was dedicated as a national cemetery.

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this; but in a larger sense we can not dedicate, we can not consecrate, we can not hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us—the living—rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave that last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under

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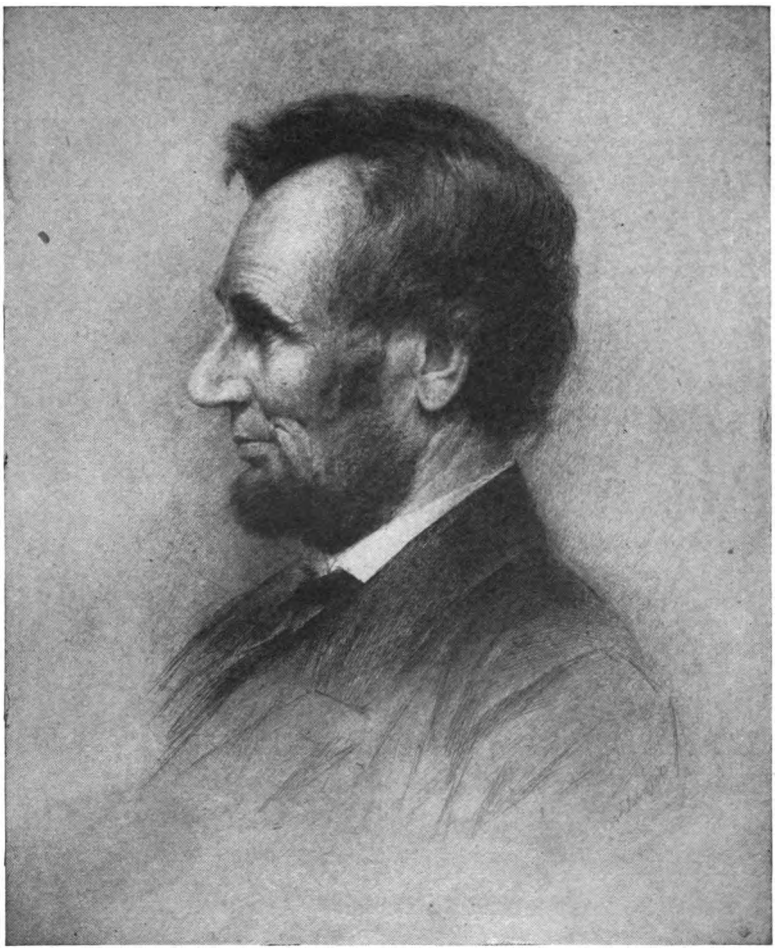

God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth.

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TO AUTUMN

By John Keats

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers:
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

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Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

THE SEA FIGHT

By Lew Wallace

General Wallace worked over seven years on *Ben-Hur*. He had never visited the Holy Land, but patient, long-continued study of books and maps brought it vividly before his mind. General Wallace served his country in the Mexican and Civil Wars and as Minister to Turkey. He was born in Brookville, Indiana, in 1827, and died at Crawfordsville in 1905. *Ben-Hur* has been called one of the ten great novels.

Ben-Hur, a young Jew of old and wealthy family, living in Jerusalem in the first century, is unjustly accused of attempting to kill the Roman governor. His mother and sister are imprisoned, his house confiscated, and he himself condemned to row in the galleys as a slave. One day, after three years' toil, his high bearing, intelligence and endurance, attract the attention of Arrius, a noble Roman on board, and from that time on he secretly hopes for release.

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Every soul aboard, even the ship, awoke. Officers went to their quarters. The marines took arms, and were led out, looking in all respects like legionaries. Sheaves of arrows and armfuls of javelins were carried on deck. By the central stairs the oil-tanks and fire-balls were set ready for use. Additional lanterns were lighted. Buckets were filled with water. The rowers in relief assembled under guard in front of the chief. As Providence would have it, Ben-Hur was one of the latter. Overhead he heard the muffled noises of the final preparations—of the sailors furling sail, spreading the nettings, unslinging the machines, and hanging the armor of bull-hide over the sides. Presently quiet settled about the galley again; quiet full of vague dread and expectation, which interpreted, means ready.

At a signal passed down from the deck, and communicated to the hortator by a petty officer stationed on the stairs, all at once the oars stopped.

What did it mean?

Of the hundred and twenty slaves chained to the benches, not one but asked himself the question. They were without incentive. Patriotism, love of honor, sense of duty, brought them no inspiration. They felt the thrill common to men rushed helpless and blind into danger. It may be supposed the dullest of them, poising his oar, thought of all that might happen, yet could promise himself nothing; for victory would but rivet his chains the firmer,

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while the chances of the ship were his; sinking or on fire, he was doomed to her fate.

Of the situation without they might not ask. And who were the enemy? And what if they were friends, brethren, countrymen? The reader, carrying the suggestion forward, will see the necessity which governed the Roman when, in such emergencies, he locked the hapless wretches to their seats.

There was little time, however, for such thought with them. A sound like the rowing of galleys astern attracted Ben-Hur, and the *Astraea* rocked as if in the midst of countering waves. The idea of a fleet at hand broke upon him—a fleet in manœuver—forming probably for attack. His blood started with the fancy.

Another signal came down from the deck. The oars dipped, and the galley started imperceptibly. No sound from without, none from within, yet each man in the cabin instinctively poised himself for a shock; the very ship seemed to catch the sense, and hold its breath, and go crouched, tiger-like.

In such a situation time is inappreciable; so that Ben-Hur could form no judgment of distance gone. At last there was a sound of trumpets on deck, full, clear, long-blown. The chief beat the sounding-board until it rang; the rowers reached forward full length, and deepening the dip of their oars, pulled suddenly with all their united force. The galley, quivering in every timber, answered

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with a leap. Other trumpets joined in the clamor—all from the rear, none forward—from the latter quarter only a rising sound of voices in tumult heard briefly. There was a mighty blow; the rowers in front of the chief's platform reeled, some of them fell; the ship bounded back, recovered, and rushed on more irresistibly than before. Shrill and high arose the shrieks of men in terror; over the blare of trumpets and the grind and crash of the collision, they arose; then under his feet, under the keel, pounding, rumbling, breaking to pieces, drowning, Ben-Hur felt something overridden. The men about him looked at each other, afraid. A shout of triumph from the deck—the beak of the Roman had won! But who were they whom the sea had drunk? Of what tongue, from what land were they?

No pause, no stay! Forward rushed the *Astraea;* and as it went, some sailors ran down, and plunging the cotton balls into the oil-tanks, tossed them dripping to comrades at the head of the stairs; fire was to be added to other horrors of the combat.

Directly the galley heeled over so far that the oarsmen on the uppermost side with difficulty kept their benches. Again the hearty Roman cheer, and with it despairing shrieks. An opposing vessel, caught by the grappling-hooks of the great crane swinging from the prow, was being lifted into the air that it might be dropped and sunk.

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The shouting increased on the right hand and on the left; before, behind, swelled an indescribable clamor. Occasionally there was a crash, followed by sudden peals of fright, telling of other ships ridden down, and their crews drowned in the vortexes.

Nor was the fight all on one side. Now and then a Roman in armor was borne down the hatchway, and laid bleeding, sometimes dying, on the floor.

Sometimes, also, puffs of smoke, blended with steam, and foul with the scent of roasting human flesh, poured into the cabin, turning the dimming light into yellow murk. Gasping for breath the while, Ben-Hur knew they were passing through the cloud of a ship on fire, and burning up with the rowers chained to the benches.

The *Astraea* all this time was in motion. Suddenly she stopped. The oars forward were dashed from the hands of the rowers, and the rowers from their benches. On deck, then, a furious trampling, and on the sides a grinding of ships afoul of each other. For the first time the beating of the gavel was lost in the uproar. Men sank on the floor in fear or looked about seeking a hiding-place. In the midst of the panic a body plunged or was pitched headlong down the hatchway, falling near Ben-Hur. He beheld the half-naked carcass, a mass of hair blackening the face, and under it a shield of bull-hide and wicker-work —a barbarian from the white-skinned nations of the North whom death had robbed of plunder and revenge. How

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came he there? An iron hand had snatched him from the opposing deck—no, the *Astraea* had been boarded! The Romans were fighting on their own deck? A chill smote the young Jew: Arrius was hard pressed—he might be defending his own life. If he should be slain! God of Abraham forfend! The hopes and dreams so lately come, were they only hopes and dreams? Mother and sister—house—home—Holy Land—was he not to see them, after all? The tumult thundered above him; he looked around; in the cabin all was confusion—the rowers on the benches paralyzed; men running blindly hither and thither; only the chief on his seat imperturbable, vainly beating the sounding-board, and waiting the orders of the tribune—in the red murk illustrating the matchless discipline which had won the world.

The example had a good effect upon Ben-Hur. He controlled himself enough to think. Honor and duty bound the Roman to the platform; but what had he to do with such motives then? The bench was a thing to run from; while, if he were to die a slave, who would be the better of the sacrifice? With him living was duty, if not honor. His life belonged to his people. They arose before him never more real; he saw them, their arms outstretched; he heard them imploring him. And he would go to them. He started—stopped. Alas! a Roman judgment held him in doom. While it endured, escape would be profitless. In the wide, wide earth there was no place in which he

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would be safe from the imperial demand; upon the land none, nor upon the sea. Whereas he required freedom according to the forms of law, so only could he abide in Judea and execute the filial purpose to which he would devote himself; in other land he would not live. Dear God! How he had waited and watched and prayed for such a release: And how it had been delayed! But at last he had seen it in the promise of the tribune. What else the great man's meaning? And if the benefactor so belated should now be slain! The dead came not back to redeem the pledges of the living. It should not be—Arrius should not die. At least, better perish with him than survive a galley slave.

Once more Ben-Hur looked around. Upon the roof of the cabin the battle yet beat; against the sides the hostile vessels yet crushed and grided. On the benches, the slaves struggled to tear loose from their chains, and, finding their efforts vain, howled like madmen; the guards had gone up-stairs; discipline was out, panic in. No, the chief kept his chair, unchanged, calm as ever—except the gavel, weaponless. Vainly with his clangor he filled the lulls in the din. Ben-Hur gave him a last look, then broke away—not in flight, but to seek the tribune.

A very short space lay between him and the stairs of the hatchway aft. He took it with a leap, and was halfway up the steps—up far enough to catch a glimpse of

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the sky blood-red with fire, of the ships alongside, of the sea covered with ships and wrecks, of the fight closed in about the pilot's quarter, the assailants many, the defenders few—when suddenly his foothold was knocked away, and he pitched backward. The floor, when he reached it, seemed to be lifting itself and breaking to pieces; then in a twinkling, the whole after-part of the hull broke asunder, and, as if it had all the time been lying in wait, the sea, hissing and foaming, leaped in, and all became darkness and surging water to Ben-Hur.

It can not be said that the young Jew helped himself in this stress. Besides his usual strength, he had the indefinite extra force which nature keeps in reserve for just such perils to life; yet the darkness, and the whirl and roar of water, stupefied him. Even the holding his breath was involuntary.

The influx of the flood tossed him like a log forward into the cabin, where he would have drowned but for the refluence of the sinking motion. As it was, fathoms under the surface the hollow mass vomited him forth, and he arose along with the loosed debris. In the act of rising, he clutched something and held to it. The time he was under seemed an age longer than it really was; at last he gained the top; with a great gasp he filled his lungs afresh, and, tossing the water from his hair and eyes, climbed higher upon the plank he held, and looked about him.

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Death had pursued him closely under the waves; he found it waiting for him when he was risen—waiting multiform.

Smoke lay upon the sea like a semi-transparent fog, through which here and there shone cores of intense brilliance. A quick intelligence told him that they were ships on fire. The battle was yet on; nor could he say who was victor. Within the radius of his vision now and then ships passed, shooting shadows athwart lights. Out of the dun clouds farther on he caught the crash of other ships colliding. The danger, however, was closer at hand. When the *Astraea* went down, her deck, it will be recollected, held her own crew, and the crews of the two galleys which had attacked her at the same time, all of whom were engulfed. Many of them came to the surface together, and on the same plank or support of whatever kind continued the combat, begun possibly in the vortex fathoms down. Writhing and twisting in deadly embrace, sometimes striking with sword or javelin, they kept the sea around them in agitation, at one place inky-black, at another aflame with fiery reflections. With their struggles he had nothing to do; they were all his enemies; none of them but would kill him for the plank upon which he floated. He made haste to get away.

About that time he heard oars in quickest movement, and beheld a galley coming down upon him. The tall prow seemed doubly tall, and the red light playing upon

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its gilt and carving gave it an appearance of snaky life. Under its foot the water churned to flying foam.

He struck out, pushing the plank, which was very broad and unmanageable. Seconds were precious—half a second might save or lose him. In the crisis of the effort, up from the sea, within an arm's reach, a helmet shot like a gleam of gold. Next came two hands with fingers extended—large hands were they, and strong—their hold once fixed, might not be loosed. Ben-Hur swerved from them appalled. Up rose the helmet and the head it encased—then two arms, which began to beat the water wildly—the head turned back, and gave the face to the light. The mouth gaping wide; the eyes open, but sightless, and the bloodless pallor of a drowning man—never anything more ghastly! Yet he gave a cry of joy at the sight, and as the face was going under again, he caught the sufferer by the chain which passed from the helmet beneath the chin, and drew him to the plank.

The man was Arrius, the tribune.

My soul doth magnify the Lord: and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

He hath showed strength with his arm: he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat: and hath exalted the humble and meek.

The Bible.

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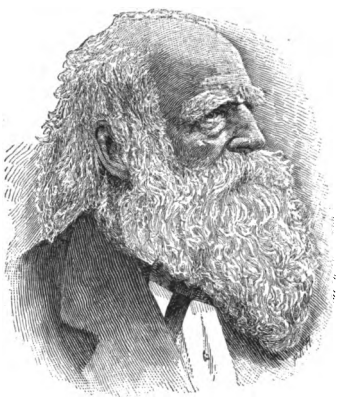
THE SLAYING OF HECTOR

By Homer

Translation of William Cullen Bryant

Echoes of the Revolution were still to be heard when in 1794, in Cummington, Massachusetts, William Cullen Bryant was born. His family, like most New England people, believed strongly in religion, books, and a daily life of duty and industry. The busy mother kept a diary in which she jotted down briefly the day's doings, as "Spun four skeins of tow," "Taught Cullen his letters," this last when he was little more than sixteen months old. With something of rigor in its discipline this farm life had much also that was kindly and pleasant. The Bryants were esteemed by their neighbors, there were visits to a grandfather witty and kind if stern, and younger boys and girls to whom to play big brother. The fields about the house sloped steeply to a "brawling brook," so that the boy saw unbroken "the splendors of a winter daybreak, the glories of the autumnal woods, the gloomy approaches of the thunder-storm and its departure amid sunshine and rainbows, the return of spring with its flowers." At twelve he wrote verses on the eclipse of the sun. But the event of Bryant's boyhood was the arrival in the house of Pope's translation of *The Iliad*, read in the evenings in the glow of the birchwood fire. "I thought them," says Bryant, "the finest verses that ever were written. My brother and I made for ourselves wooden shields, swords and spears, and fashioned old hats in the shape of helmets, with plumes of tow, and in the barn we fought



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the battles of the Greeks and Trojans over again." He little dreamed that one day his own translation of *The Iliad* would find place even above Pope's. When he was fifteen he went to Williams College where, he says, "I gave myself with my whole soul to the study of Greek. I was early at my task in the morning, and kept on until bed-time; at night I dreamed of Greek. At the end of two calendar months I knew the Greek New Testament from end to end almost as if it had been English." Bryant's most famous poem, *Thanatopsis*, was written at eighteen. He was for fifty years editor of *The New York Evening Post*. His place in American literature is peculiarly that of a nature poet. He died in 1878.

For ten years the Greeks and the Trojans warred bitterly against each other. Hector, the valiant son of the Trojan king, was the champion of his country's forces, while Achilles was the mighty warrior of the Greeks. The slaying of Hector occurs in the tenth year of the war. Many battles have been fought, Ajax, famous among the Greeks for strength and beauty, has several times engaged Hector in single combat and now at last, Achilles, more terrible even than Ajax, is to fight with him. Achilles has already slain the father and seven brothers of Andromache, Hector's wife. The Trojans have fled within the walls of their capital city, all except Hector, who does not heed his aged father's pleadings not to risk his life, but boldly remains alone outside the gate that he may meet his enemy fairly. In his parting from his wife Hector has tenderly taken his little son in his arms and asked the gods to make him noble of heart so that one day it might be said of him, "This man is greater than his father was." *The Iliad*, as the whole story is called, and its companion, *The Odyssey*, are among the oldest poems in literature, and the greatest.

The crested hero, Hector, thus began:—
"No longer I avoid thee as of late,
O son of Peleus! Thrice around the walls

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Of Priam's mighty city have I fled,
Nor dared to wait thy coming. Now my heart
Bids me encounter thee; my time is come
To slay or to be slain. Now let us call
The gods to witness, who attest and guard
The covenants of men. Should Jove bestow
On me the victory, and I take thy life,
Thou shalt meet no dishonor at my hands;
But, stripping off the armor, I will send
The Greeks thy body. Do the like by me."

The swift Achilles answered with a frown:
"Accursed Hector, never talk to me
Of covenants. Men and lions plight no faith,
Nor wolves agree with lambs, but each must plan
Evil against the other. So between
Thyself and me no compact can exist,
Or understood intent. First, one of us
Must fall and yield his life-blood to the god
Of battles. Summon all thy valor now.
A skilful spearman thou hast need to be,
And a bold warrior. There is no escape,
For now doth Pallas doom thee to be slain
By my good spear. Thou shalt repay to me
The evil thou hast done my countrymen,—
My friends whom thou hast slaughtered in thy rage."

He spake, and, brandishing his massive spear,
Hurled it at Hector, who beheld its aim

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From where he stood. He stooped, and over him
The brazen weapon passed, and plunged to earth.
Unseen by royal Hector, Pallas went
And plucked it from the ground, and brought it back
And gave it to the hands of Peleus' son,
While Hector said to his illustrious foe:—

"Godlike Achilles, thou hast missed thy mark,
Nor hast thou learned my doom from Jupiter,
As thou pretendest. Thou art glib of tongue,
And cunningly thou orderest thy speech,
In hope that I who hear thee may forget
My might and valor. Think not I shall flee,
That thou mayst pierce my back; for thou shalt send
Thy spear, if God permit thee, through my breast
As I rush on thee. Now avoid in turn
My brazen weapon. Would that it might pass
Clean through thee, all its length! The tasks of war
For us of Troy were lighter for thy death,
Thou pest and deadly foe of all our race!"

He spake, and brandishing his massive spear,
Hurled it, nor missed, but in the center smote
The buckler of Pelides. Far away
It bounded from the brass, and he was vexed
To see that the swift weapon from his hand
Had flown in vain. He stood perplexed and sad;
No second spear had he. He called aloud
On the white-bucklered chief, Deiphobus,

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To bring another; but that chief was far,
And Hector saw that it was so, and said:—
"Ah me! the gods have summoned me to die.
I thought my warrior-friend, Deiphobus,
Was by my side; but he is still in Troy,
And Pallas has deceived me. Now my death
Can not be far,—is near; there is no hope
Of my escape, for so it pleases Jove
And Jove's great archer-son, who have till now
Delivered me. My hour at last is come;
Yet not ingloriously or passively
I die, but first will do some valiant deed,
Of which mankind shall hear in after time."
He spake, and drew the keen-edged sword that hung,
Massive and finely tempered, at his side,
And sprang—as when an eagle high in heaven,
Through the thick cloud, darts downward to the plain
To clutch some tender lamb or timid hare,
So Hector, brandishing that keen-edged sword,
Sprang forward, while Achilles opposite
Leaped toward him, all on fire with savage hate,
And holding his bright buckler, nobly wrought,
Before him. On his shining helmet waved
The fourfold crest; there tossed the golden tufts
With which the hand of Vulcan lavishly
Had decked it. As in the still hours of night
Hesper goes forth among the host of stars,

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The fairest light of heaven, so brightly shone.
Brandished in the right hand of Peleus' son,
The spear's keen blade, as, confident to slay
The noble Hector, o'er his glorious form
His quick eye ran, exploring where to plant
The surest wound. The glittering mail of brass
Won from the slain Patroclus guarded well
Each part, save only where the collar-bones
Divide the shoulder from the neck, and there
Appeared the throat, the spot where life is most
In peril. Through that part the noble son
Of Peleus drave his spear; it went quite through
The tender neck, and yet the brazen blade
Cleft not the windpipe, and the power to speak
Remained. The Trojan fell amid the dust,
And thus Achilles boasted o'er his fall:—

"Hector, when from the slain Patroclus thou
Didst strip his armor, little didst thou think
Of danger. Thou hadst then no fear of me,
Who was not near thee to avenge his death.
Fool! there was left within the roomy ships
A mightier one than he, who should come forth,
The avenger of his blood, to take thy life.
Foul dogs and birds of prey shall tear thy flesh;
The Greeks shall honor him with funeral rites."

And then the crested Hector, dying, said:
"I know thee, and too clearly I foresaw

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I should not move thee, for thou hast a heart
Of iron. Yet reflect that for my sake
The anger of the gods may fall on thee,
When Paris and Apollo strike thee down,
Strong as thou art, before the Scaean gates."

Thus Hector spake, and straightway o'er him closed
The night of death; the soul forsook his limbs,
And flew to Hades, grieving for its fate,—
So soon divorced from youth and youthful might.

From "The Iliad."

RAB AND HIS FRIENDS

By John Brown

Four-and-thirty years ago Bob Ainslie and I were coming up Infirmary Street from the Edinburgh High School, our heads together and our arms intertwisted, as only lovers and boys know how or why.

When we got to the top of the street and turned north, we espied a crowd at the Tron Church. "A dog fight!" shouted Bob, and was off; and so was I, both of us all but praying that it might not be over before we got up! And is not this boy nature? and human nature too? and don't we all wish a house on fire not to be out before we see it? Dogs like fighting; old Isaac says they "delight" in it, and for the best of all reasons; and boys are not cruel be-

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cause they like to see the fight. They see three of the great cardinal virtues of dog or man—courage, endurance, and skill—in intense action. This is very different from a love of making dogs fight, and enjoying and aggravating and making gain by their pluck. A boy, be he ever so fond himself of fighting, if he be a good boy, hates and despises all this, but he would have run off with Bob and me fast enough; it is a natural, and not a wicked, interest that all boys and men have in witnessing intense energy in action.

Does any curious and finely ignorant woman wish to know how Bob's eye at a glance announced a dog fight to his brain? He did not, he could not see the dogs fighting; it was a flash of an inference, a rapid induction. The crowd round a couple of dogs fighting is a crowd masculine mainly, with an occasional active, compassionate woman fluttering wildly round the outside, and using her tongue and her hands freely upon the men, as so many "brutes;" it is a crowd annular, compact and mobile; a crowd centripetal, having its eyes and its heads all bent downward and inward to one common focus.

Well, Bob and I are up, and find it is not over; a small, thoroughbred, white bull-terrier is busy throttling a large shepherd's dog, unaccustomed to war, but not to be trifled with. They are hard at it; the scientific little fellow doing his work in great style, his pastoral enemy fighting wildly, but with the sharpest of teeth and a great courage. Science

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and breeding, however, soon had their own; the Game Chicken, as the premature Bob called him, working his way up, took his final grip of poor Yarrow's throat, and he lay gasping and done for. His master, a brown, handsome, big, young shepherd from Tweedsmuir, would have liked to have knocked down any man, if he had a chance; it was no use kicking the little dog; that would only make him hold the closer. Many were the means shouted out in mouthfuls of the best possible ways of ending it. "Water!" but there was none near, and many cried for it who might have got it from the well at Blackfriars Wynd. "Bite the tail!" and a large, vague, benevolent, middle-aged man, more desirous than wise, with some struggle got the bushy end of Yarrow's tail into his ample mouth, and bit it with all his might. This was more than enough for the much-enduring, much-perspiring shepherd, who, with a gleam of joy over his broad visage, delivered a terrific facer upon our large, vague, benevolent, middle-aged friend, who went down like a shot.

Still the Chicken holds; death not far off. "Snuff! a pinch of snuff!" observed a calm, highly dressed young buck, with an eyeglass in his eye. "Snuff, indeed!" growled the angry crowd, affronted and glaring. "Snuff! a pinch of snuff!" again observes the buck, but with more urgency; whereon were produced several open boxes, and from a mull which may have been at Culloden he took a pinch, knelt down, and presented it to the nose

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of the Chicken. The laws of physiology and of snuff take their course; the Chicken sneezes, and Yarrow is free!

The young pastoral giant stalks off with Yarrow in his arms, comforting him.

But the bull-terrier's blood is up, and his soul unsatisfied. The boys, with Bob and me at their head, are after him; down Niddry Street he goes, bent on mischief; up the Cowgate like an arrow—Bob and I and our small men panting behind.

There, under the single arch of the South Bridge, is a huge mastiff sauntering down the middle of the causeway, as if with his hands in his pockets; he is old, gray, brindled, as big as a little Highland Bull, and has the Shakespearian dewlaps, shaking as he goes.

The Chicken makes straight at him, and fastens on his throat. To our astonishment the great creature does nothing but stand still, hold himself up, and roar—yes, roar; a long, serious, remonstrative roar. How is this? Bob and I are up to them. He is muzzled! The bailies had proclaimed a general muzzling, and his master, studying strength and economy mainly, had encompassed his huge jaws in a home-made apparatus constructed out of the leather of some ancient breechin. His mouth was open as far as it could be; his lips curled up in rage—a sort of terrible grin; his teeth gleaming, ready, from out the darkness; the strap across his mouth tense as a bowstring; his whole frame stiff with indignation and surprise; his

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roar asking us all round, "Did you ever see the like of this?" He looked a statue of anger and astonishment done in Aberdeen granite.

We soon had a crowd: the Chicken held on. "A knife!" cried Bob, and a cobbler gave him his knife; you know the kind of knife, worn away obliquely to a point, and always keen. I put its edge to the tense leather; it ran before it; and then—one sudden jerk of that enormous head, a sort of dirty mist about the mouth, no noise—and the bright and fierce little fellow is dropped limp and dead. A solemn pause. This was more than any of us had bargained for. I turned the little fellow over, and saw he was quite dead; the mastiff had taken him by the small of the back, like a rat, and broken it.

He looked down at his victim appeased, ashamed and amazed; snuffed him all over, stared at him, and taking a sudden thought, turned round and trotted off. Bob took the dead dog up, and said, "John, we'll bury him after tea." "Yes," said I, and was off after the mastiff. He made up the Cowgate at a rapid swing; he had forgotten some engagement. He turned up the Candlemaker Row, and stopped at the Harrow Inn.

There was a carrier's cart ready to start, and a keen, thin, impatient, black-a-vised little man, his hand at his gray horse's head, looking about angrily for something.

"Rab, ye thief!" said he, aiming a kick at my great friend, who drew cringing up, and avoiding the heavy shoe

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with more agility than dignity, and watching his master's eye, slunk dismayed under the cart—his ears down, and as much as he had of tail down, too.

What a man this must be, thought I, to whom my tremendous hero turns tail! The carrier saw the muzzle hanging, cut and useless, from his neck, and I eagerly told him the story which Bob and I always thought, and still think, Homer, or King David, or Sir Walter alone were worthy to rehearse. The severe little man was mitigated, and condescended to say, "Rab, my man; puir Rabbie!" whereupon the stump of a tail rose up, the ears were cocked, the eyes filled, and were comforted; the two friends were reconciled. "Hupp!" and a stroke of the whip was given to Jess, and off went the three.

Bob and I buried the Game Chicken that night (we had not much of a tea) in the back green of his house in Mellville Street, No. 17, with considerable gravity and silence; and being at the time in *The Iliad*, and like all boys, Trojans, we called him Hector, of course. Abridged.

One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake. *Robert Browning.*

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MARCH

By William Cullen Bryant

The stormy March is come at last,
With wind, and cloud, and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast,
That through the snowy valley flies.

Ah, passing few are they who speak,
Wild stormy month! in praise of thee;
Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou, to northern lands again,
The glad and glorious sun dost bring,
And thou hast joined the gentle train
And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.

Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies,
And that soft time of sunny showers,
When the wide bloom, on earth that lies,
Seems of a brighter world than ours.

Abridged.

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ICHABOD CRANE

By Washington Irving

The nation was only seven years old when Irving was born in the city of New York. "Washington's work is ended," said his mother, "and the child shall be named for him." A young Scotch maid in the family, seeing President Washington enter a shop one morning, followed with her charge. "Please, your honor," said she, "here's a bairn was named for you," whereupon Washington kindly placed his hand on the head of the little boy, then in his first trousers, little dreaming that he was blessing his future biographer. Though the Irving household was conducted with some strictness, the boy managed to have a good time of it. Of his two half-holidays a week one was taken up with studying the catechism, but on the other there were all sorts of jolly games with his older brothers and sisters, play-acting, and fascinating books of voyages and travels. Irving's first journey up the Hudson, taken in a sloop, was a memorable experience. The Catskill Mountains, the scene later of his *Rip Van Winkle*, he says, "had the most witching effect on my boyish imagination." The recesses of Sleepy Hollow, made immortal by the story of Ichabod Crane's wild ride, he explored with his gun. *Rip Van Winkle* and *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow* are the most famous numbers in Irving's *Sketch-Book*. Many of Irving's mature years were spent abroad first in search of health and later as minister to Spain. He died in 1859.

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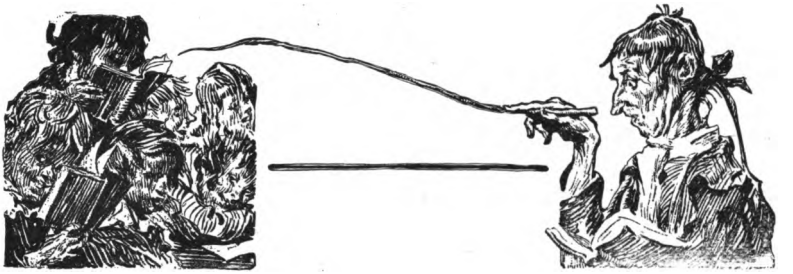

On a fine autumnal afternoon, Ichabod, in pensive mood, sat enthroned on the lofty stool whence he usually watched all the concerns of his little literary realm. In his hand he swayed a ferule, that scepter of despotic power; the birch of justice reposed on three nails, behind the throne, a constant terror to evil-doers; while on the desk before him might be seen sundry contraband articles and prohibited weapons, detected upon the persons of idle urchins; such as half-munched apples, pop-guns, whirligigs, fly-cages, and whole legions of rampant little paper game-cocks. Apparently there had been some appalling act of justice recently inflicted, for his scholars were all busily intent upon their books, or slyly whispering behind them with one eye kept upon the master; and a kind of buzzing stillness reigned throughout the school-room. It was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a negro, in tow-cloth jacket and trousers, a round-crowned fragment of a hat, like the cap of Mercury, and mounted on the back of a ragged, wild, half-broken colt, which he managed with a rope by way of halter. He came clattering up to

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the school door with an invitation to Ichabod to attend a merrymaking, or "quilting frolic," to be held that evening at Mynheer Van Tassel's.

All was now bustle and hubbub in the late quiet school-room. The scholars were hurried through their lessons, without stopping at trifles; those who were nimble skipped over half with impunity, and those who were tardy had a smart application now and then in the rear, to quicken their speed, or help them over a tall word. Books were flung aside without being put away on the shelves, ink-stands were overturned, benches thrown down, and the whole school was turned loose an hour before the usual time, bursting forth like a legion of young imps, yelping and racketing about the green, in joy at their early emancipation.

The gallant Ichabod now spent at least an extra half-hour at his toilet, brushing and furbishing up his best, and indeed only, suit of rusty black, and arranging his looks by a bit of broken looking-glass, that hung up in the school-house. That he might make his appearance before his mistress in the true style of a cavalier, he borrowed a horse from the farmer with whom he was domiciliated, a choleric old Dutchman, of the name of Hans Van Ripper, and thus gallantly mounted issued forth, like a knight-errant in quest of adventures.

The animal he bestrode was a broken-down plow-horse, that had outlived almost everything but his viciousness.

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He was gaunt and shagged, with a ewe neck and a head like a hammer; his rusty mane and tail were tangled and

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knotted with burs; one eye had lost its pupil, and was glaring and spectral; but the other had the gleam of a genuine devil in it. He must have had fire and mettle in his day, if we may judge from the name he bore of Gunpowder.

Ichabod was a suitable figure for such a steed. He rode with short stirrups, which brought his knees nearly up to the pommel of the saddle; his sharp elbows stuck out like grasshoppers'; he carried his whip perpendicularly in his hand, like a scepter, and, as his horse jogged on, the motion of his arms was not unlike the flapping of a pair of wings. A small wool hat rested on the top of his nose, for so his scanty strip of forehead might be called; and the skirts of his black coat fluttered out almost to the horse's tail. Such was the appearance of Ichabod and his steed, as they shambled out of the gate of Hans Van Ripper, and it was altogether such an apparition as is seldom to be met with in broad daylight.

As Ichabod jogged slowly on his way, his eye, ever open to every symptom of culinary abundance, ranged with delight over the treasures of jolly autumn. On all sides he beheld vast stores of apples; some hanging in oppressive opulence on the trees; some gathered into baskets and barrels for the market; others heaped up in rich piles for the cider-press. Farther on he beheld great fields of Indian corn, with its golden ears peeping from their leafy coverts, and holding out the promise of cakes and hasty-pudding;

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and the yellow pumpkins lying beneath them, turning up their fair round sides to the sun, and giving ample prospects of the most luxurious of pies; and anon he passed the fragrant buckwheat fields, breathing the odor of the bee-hive; and as he beheld them, soft anticipations stole over his mind of dainty slap-jacks, well buttered, and garnished with honey or treacle, by the delicate little dimpled hand of Katrina Van Tassel.

It was toward evening that Ichabod arrived at the castle of the Herr Van Tassel, which he found thronged with the pride and flower of the adjacent country.

Brom Bones was the hero of the scene, having come to the gathering on his favorite steed, Daredevil, a creature, like himself, full of mettle and mischief, and which no one but himself could manage.

Old Baltus Van Tassel moved about among his guests with a face dilated with content and good humor, round and jolly as the harvest moon. His hospitable attentions were brief, but expressive, being confined to a shake of the hand, a slap on the shoulder, a loud laugh, and a pressing invitation to "fall to, and help themselves."

And now the sound of the music from the hall, summoned to the dance. The musician was an old gray-

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headed negro, who had been the itinerant orchestra of the neighborhood for more than half a century. His instrument was as old and battered as himself. The greater part of the time he scraped on two or three strings, accompanying every movement of the bow with a motion of the head; bowing almost to the ground, and stamping with his foot whenever a fresh couple was to start.

Ichabod prided himself upon his dancing as much as upon his vocal powers. Not a limb, not a fiber about him was idle; and to have seen his loosely hung frame in full motion, and clattering about the room, you would have thought St. Vitus himself, that blessed patron of the dance, was figuring before you in person. He was the admiration of all the negroes; who, having gathered, of all ages and sizes, from the farm and the neighborhood, stood forming a pyramid of shining black faces at every door and window, gazing with delight at the scene, rolling their white eye-balls, and showing grinning rows of ivory from ear to ear. How could the flogger of urchins be otherwise than animated and joyous? the lady of his heart was his partner in the dance. Brom Bones, sorely smitten with love and jealousy, sat brooding by himself in one corner.

When the dance was at an end, Ichabod was attracted to a knot of the sage folks, who, with old Van Tassel, sat smoking at one end of the piazza, gossiping over former times, and drawing out long stories about the war.

But all these were nothing to the tales of ghosts and

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apparitions that succeeded. The neighborhood is rich in legendary treasures of the kind. Local tales and superstitions thrive best in these sheltered long-settled retreats; but are trampled under foot by the shifting throng that forms the population of most of our country places. The chief part of the stories turned upon the favorite specter of Sleepy Hollow, the headless horseman, who had been heard several times of late, patrolling the country; and, it is said, tethered his horse nightly among the graves in the churchyard.

This story was immediately matched by a thrice marvelous adventure of Brom Bones, who made light of the Galloping Hessian as an arrant jockey. He affirmed that, on returning one night from the neighboring village of Sing-Sing, he had been overtaken by this midnight trooper: that he had offered to race with him for a bowl of punch, and should have won it, too, for Daredevil beat the goblin horse all hollow, but, just as they came to the church bridge, the Hessian bolted, and vanished in a flash of fire.

All these tales told in that drowsy undertone with which men talk in the dark, the countenances of the listeners only now and then receiving a casual gleam from the glare of a pipe, sank deep in the mind of Ichabod. He repaid them in kind with large extracts from his invaluable author, Cotton Mather, and added many marvelous events that had taken place in his native state of Connecticut,

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and fearful sights which he had seen in his nightly walks about Sleepy Hollow.

It was the very witching time of night that Ichabod, heavy-hearted and crest-fallen, pursued his travel homewards, along the sides of the lofty hills which rise above Tarry Town, and which he had traversed so cheerily in the afternoon. The hour was dismal. Far below him the Tappan Zee spread its dusky and indistinct waste of waters, with here and there the tall mast of a sloop, riding quietly at anchor under the land. In the dead hush of midnight, he could even hear the barking of the watch-dog from the opposite shore of the Hudson; but it was so vague and faint as only to give an idea of his distance from this faithful companion of man. Now and then, too, the long drawn crowing of a cock, accidentally awakened, would sound far, far off, from some farm-house away among the hills—but it was like a dreaming sound in his ear. No signs of life occurred near him, but occasionally the melancholy chirp of a cricket, or perhaps the guttural twang of a bull-frog from a neighboring marsh, as if sleeping uncomfortably, and turning suddenly in his bed.

All the stories of ghosts and goblins that he had heard now came crowding upon his recollection. The night grew darker and darker; the stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. He was, moreover, approaching the very place where many of

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the scenes of the ghost stories had been laid. In the center of the road stood an enormous tulip-tree, which towered like a giant above all the other trees of the neighborhood, and formed a kind of landmark. Its limbs were gnarled, and fantastic, large enough to form trunks for ordinary trees, twisting down almost to the earth, and rising again into the air. It was connected with the tragical story of the unfortunate André, who had been taken prisoner hard by; and was universally known by the name of Major André's tree. The common people regarded it with a mixture of respect and superstition, partly out of sympathy for the fate of its ill-starred namesake, and partly from the tales of strange sights and doleful lamentations told concerning it.

As Ichabod approached this fearful tree, he began to whistle: he thought his whistle was answered—it was but a blast sweeping sharply through the dry branches. As he approached a little nearer, he thought he saw something white, hanging in the midst of the tree—he paused and ceased whistling; but on looking more narrowly, perceived that it was a place where the tree had been scathed by lightning, and the white wood laid bare. Suddenly he heard a groan—his teeth chattered and his knees smote against the saddle: it was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another, as they were swayed about by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety, but new perils lay before him.

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About two hundred yards from the tree a small brook crossed the road, and ran into a marshy and thickly-wooded glen. A few rough logs laid side by side, served for a bridge over this stream. On that side of the road where the brook entered the wood, a group of oaks and chestnuts, matted thick with wild grapevines, threw a cavernous gloom over it. To pass this bridge was the severest trial. It was at this identical spot that the unfortunate André was captured, and under the covert of those chestnuts and vines were the sturdy yeomen concealed who surprised him. This has ever since been considered a haunted stream, and fearful are the feelings of the school-boy who has to pass it alone after dark.

As he approached the stream his heart began to thump; he summoned up, however, all his resolution, gave his horse half a score of kicks in the ribs, and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge; but instead of starting forward, the perverse old animal made a lateral movement, and ran broadside against the fence. Ichabod, whose fears increased with the delay, jerked the reins on the other side, and kicked lustily with the contrary foot: it was all in vain; his steed started, it is true, but it was only to plunge to the opposite side of the road into a thicket of brambles and alder bushes. The schoolmaster now bestowed both whip and heel upon the starveling ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward, snuffling and snorting, but came to a stand just by the bridge, with a suddenness

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that had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a plashy tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove, on the margin of the brook, he beheld something huge, misshapen, black and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom, like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveler.

The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done? To turn and fly was now too late; and besides, what chance was there of escaping ghost or goblin, if such it was, which could ride upon the wings of the wind? Summoning up, therefore, a show of courage, he demanded in stammering accents—"Who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. Once more he cudgeled the sides of the inflexible Gunpowder, and, shutting his eyes, broke forth with involuntary fervor into a psalm tune. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and, with a scramble and a bound, stood at once in the middle of the road. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now in some degree be ascertained. He appeared to be a man of large dimensions, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. He made no offer of molestation or sociability, but kept aloof on one side of the road, jogging along on the blind

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side of old Gunpowder, who had now got over his fright and waywardness.

Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight companion, and bethought himself of the adventure of Brom Bones with the Galloping Hessian, now quickened his steed, in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger, however, quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up, and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind—the other did the same. His heart began to sink within him; he endeavored to resume his psalm tune, but his parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he could not utter a stave. There was something in the moody and dogged silence of this pertinacious companion, that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fellow-traveler in relief against the sky, gigantic in height, and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was horror-struck on perceiving that he was headless! —but his horror was still more increased on observing that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pommel of the saddle; his terror rose to desperation; he rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping, by a sudden movement, to give his companion the slip—but the specter started full jump with him. Away then they dashed through thick and thin; stones flying, and sparks flashing at every bound. Ichabod's flimsy garments fluttered in

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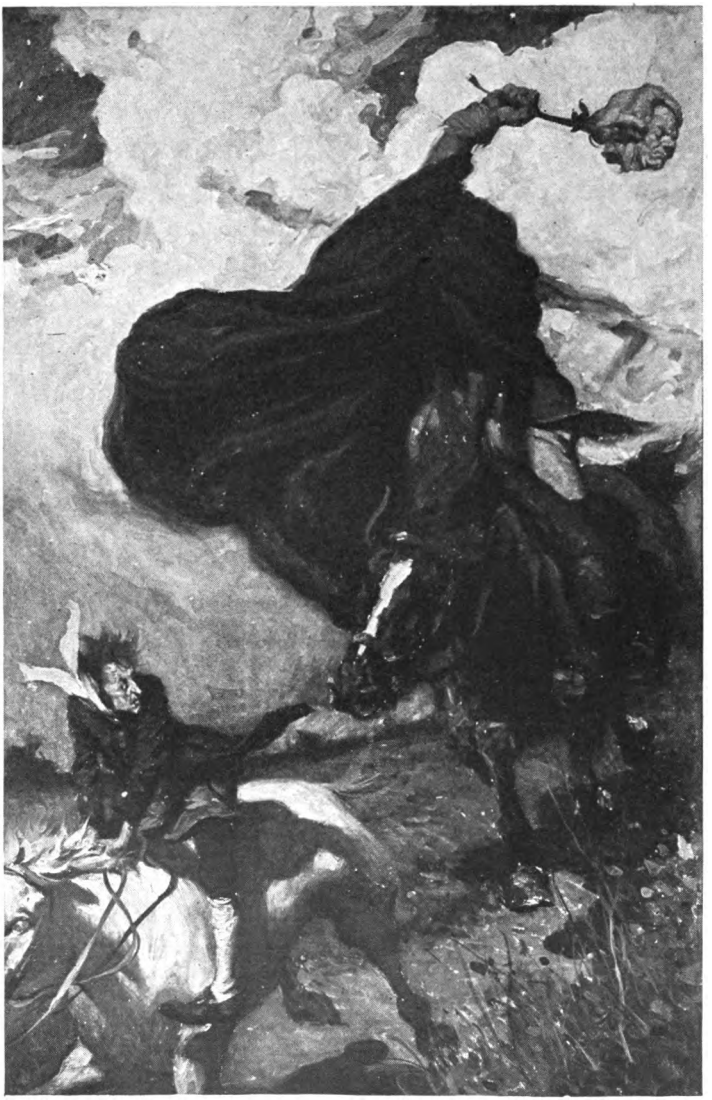

THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN

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the air, as he stretched his long lank body away over his horse's head, in the eagerness of his flight.

They had now reached the road which turns off to Sleepy Hollow; but Gunpowder, who seemed possessed with a demon, instead of keeping up it, made an opposite turn, and plunged headlong down hill to the left. This road leads through a sandy hollow, shaded by trees for about a quarter of a mile, where it crosses the bridge famous in goblin story, and just beyond swells the green knoll on which stands the whitewashed church.

As yet the panic of the steed had given his unskilful rider an apparent advantage in the chase; but just as he got half way through the hollow, the girths of the saddle gave way, and he felt it slipping from under him. He seized it by the pommel, and endeavored to hold it firm, but in vain; and had just time to save himself by clasping old Gunpowder round the neck, when the saddle fell to the earth, and he heard it trampled under foot by his pursuer. For a moment the terror of Hans Van Ripper's wrath passed across his mind—for it was his Sunday saddle; but this was no time for petty fears; the goblin was hard on his haunches; and (unskilful rider that he was!) he had much ado to maintain his seat; sometimes slipping on one side, sometimes on another, and sometimes jolted on the high ridge of his horse's backbone, with a violence that he verily feared would cleave him asunder.

An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hope

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that the church bridge was at hand. The wavering reflection of a silver star in the bosom of the brook told him that he was not mistaken. He saw the walls of the church dimly glaring under the trees beyond. He recollected the place where Brom Bones's ghostly competitor had disappeared. "If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; he gained the opposite side; and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavored to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash—he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider, passed by like a whirlwind.

The next morning the old horse was found without his saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate. Ichabod did not make his appearance at breakfast—dinner hour came, but no Ichabod. The boys assembled at the school-house, and strolled idly about the banks of the brook, but no schoolmaster. Hans Van Ripper now began to feel some uneasiness about the fate of poor Ichabod and his saddle. An inquiry was set

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on foot, and after diligent investigation they came upon his traces. In one part of the road leading to the church was found the saddle trampled in the dirt; the tracks of horses' hoofs deeply dented in the road, and evidently at furious speed, were traced to the bridge, beyond which, on the bank of a broad part of the brook, where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a shattered pumpkin.

The brook was searched, but the body of the schoolmaster was not to be discovered. Hans Van Ripper, as executor of his estate, examined the bundle which contained all his worldly effects. They consisted of two shirts and a half; two stocks for the neck; a pair or two of worsted stockings; an old pair of corduroy small-clothes; a rusty razor; a book of psalm tunes full of dogs' ears; and a broken pitchpipe. As to the books and furniture of the school-house, they belonged to the community, excepting Cotton Mather's *History of Witchcraft*, a *New England Almanac*, and a book of dreams and fortune-telling; in which last was a sheet of foolscap much scribbled and blotted in several fruitless attempts to make a copy of verses in honor of the heiress of Van Tassel. These magic books and the poetic scrawl were forthwith consigned to the flames by Hans Van Ripper; who, from that time forward determined to send his children no more to school; observing, that he never knew any good come of this same reading and writing. Whatever money the schoolmaster

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possessed, and he had received his quarter's pay but a day or two before, he must have had about his person at the time of his disappearance.

The mysterious event caused much speculation at the church on the following Sunday. Knots of gazers and gossips were collected in the churchyard, at the bridge and at the spot where the hat and pumpkin had been found. The stories of Bones and a whole budget of

others, were called to mind; and when they had diligently considered them all, and compared them with the symptoms of the present case, they shook their heads, and came to the conclusion that Ichabod had been carried off by the Galloping Hessian. As he was a bachelor, and in nobody's debt, nobody troubled his head more about him; the school was removed to a different quarter of the Hollow, and another pedagogue reigned in his stead.

It is true, an old farmer, who went down to New York on a visit several years after, and from whom this account of the ghostly adventure was received, brought

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home the intelligence that Ichabod Crane was still alive; that he had left the neighborhood, partly through fear of the goblin and Hans Van Ripper, and partly in mortification at having been suddenly dismissed by the heiress; that he had changed his quarters to a distant part of the country; had kept school and studied law at the same time, had been admitted to the bar, turned politician, electioneered, written for the newspapers, and finally had been made a Justice of the Ten Pound Court. Brom Bones, too, who shortly after his rival's disappearance conducted the blooming Katrina in triumph to the altar, was observed to look exceedingly knowing whenever the story of Ichabod was related, and always burst into a hearty laugh at the mention of the pumpkin; which led some to suspect that he knew more about the matter than he chose to tell.

The old country wives, however, who are the best judges of these matters, maintain to this day that Ichabod was spirited away by supernatural means; and it is a favorite story often told about the neighborhood round the winter evening fire. The bridge became more than ever an object of superstitious awe, and that may be the reason why the road has been altered of late years, so as to approach the church by the border of the mill-pond. The school-house being deserted, soon fell to decay, and was reported to be haunted by the ghost of the unfortunate pedagogue; and the plowboy, loitering homeward of a

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still summer evening, has often fancied his voice at a distance, chanting a melancholy psalm tune among the tranquil solitudes of Sleepy Hollow.

From "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." Abridged.

There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge.
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For, e'en though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.

Oliver Goldsmith.

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THE FORUM SCENE FROM JULIUS CÆSAR

By William Shakespeare

It has often been truly said that the person who knows Shakespeare knows the whole world, and that to own his plays is to possess a complete library. Of the life of the man who has given the world this "lordly pleasure-house" little is positively known. He was born in 1564 in Stratford-on-Avon, the son of a glove merchant. How he was educated no one can say, but about 1587 he went to London fortune-hunting and became an actor. His work as the greatest of dramatists began simply and naturally by his sometimes substituting for the poor lines in plays in which he acted, better lines of his own. Many of his plays were produced at the Globe Theater in London, of which he was part owner. In Shakespeare's time all of the parts in a play were taken by men and boys. He died in 1616 at Stratford.

Julius Cæsar is one of the most famous of Shakespeare's historical plays. In the scene immediately preceding the one here given, Cæsar has been stabbed in the senate-chamber by conspirators, including his friend Brutus, Cassius, and others, who accused him of wishing to become king.

Brutus. Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear; believe me for mine honor, and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe; censure me in your wisdom, and awake

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your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honor for his valor, and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak, for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Brutus. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

[*Enter Antony and others, with Cæsar's body.*]

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the ben-

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efit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus, live! live!

First Citizen. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Second Citizen. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Citizen. Let him be Cæsar.

Fourth Citizen. Cæsar's better parts shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

First Citizen. We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamors.

Brutus. My countrymen,—

Second Citizen. Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

First Citizen. Peace, ho!

Brutus. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony;
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony
By our permission is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit Brutus.*]

First Citizen. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

Third Citizen. Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up.

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Antony. You gentle Romans,—

All. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Antony Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—
For Brutus is an honorable man,
So are they all, all honorable men,—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransom did the general coffers fill;
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

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Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Citizen. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

Second Citizen. If thou consider rightly of the matter, Cæsar has had great wrong.

Third Citizen. Has he, masters? I fear there will a worse come in his place.

Fourth Citizen. Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown; therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

First Citizen. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

Second Citizen. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

Third Citizen. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

Fourth Citizen. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

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Antony. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men.
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament,—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

Fourth Citizen. We'll hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Antony. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;

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And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it!

Fourth Citizen. Read the will! we'll hear it, Antony! You shall read us the will! Cæsar's will!

Antony. Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile? I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honorable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

Fourth Citizen. They were traitors! Honorable men!

All. The will! the testament!

Second Citizen. They were villains, murderers! The will! Read the will!

Antony. You will compel me, then, to read the will? Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

All. Come down. [*He comes down.*]

Second Citizen. Descend.

Third Citizen. You shall have leave.

Fourth Citizen. A ring; stand round.

First Citizen. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body!

Second Citizen. Room for Antony! — most noble Antony!

Antony. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

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All. Stand back! room! bear back!

Antony. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;
See what a rent the envious Casca made;
Through this the well-belovéd Brutus stabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his curséd steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.

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Kind souls, what! weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself marred, as you see, with traitors.

First Citizen. O, piteous spectacle!

Second Citizen. O, noble Cæsar!

Third Citizen. O, woeful day!

Fourth Citizen. O, traitors, villains!

First Citizen. O, most bloody sight!

Second Citizen. We will be revenged!

All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay! Let not a traitor live!

Antony. Stay, countrymen.

First Citizen. Peace there! Hear the noble Antony.

Second Citizen. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Antony. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honorable.
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is,
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.

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For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know,
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but, were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny.

First Citizen. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Citizen. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

Antony. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho! hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Antony. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?
Alas, you know not!—I must tell you, then.
You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true;—the will!—let's stay, and hear the will.

Antony. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

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Second Citizen. Most noble Cæsar!—we'll revenge his death.

Third Citizen. O, royal Cæsar!

Antony. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Antony. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbors, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever, common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

First Citizen. Never, never!—Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

Second Citizen. Go, fetch fire.

Third Citizen. Pluck down benches.

Fourth Citizen. Pluck down forms, windows, anything.

[*Exeunt Citizens with the body.*]

Antony. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!

Abridged.

The worth of a state, in the long run, is the worth of the individuals composing it.

John Stuart Mill.

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THE SIEGE OF LEYDEN

By John Lothrop Motley

Motley was born and educated in America, but spent much of his life abroad, partly in study and travel, partly as minister, first to Austria and later to Great Britain. History was the passion of his life, especially Dutch history. For a long time he lived in Leyden that he might become the more familiar with its story. [Born in 1814—died in 1877]

The prolonged resistance, in the sixteenth century, of the Dutch, to their Spanish enemies, forms one of the most heroic struggles in history. For eighty years, poor, brave, little Holland stood out against Spain, then the richest, strongest country in Europe. "It seemed," says William Elliot Griffis, "like a shepherd boy with sling and stones, going out to fight Goliath." Sixty Spanish forts surrounded the city of Leyden. Offers of pardons and rewards for those who would surrender were made by the King of Spain in vain. To keep up the courage of the people, the shrewd burgomaster caused bands of music to play in the streets. Finally the besieged inhabitants resorted to the desperate expedient of cutting their dikes in order that vessels sent to their rescue might reach them. "Better a drowned land than a lost land," they cried, and the saying has passed into a proverb. This siege is of peculiar interest to Americans, since, some years later, the Pilgrim fathers and their families who founded Massachusetts came to Leyden to take refuge from their persecutors in England. During the eleven years of their stay many a Pilgrim boy grew to manhood, thrilling with his Dutch playmates at the story of the old town's heroism, and doubtless being taken to the City Hall to see the stuffed pigeons that had carried precious messages during the siege. When the Pilgrims landed in the New World they did not forget their Dutch protectors, and the oldest street in New England (in Plymouth) and several churches, help keep alive the name of Leyden.

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The besieged city was at its last gasp. Bread, malt-cake, horse-flesh, had entirely disappeared; dogs, cats, rats, and other vermin, were esteemed luxuries. A small number of cows, kept as long as possible for their milk, still remained; but a few were killed from day to day and distributed in minute proportions, hardly sufficient to support life, among the famishing population. Starving wretches swarmed daily around the shambles where these cattle were slaughtered, contending for any morsel which might fall, and lapping eagerly the blood as it ran along the pavement; while the hides, chopped and boiled, were greedily devoured. Women and children, all day long, were seen searching gutters and dunghills for morsels of food, which they disputed fiercely with the famishing dogs. The green leaves were stripped from the trees, every living herb was converted into human food, but these expedients could not avert starvation. The daily mortality was frightful—infants starved to death; mothers dropped dead in the streets, with their dead children in their arms. In many a house the watchmen, in their rounds, found a whole family of corpses—father, mother, and children—side by side; for a disorder called the plague, naturally engendered of hardship and famine, now came, as if in kindness, to abridge the agony of the people. The pestilence stalked at noonday through the city, and the doomed inhabitants fell like grass beneath the scythe. From six thousand to eight thousand human

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beings sank before this scourge alone; yet the people resolutely held out—women and men mutually encouraging one another to resist the entrance of their foreign foe—an evil more horrible than pest or famine.

The missives from Valdez, who saw more vividly than the besieged could do the uncertainty of his own position, now poured daily into the city, the enemy becoming more prodigal of his vows as he felt that the ocean might yet save the victims from his grasp. The inhabitants, in their ignorance, had gradually abandoned all hope of relief, but they spurned the summons to surrender. Leyden was sublime in its despair. A few murmurs were, however, heard at the steadfastness of the magistrates, and a dead body was placed at the door of the burgomaster, as a silent witness against his inflexibility. A party of the more faint-hearted even assailed the heroic Adrian Van der Werf with threats and reproaches as he passed through the streets. A crowd had gathered around him as he reached a triangular place in the center of the town, into which many of the principal streets emptied themselves, and upon one side of which stood the church of St. Pancras, with its high brick tower surmounted by two pointed turrets, and with two ancient lime-trees at its entrance. There stood the burgomaster, a tall, haggard, imposing figure, with dark visage and a tranquil but commanding eye. He waved his broad-leafed felt-hat for silence, and then exclaimed, in language which has been

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almost literally preserved: "What would ye, my friends? Why do ye murmur that we do not break our vows and surrender the city to the Spaniards?—a fate more terrible than the agony which she now endures. I tell you I have made an oath to hold the city, and may God give me strength to keep my oath! I can die but once; whether by your hands, the enemy's, or by the hand of God. My own fate is indifferent to me; not so that of the city intrusted to my care. I know that we shall starve if not soon relieved, but starvation is preferable to the dishonored death which is the only alternative. Your menaces move me not; my life is at your disposal; here is my sword, plunge it into my breast, and divide my flesh among you. Take my body to appease your hunger, but expect no surrender so long as I remain alive."

The words of the stout burgomaster inspired a new courage in the hearts of those who heard him, and a shout of applause and defiance arose from the famishing but enthusiastic crowd. They left the place, after exchanging their vows of fidelity with their magistrate, and again ascended tower and battlement to watch for the coming fleet. From the ramparts they hurled renewed defiance at the enemy. "Ye call us rat-eaters and dog-eaters, and it is true. So long, then, as ye hear dog bark or cat mew within the walls ye may know that the city holds out."

On the twenty-eighth of September a dove flew into the city, bringing a letter from Admiral Boisot. In this dis-

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patch the position of the fleet at North Aa was described in encouraging terms, and the inhabitants were assured that, in a very few days at furthest, the long-expected relief would enter their gates. The letter was read publicly upon the market-place, and the bells were rung for joy. Nevertheless, on the morrow, the vanes pointed to the east, the waters, so far from rising, continued to sink, and Admiral Boisot was almost in despair. He wrote to the prince that if the spring tide, now to be expected, should not, together with a strong and favorable wind, come immediately to their rescue, it would be in vain to attempt anything further, and that the expedition would, of necessity, be abandoned. The tempest came to their relief. A violent equinoctial gale, on the night between the first and second of October, came storming from the northwest, shifting after a few hours fully eight points, and then blowing still more violently from the southwest. The waters of the North Sea were piled in vast masses upon the southern coast of Holland, and then dashed furiously landward, the ocean rising over the earth and sweeping with unrestrained power across the ruined dikes.

In the course of twenty-four hours the fleet at North Aa, instead of nine inches, had more than two feet of water. No time was lost. The Kirk-way, which had been broken through, according to the prince's instructions, was now completely overflowed, and the fleet sailed at midnight, in the midst of the storm and darkness. A few sentinel ves-

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sels of the enemy challenged them as they steadily rowed towards Zoeterwoude. The answer was a flash from Boisot's cannon, lighting up the black waste of waters. There was a fierce naval midnight battle—a strange spectacle among the branches of those quiet orchards, and with the chimney-stacks of half-submerged farm-houses rising around the contending vessels. The neighboring village of Zoeterwoude shook with the discharges of the Zealanders' cannon, and the Spaniards assembled in that fortress knew that the rebel admiral was at last afloat and on his course.

The enemy's vessels were soon sunk, their crews hurled into the waves. On went the fleet, sweeping over the broad waters which lay between Zoeterwoude and Zwieten. As they approached some shallows, which led into the great mere, the Zealanders dashed into the sea, and with sheer strength shouldered every vessel through. Two obstacles lay still in their path—the forts of Zoeterwoude and Lammen, distant from the city five hundred and two hundred and fifty yards respectively. Strong redoubts, both well supplied with troops and artillery, they were likely to give a rough reception to the light flotilla, but the panic, which had hitherto driven their foes before the advancing patriots, had reached Zoeterwoude. Hardly was the fleet in sight when the Spaniards, in the early morning, poured out from the fortress and fled precipitately to the left, along a road which lead in a westerly direction towards The Hague. Their narrow path was rapidly vanishing in the

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waves, and hundreds sank beneath the constantly deepening and treacherous flood. The wild Zealanders, too, sprang from their vessels upon the crumbling dike and drove their retreating foes into the sea. They hurled their harpoons at them with an accuracy acquired in many a polar chase; they plunged into the waves in keen pursuit, attacking them with boat-hook and dagger. The numbers who thus fell beneath these corsairs, who neither gave nor took quarter, were never counted, but probably not less than a thousand perished. The rest effected their escape to The Hague.

The first fortress was thus seized, dismantled, set on fire, and passed, and a few strokes of the oars brought the whole fleet close to Lammen. This last obstacle rose, formidable and frowning, directly across their path. Swarming as it was with soldiers, and bristling with artillery, it seemed to defy the armada either to carry it by storm or to pass under its guns into the city. It appeared that the enterprise was, after all, to founder within sight of the long expecting and expected haven. Boisot anchored his fleet within a respectful distance, and spent what remained of the day in carefully reconnoitering the fort, which seemed only too strong. In conjunction with Leyderdorp, the headquarters of Valdez, a mile and a half distant on the right, and within a mile of the city, it seemed so insuperable an impediment that Boisot wrote in despondent tone to the Prince of Orange. He an-

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nounced his intention of carrying the fort, if it were possible, on the following morning, but if obliged to retreat, he observed, with something like despair, that there would be nothing for it but to wait for another gale of wind. If the waters should rise sufficiently to enable them to make a wide detour, it might be possible, if, in the meantime, Leyden did not starve or surrender, to enter its gates from the opposite side.

Meantime, the citizens had grown wild with expectation. A dove had been dispatched by Boisot informing them of his precise position, and a number of citizens accompanied the burgomaster, at nightfall, towards the tower of Hengist. "Yonder," cried the magistrate—"yonder behind that fort, are bread and meat, and brethren in thousands. Shall all this be destroyed by the Spanish guns, or shall we rush to the rescue of our friends?" "We will tear the fortress to fragments with our teeth and nails," was the reply, "before the relief, so long expected, shall be wrested from us." It was resolved that a sortie, in conjunction with the operations of Boisot, should be made against Lammen with the earliest dawn. Night descended upon the scene, a pitch-dark night, full of anxiety to the Spaniards, to the armada, to Leyden. Strange sights and sounds occurred at different moments to bewilder the anxious sentinels. A long procession of lights issuing from the fort was seen to flit across the black face of the waters in the dead of night, and the whole of the

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city wall between Cow Gate and the Tower of Burgundy fell with a loud crash. The horror-struck citizens thought the Spaniards were upon them at last; the Spaniards imagined the noise to indicate a desperate sortie of the citizens. Everything was vague and mysterious.

Day dawned at length after the feverish night, and the admiral prepared for the assault. Within the fortress reigned a death-like stillness, which inspired a sickening suspicion. Had the city indeed been carried in the night; had the massacre already commenced; had all this labor and audacity been expended in vain? Suddenly a man was descried wading breast-high through the water from Lammen towards the fleet, while at the same time a solitary boy was seen to wave his cap from the summit of the fort. After a moment of doubt the happy mystery was solved. The Spaniards had fled, panic-struck, during the darkness. Their position would still have enabled them, with firmness, to frustrate the enterprise of the patriots, but the hand of God, which sent the ocean and the tempest to the deliverance of Leyden, had struck her enemies with terror likewise. The lights which had been seen moving during the night were the lanterns of the retreating Spaniards, and the boy, Gisbert Cornellisen, now waving his cap from the battlements, had alone witnessed the spectacle. So confident was he in the conclusion to which it lead him that he had volunteered at daybreak to go thither all alone. The magistrates, fearing a trap,

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hesitated for a moment to believe the truth, which soon, however, became quite evident. Valdez, himself flying from Leyderdorp, had ordered Colonel Borgia to retire with all his troops from Lammen. Thus, the Spaniards had retreated at the very moment that an extraordinary accident had laid bare a whole side of the city for their entrance. The noise of the wall, as it fell, only inspired them with fresh alarm, for they believed that the citizens had sallied forth in the darkness to aid the advancing flood in the work of destruction. All obstacles being now removed, the fleet of Boisot swept by Lammen and entered the city on the morning of the third of October. Leyden was relieved.

From "The Rise of the Dutch Republic." Abridged.

The word of the Lord by night
To the watching Pilgrims came,
As they sat by the seaside,
And filled their hearts with flame.

"My angel—his name is Freedom—
Choose him to be your king;
He shall cut pathways east and west,
And fend you with his wing."

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

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TO A SKYLARK

By Percy Bysshe Shelley

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from Heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

Abridged.

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THE LADY OF SHALOTT

By Alfred, Lord Tennyson

I

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And thro' the field the road runs by
To many-towered Camelot;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river
Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle embowers
The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veiled,
Slide the heavy barges trailed

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By slow horses; and unhailed
The shallop flitteth silken-sailed,
Skimming down to Camelot:
But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
Down to towered Camelot;
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers, "'Tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott."

II

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colors gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott.

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And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
Winding down to Camelot;
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-haired page in crimson clad
Goes by to towered Camelot;
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two
She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often thro' the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights
And music, went to Camelot;
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed:
"I am half sick of shadows," said
The Lady of Shalott.

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THE LADY OF SHALOTT

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III

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A red-cross knight for ever kneeled
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glittered free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily
As he rode down to Camelot;
And from his blazoned baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armor rung,
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jeweled shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather

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Burned like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot;
As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glowed;
On burnished hooves his war-horse trode;
From underneath his helmet flowed
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flashed into the crystal mirror,
"Tirra lirra," by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She looked down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror cracked from side to side;
"The curse is come upon me," cried
The Lady of Shalott.

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IV

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
Over towered Camelot;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse
Like some bold seer in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance—
With a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right—
The leaves upon her falling light—
Thro' the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot;

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And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darkened wholly,
Turned to towered Camelot.
For ere she reached upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
Silent, into Camelot.
Out upon the wharves they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
And in the lighted palace near

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Died the sound of royal cheer;
And they crossed themselves for fear,
All the knights at Camelot:
But Lancelot mused a little space;
He said, "She has a lovely face;
God in His mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott."

SPEECH BEFORE THE VIRGINIA CONVENTION

By Patrick Henry

It was this speech, delivered at Richmond, Virginia, 1775, that fired its hearers to pass Henry's resolution to put the colony "immediately . . . into a state of defense." The colonists had rebelled against unjust taxation, the Continental Congress had met the year before, and Patrick Henry saw that war with England was inevitable.

Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of the siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

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I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British Ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir, it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss.

Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation—the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British Ministry have been so long forging.

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And what have we to oppose them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer.

Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne!

In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be

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obtained—we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be next week, or next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs and hugging the delusive phantom of hope until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are

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forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, peace!—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle?

What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

When freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there:
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light.

From "The American Flag." By Joseph Rodman Drake.

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ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

By Thomas Gray

Gray wrote this poem, a classic, after many visits to the village of Stoke Poges, near London, where his mother lived, and whose church and green have many associations in English history. He taught in Cambridge University and was offered the poet laureateship but declined it. He was born in 1716 and died in 1771. His body is buried in Stoke Poges churchyard.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mold'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

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The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jócund did they drive their team a-field!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of death?

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Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton, here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty step the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn;

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

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"One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

'The next, with dirges due in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne:—
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown:
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to mis'ry (all he had) a tear,
He gained from Heav'n ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

Abridged.

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THE RHODORA

By Ralph Waldo Emerson

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black water with their beauty gay;
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being:
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew:
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
The selfsame Power that brought me there, brought you.

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DISSERTATION ON ROAST PIG

By Charles Lamb

If, as has been said, "To get oneself loved is the best way of being useful," Charles Lamb was one of the most useful of men.

Letters and memoirs of his time by the choicest, the wittiest, the wisest, brim with love for him and with delight in him. Hazlitt declared, "No one ever stammered out such fine, piquant, deep, eloquent things in half a dozen half sentences as he does." Yet Lamb was of humble birth (his father had been a servant); he was of frail health, infirm of speech, and never in worldly place but a poor clerk. He was quick, and early eager to learn, knowing his letters before he could speak. He was slight in frame, with sensitive, delicate features, eyes "brown and bright," and dark curling hair, almost black. Sweet and gentle and more than all, rare, was Charles Lamb, "a chance specimen in Chinese ware, one to the set, unique, quaint." His friendships with Coleridge and other literary men were the wine of his life. Though shy, he loved company, and much preferred London to the country. "The houses in streets are the places to live in" he believed. For almost forty years Lamb's life was clouded by the periodical insanity of his sister Mary to whom he tenderly devoted himself. Yet he was more often merry than sad; and always kind, alike to a poor man or a stray donkey. As critic, essayist and humorist, he holds a place peculiarly secure. With his sister he charmingly retold a number of the plays of Shakespeare for boys and girls. [Born in 1775—died in 1834]

Lamb's essays appeared under the pen name, Elia.

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Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his *Mundane Mutations*, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally, the Cook's Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother), was accidentally discovered in the manner following.

The swineherd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who, being fond of playing with fire, as youngsters of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which, kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion till it was reduced to ashes.

Together with the cottage—a sorry, antediluvian make-shift of a building, you may think it—what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-born pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East from the remotest periods we read of.

Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which

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his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labor of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils unlike any scent which he had before experienced.

What could it proceed from? Not from the burned cottage,—he had smelled that smell before,—indeed, this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think.

He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burned his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life, indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—*crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now; still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit.

The truth at length broke into his slow understanding that it was the pig that smelled so, and the pig that tasted so delicious. Surrendering himself up to the new-born

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pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was crámming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with a cudgel. Finding how affairs stood, he began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when something like the following dialogue ensued.

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burned down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be eating fire, and I know not what—what have you got there, I say?"

"O father, the pig, the pig! do come and taste how nice the burned pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that he should ever have a son that should eat burned pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig and, fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat the burned pig, father! only taste! O!" with such like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the

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abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretense, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious), both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had dispatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burned down more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent.

At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burned pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box.

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He handled it, and the jury all handled it. They all burned their fingers as Bo-bo had done before them, and nature prompted to each of them the same remedy. Against the face of all the facts,—to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present,—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a verdict of not guilty.

People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (burned as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it.

Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string or spit came in a century or two later; I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious, arts make their way among mankind.

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favor of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in Roast Pig.

From "Essays of Elia." Abridged.

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OPPORTUNITY

By Edward Rowland Sill

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:—
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel—
That blue blade that the king's son bears,—but this
Blunt thing—!" he snapped and flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away and left the field.
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

Valor consists in the power of self-recovery, so that a man can not have his flank turned, can not be outgeneraled, but put him where you will, he stands.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

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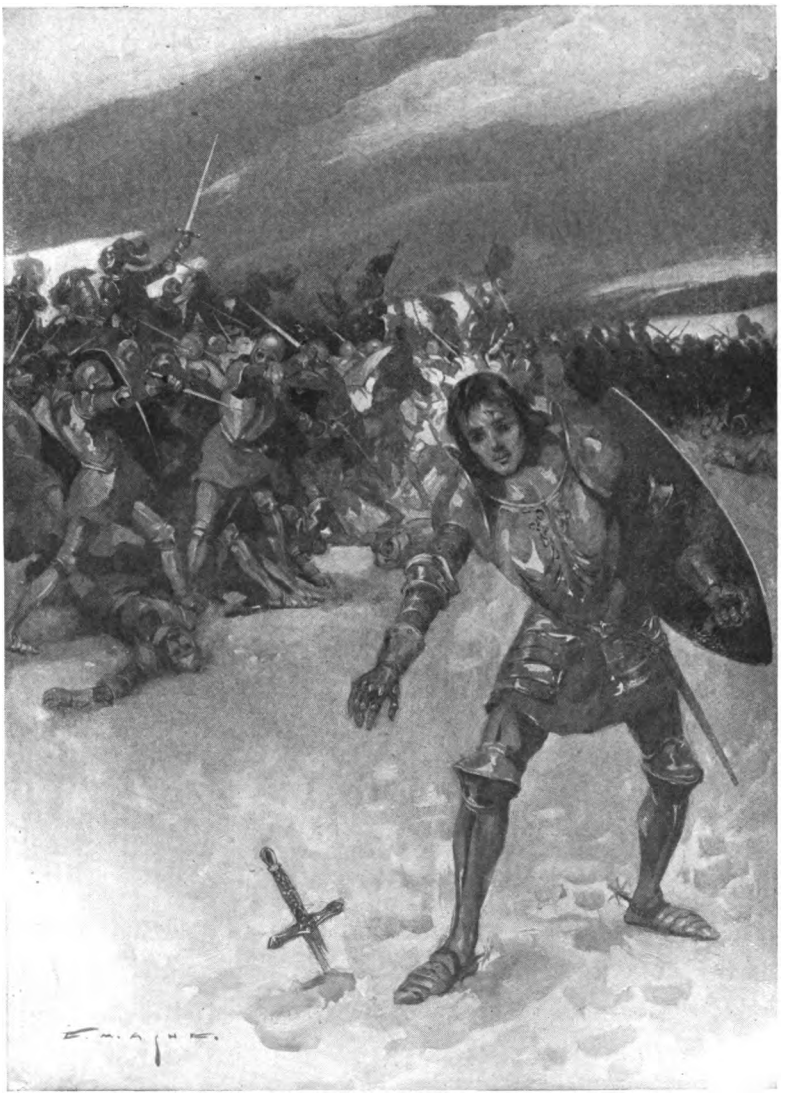

THEN CAME THE KING'S SON,—WEAPONLESS

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I CORINTHIANS XIII

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing. Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known. And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

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TO R. L. S.

By James M. Barrie

Robert Louis Stevenson was born in 1850 in Edinburgh, the son of a lighthouse engineer. Even as a small boy he was, he tells us, "always busy on my own private end, which was to learn to write. I kept always two books in my pocket, one to read and one to write in." When his stock of stories ran out he would visit the book-shops and, standing before the windows, piece out the tales from the open pages and pictures spread to view. Stevenson was educated at Edinburgh University and was admitted to the bar, but chose to practise literature rather than law. From 1889 until his death in 1894 he lived in Samoa. In view of his almost continuous ill health, compelling him often to keep his bed, the quality and amount of his achievement is heroic. He greatly loved children and one of his most charming books is *A Child's Garden of Verse*. His essays and novels will live long in English Literature. Barrie, his friend and admirer, is another well known Scotch writer.

These familiar initials are, I suppose, the best beloved in recent literature, certainly they are the sweetest to me, but there was a time when my mother could not abide them. She said "That Stevenson man" with a sneer, and it was never easy to her to sneer. At thought of him her face would become almost hard, which seems incredible, and she would knit her lips and fold her arms, and reply with a stiff "oh" if you mentioned his aggravating name. In the novels we have a way of writing of our heroines, "she drew herself up haughtily," and when mine

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draw themselves up haughtily I see my mother thinking of Robert Louis Stevenson. He knew her opinion of him, and would write, "My ears tingled yesterday; I sair doubt she has been miscalling me again." But the more she miscalled him the more he delighted in her, and she was

Robert Louis Stevenson

informed of this, and at once said, "The scoundrel!" If you would know what was his unpardonable crime, it was this, he wrote better books than mine.

I remember the day she found it out, which was not, however, the day she admitted it. That day, when I should have been at my work, she came upon me in the kitchen, *The Master of Ballantrae* beside me, but I was not reading: my head lay heavy on the table and to her

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anxious eyes, I doubt not, I was the picture of woe. "Not writing!" I echoed; no, I was not writing, I saw no use in ever trying to write again. And down, I suppose, went my head once more. She misunderstood, and thought the blow had fallen; I had awakened to the discovery, always dreaded by her, that I had written myself dry; I was no better than an empty ink-bottle. She wrung her hands, but indignation came to her with my explanation, which was that while R. L. S. was at it, we others were only 'prentices cutting our fingers on his tools. "I could never thole his books," said my mother immediately, and indeed vindictively.

"You have not read any of them," I reminded her.

"And never will," said she with spirit.

And I have no doubt that she called him a dark character that very day. For weeks, too, if not for months, she adhered to her determination not to read him, though I, having come to my senses and seen that there is a place for the 'prentice, was taking a pleasure, almost malicious, in putting *The Master of Ballantrae* in her way. I would place it on her table so that it said good morning to her when she rose. She would frown, and, carrying it downstairs, as if she had it in the tongs, replace it on its book shelf. I would wrap it up in the cover she had made for the latest Carlyle: she would skin it contemptuously and again bring it down. I would hide her spectacles in it, and lay it on top of the clothes-basket, and prop it up

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invitingly open against her tea-pot. And at last I got her, though I forget by which of many contrivances. What I recall vividly is a key-hole view, to which another member of the family invited me. Then I saw my mother wrapped up in *The Master of Ballantrae* and muttering the music to herself, nodding her head in approval, and taking a stealthy glance at the foot of each page before she began at the top. Nevertheless she had an ear for the door, for when I bounced in she had been too clever for me; there was no book to be seen, only an apron on her lap, and she was gazing out at the window. Some such conversation as this followed:

"You have been sitting very quietly, mother."

"I always sit quietly, I never do anything, I'm just a finished stocking."

"Have you been reading?"

"Do I ever read at this time of day?"

"What is that in your lap?"

"Just my apron."

"Is that a book beneath the apron?"

"It might be a book."

"Let me see."

"Go away with you to work."

But I lifted the apron. "Why, it's *The Master of Ballantrae!*" I exclaimed, shocked.

"So it is!" said my mother, equally surprised. But I looked sternly at her, and perhaps she blushed.

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"Well, what do you think: not nearly equal to mine?" said I, with humor.

"Nothing like them," she said determinedly.

"Not a bit," said I, though whether with a smile or a groan is immaterial; they would have meant the same thing. Should I put the book back on its shelf? I asked, and she replied that I could put it wherever I liked for all she cared, so long as I took it out of her sight (the implication was that it had stolen on to her lap while she was looking out at the window). My behavior may seem small, but I gave her a last chance, for I said that some people found it a book there was no putting down until they reached the last page.

"I'm not that kind," replied my mother.

Nevertheless our game with the haver of a thing, as she called it, was continued, with this difference, that it was now she who carried the book covertly up-stairs, and I who replaced it on the shelf, and several times we caught each other in the act, but not a word was said by either of us; we were grown self-conscious. Much of the play no doubt I forget, but one incident I remember clearly. She had come down to sit beside me while I wrote, and sometimes, when I looked up, her eye was not on me, but on the shelf where *The Master of Ballantrae* stood inviting her. Mr. Stevenson's books are not for the shelf, they are for the hand; even when you lay them down, let it be on the table for the next comer. Being the most sociable that man

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has penned in our time, they feel very lonely up there in a stately row. I think their eye is on you the moment you enter the room, and so you are drawn to look at them, and you take a volume down with the impulse that induces one to unchain the dog. And the result is not dissimilar, for in another moment you two are at play. Is there any other modern writer who gets round you in this way? Well, he had given my mother the look which in the ball-room means, "Ask me for this waltz," and she ettled to do it, but felt that her more dutiful course was to sit out the dance with this other less entertaining partner.

They whispered so low that I could catch only one remark. It came from James, and seems to show the tenor of their whisperings, for his words were, "Easily enough, if you slip me beneath your shawl."

That is what she did, and furthermore she left the room guiltily, muttering something about redding up the drawers. I suppose I smiled wanly to myself, or conscience must have been nibbling at my mother, for in less than five minutes she was back, carrying her accomplice openly, and she thrust him with positive viciousness into the place where my Stevenson had lost a tooth (as the writer whom he most resembled would have said). And then like a good mother she took up one of her son's books and read it most determinedly. It had become a touching incident to me, and I remember how we there and then agreed

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upon a compromise: she was to read the enticing thing just to convince herself of its inferiority.

The Master of Ballantrae is not the best. Conceive the glory, which was my mother's, of knowing from a trustworthy source that there are at least three better awaiting you on the same shelf. She did not know Alan Breck yet, and he was as anxious to step down as Mr. Bally himself. John Silver was there, getting into his leg, so that she should not have to wait a moment, and roaring, "I'll lay to that!" when she told me consolingly that she could not thole pirate stories. Not to know these gentlemen, what is it like? It is like never having been in love. But they are in the house! That is like knowing that you will fall in love to-morrow morning. With one word, by drawing one mournful face, I could have got my mother to abjure the jam-shelf—nay, I might have managed it by merely saying that she had enjoyed *The Master of Ballantrae*. For you must remember that she only read to persuade herself (and me) of its unworthiness, and that the reason she wanted to read the others was to get further proof.

All this she made plain to me, eying me a little anxiously the while, and of course I accepted the explanation. How enamored she was of *Treasure Island* and how faithful she tried to be to me all the time she was reading it! I had to put my hands over her eyes to let her know that I had entered the room, and even then she

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might try to read between my fingers, coming to herself presently, however, to say, "It's a haver of a book."

"Those pirate stories are so uninteresting," I would reply without fear, for she was too engrossed to see through me. "Do you think you will finish this one?"

"I may as well go on with it since I have begun it," my mother says, so slyly that my sister and I shake our heads at each other to imply, "Was there ever such a woman!"

"There are none of those one-legged scoundrels in my books," I say.

"Better without them," she replies promptly.

"I wonder, mother, what it is about the man that so infatuates the public?"

"He takes no hold of me," she insists. "I would a hantle rather read your books."

I offer obligingly to bring one of them to her, and now she looks at me suspiciously. "You surely believe I like yours best," she says with instant anxiety, and I soothe her by assurances, and retire advising her to read on, just to see if she can find out how he misleads the public. "Oh, I may take a look at it again by and by," she says indifferently, but nevertheless the probability is that as the door shuts the book opens, as if by some mechanical contrivance.

I remember how she read *Treasure Island*, holding it close to the ribs of the fire (because she could not spare a moment to rise and light the gas), and how when bed-

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time came, and we coaxed, remonstrated, scolded, she said quite fiercely, clinging to the book, "I dinna lay my head on a pillow this night till I see how that laddie got out of the barrel."

After this, I think, he was as bewitching as the laddie in the barrel to her—Was he not always a laddie in the barrel himself, climbing in for apples while we all stood around, like gamin, looking for a bite? He was the spirit of boyhood tugging at the skirts of this old world of ours and compelling it to come back and play.

And I suppose my mother felt this, as so many have felt it: like others she was a little scared at first to find herself skipping again, with this masterful child at the rope, but soon she gave him her hand and set off with him for the meadow, not an apology between the two of them for the author left behind.

But never to the end did she admit (in words) that he had a way with him which was beyond her son. "Silk and sacking, that is what we are," she was informed, to which she would reply obstinately, "Well, then, I prefer sacking."

"But if he had been your son?"

"But he is not."

"You wish he were?"

"I dinna deny but what I could have found room for him."

From "Margaret Ogilvy." Abridged.

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THE PRIMROSE WAY

By Robert Louis Stevenson

Somewhere on the sunny hill,
Or along the winding stream,
Through the willows, flits a dream;
Flits, but shows a smiling face,
Flees, but with so quaint a grace,
None can choose to stay at home.
All must follow, all must roam.

This is unborn beauty: she
Now in air floats high and free,
Takes the sun and breaks the blue;—
Late with stooping pinion flew,
Raking hedgerow trees, and wet
Her wing in silver streams, and set
Shining foot on temple roof:
Now again she flies aloof,
Coasting mountain clouds and kissed
By the evening's amethyst.
Where hath fleeting beauty led?
To the doorway of the dead.
Life is over, life was gay:
We have come the primrose way.

Abridged.

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ON PAROLE

By Robert Louis Stevenson

Treasure Island, from which this chapter is taken, is one of the most delightful adventure romances ever written. Jim Hawkins, its hero, an English boy, learns of the existence of a large treasure on a lonely island, and accompanies an expedition fitted out by the Squire of his home town to search for it. Old Silver, engaged as cook, turns traitor and joins a mutiny among the crew, who are determined to find the treasure for themselves. At the point at which the selection begins, the adventurers are already on the island.

I was wakened—indeed, we were all wakened, for I could see even the sentinel shake himself together from where he had fallen against the door-post—by a clear, hearty voice hailing us from the margin of the wood:—

"Blockhouse, ahoy!" it cried. "Here's the doctor."

And the doctor it was. Although I was glad to hear the sound, yet my gladness was not without admixture. I remembered with confusion my insubordinate and stealthy conduct; and when I saw where it had brought me—among what companions and surrounded by what dangers—I felt ashamed to look him in the face.

He must have risen in the dark, for the day had hardly come; and when I ran to a loophole and looked out, I saw him standing, like Silver once before, up to the mid-leg in creeping vapor.

"You, Doctor! Top o' the morning to you, sir!" cried

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Silver, broad awake and beaming with good nature in a moment. "Bright and early, to be sure; and it's the early bird, as the saying goes, that gets the rations. George, shake up your timbers, son, and help Doctor Livesey over the ship's side. All doing well, your patients are—all well and merry."

So he pattered on, standing on the hill-top, with his crutch under his elbow, and one hand upon the side of the log house—quite the old John in voice, manner, and expression.

"We've quite a surprise for you, too, sir," he continued. "We've a little stranger here—he! he! A new boarder and lodger, sir, and looking fit and taut as a fiddle; slept like a supercargo, he did, right along side of John—stem to stem we were, all night."

Doctor Livesey was by this time across the stockade and pretty near the cook; and I could hear the alteration in his voice as he said—

"Not Jim?"

"The very same Jim as ever was," says Silver.

The doctor stopped outright, although he did not speak, and it was some seconds before he seemed able to move on.

"Well, well," he said, at last, "duty first and pleasure afterwards, as you might have said yourself, Silver. Let us overhaul these patients of yours."

A moment afterwards he had entered the blockhouse,

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and, with one grim nod to me, proceeded with his work among the sick. He seemed under no apprehension, though he must have known that his life among these treacherous demons depended on a hair: and he rattled on to his patients as if he were paying an ordinary professional visit in a quiet English family. His manner, I suppose, reacted on the men; for they behaved to him as if nothing had occurred—as if he were still ship's doctor, and they still faithful hands before the mast.

"You're doing well, my friend," he said to the fellow with the bandaged head, "and if ever any person had a close shave, it was you; your head must be as hard as iron. Well, George, how goes it? You're a pretty color, certainly: why, your liver, man, is upside down. Did you take that medicine? Did he take that medicine, men?"

"Ay, ay, sir, he took it sure enough," returned Morgan.

"Because, you see, since I am mutineers' doctor, or prison doctor, as I prefer to call it," says Doctor Livesey, in his pleasant way, "I make it a point of honor not to lose a man for King George (God bless him!) and the gallows."

The rogues looked at each other, but swallowed the home-thrust in silence.

"Dick doesn't feel well, sir," said one.

"Doesn't he?" replied the doctor. "Well, step up here, Dick, and let me see your tongue. No, I should be surprised if he did! the man's tongue is fit to frighten the French. Another fever."

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"Ah, there," said Morgan, "that comes of spoiling Bibles."

"That comes, as you call it," retorted the doctor, "of not having sense enough to know honest air from poison, and the dry land from a vile, pestiferous slough. I think it most probable—though of course, it's only an opinion—that you'll all have the deuce to pay before you get that malaria out of your systems. Camp in a bog, would you? Silver, I'm surprised at you. You're less of a fool than many, take you all around; but you don't appear to me to have the rudiments of a notion of the rules of health."

"Well," he added, after he had dosed them round, and they had taken his prescriptions, with really laughable humility, more like charity school-children than blood-guilty mutineers and pirates—"well, that's done for to-day. And now, I should wish to have a talk with that boy, please."

And he nodded his head in my direction carelessly.

George Merry was at the door, spitting and spluttering over some bad-tasted medicine: but at the first word of the doctor's proposal he swung round with a deep flush, and cried, "No!" and swore.

Silver struck the barrel with his open hand.

"Si-lence!" he roared, and looked about him positively like a lion. "Doctor," he went on, in his usual tones, "I was a-thinking of that, knowing as how you had a fancy for the boy. We're all humbly grateful for your kindness,

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and, as you see, put faith in you, and take the drugs down like that much grog. And I take it I've found a way as'll suit all. Hawkins, will you give me your word of honor as a young gentleman—for a young gentleman you are, although poor born—your word of honor not to slip your cable?"

I readily gave the pledge required.

"Then, Doctor," said Silver, "you just step outside o' the stockade, and once you're there, I'll bring the boy down on the inside, and I reckon you can yarn through the spars. Good day to you, sir, and all our duties to the squire and Cap'n Smollett."

The explosion of disapproval, which nothing but Silver's black looks had restrained, broke out immediately the doctor had left the house. Silver was roundly accused of playing double—of trying to make a separate peace for himself—of sacrificing the interests of his accomplices and victims; and, in one word, of the identical, exact thing that he was doing. It seemed to me so obvious, in this case, that I could not imagine how he was to turn their anger. But he was twice the man the rest were; and his last night's victory had given him a huge preponderance on their minds. He called them all the fools and dolts you can imagine, said it was necessary I should talk to the doctor, fluttered the chart in their faces, asked them if they could afford to break the treaty the very day they were bound a-treasure-hunting.

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"No!" he cried, "we must break the treaty when the time comes; and till then I'll gammon that doctor, if I have to oil his boots with brandy."

And then he bade them get the fire lit, and stalked out upon his crutch, with his hand on my shoulder, leaving them in a disarray, and silenced by his volubility rather than convinced.

"Slow, lad, slow," he said. "They might round upon us in a twinkle of an eye, if we were seen to hurry."

Very deliberately, then, did we advance across the sand to where the doctor awaited us on the other side of the stockade, and as soon as we were within easy speaking distance, Silver stopped.

"You'll make a note of this, also, Doctor," says he, "and the boy'll tell you how I saved his life, and was deposed for it, too, and you may lay to that. Doctor, when a man's steering as near the wind as me—playing chuck-farthing with the last breath in his body, like—you wouldn't think it too much, mayhap, to give him one good word? You'll please bear in mind it's not my life only now—it's that boy's into the bargain; and you'll speak me fair, Doctor, and give me a bit o' hope to go on, for the sake of mercy?"

Silver was a changed man, once he was out there and had his back to his friends and the blockhouse; his cheeks seemed to have fallen in, his voice trembled; never was a soul more dead in earnest.

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"Why, John, you're not afraid?" asked Doctor Livesey.

"Doctor, I'm no coward; no, not I—not so much!" and he snapped his fingers. "If I was I wouldn't say it. But I'll own up fairly, I've the shakes upon me for the gallows. You're a good man and a true; I never saw a better man! And you'll forget the bad, I know. And I step aside—see here—and leave you and Jim alone. And you'll put that down for me, too, for it's a long stretch, is that!"

So saying, he stepped back a little way, till he was out of earshot, and there sat down upon a tree-stump and began to whistle; spinning round now and again upon his seat so as to command a sight, sometimes of me and the doctor, and sometimes of his unruly ruffians as they went to and fro in the sand, between the fire—which they were busy rekindling—and the house, from which they brought forth pork and bread to make the breakfast.

"So, Jim," said the doctor sadly, "here you are. As you have brewed, so shall you drink, my boy. Heaven knows, I can not find it in my heart to blame you; but this much I will say, be it kind or unkind: when Captain Smollett was well, you dared not have gone off, and when he was ill, and couldn't help it, it was downright cowardly!"

I will own that I here began to weep.

"Doctor," I said, "you might spare me. I have blamed myself enough; my life's forfeit anyway, and I should have been dead by now, if Silver hadn't stood for me;

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and, Doctor, believe this, I can die—and I dare say I deserve it—but what I fear is torture. If they come to torture me—"

"Jim," the doctor interrupted, and his voice was quite changed, "Jim, I can't have this. Whip over, and we'll run for it."

"Doctor," said I, "I passed my word."

"I know, I know," he cried. "We can't help that, Jim, now. I'll take it on my shoulders, holus bolus, blame and shame, my boy; but stay here, I can not let you. Jump! One jump, and you're out, and we'll run for it like antelopes."

"No," I replied, "you know right well you wouldn't do the thing yourself; neither you, nor squire, nor captain; and no more will I. Silver trusted me; I passed my word, and back I go. But, Doctor, you did not let me finish. If they come to torture me, I might let slip a word of where the ship is; for I got the ship, partly by luck and partly by risking, and she lies in North Inlet, on the southern beach, and just below high water. At half tide she must be high and dry."

"The ship!" exclaimed the doctor.

Rapidly I described to him my adventures, and he heard me out in silence.

"There is a kind of fate in this," he observed, when I had done. "Every step, it's you that saves our lives; and do you suppose by any chance that we are going to let you

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lose yours? That would be a poor return, my boy. You found out the plot; you found Ben Gunn—the best deed that ever you did, or will do, though you live to ninety. Oh, talking of Ben Gunn! why, this is the mischief in person. Silver!" he cried, "Silver!—I'll give you a piece of advice," he continued, as the cook drew near again, "don't you be in any great hurry after that treasure."

"Why, sir, I do my possible, which that isn't," said Silver. "I can only, asking your pardon, save my life and the boy's by seeking for that treasure; and you may lay to that."

"Well, Silver," replied the doctor, "if that is so, I'll go one step further: look out for squalls when you find it."

"Sir," said Silver, "as between man and man, that's too much and too little. What you're after, why you left the blockhouse, why you gave me that chart, I don't know, now, do I? and yet I did your bidding with my eyes shut and never a word of hope! But no, this is too much. If you won't tell me what you mean plain out, just say so, and I'll leave the helm."

"No," said the Doctor musingly, "I've no right to say more; it's not my secret, you see, Silver, or, I give you my word, I'd tell it you. But I'll go as far with you as I dare go, and a step beyond; for I'll have my wig sorted by the captain or I'm mistaken! And, first I'll give you a bit of hope: Silver, if we both get alive out of

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this wolf-trap, I'll do my best to save you, short of perjury."

Silver's face was radiant. "You couldn't say more, I'm sure, sir, not if you were my mother," he cried.

"Well, that's my first concession," added the doctor. "My second is a piece of advice: Keep the boy close beside you, and when you need help, halloo. I'm off to seek it for you, and that itself will show you if I speak at random. Good-by, Jim."

And Doctor Livesey shook hands with me through the stockade, nodded to Silver, and set off at a brisk pace into the wood.

From "Treasure Island." Adapted.

For still the Lord is Lord of might;
In deeds, in deeds, He takes delight;
The plow, the spear, the laden barks,
The field, the founded city, marks;
He marks the smiler of the streets,
The singer upon garden seats;
He sees the climber in the rocks;
To Him, the shepherd folds his flocks.
For those He loves that underprop
With daily virtues Heaven's top.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

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A DAY IN JUNE

By James Russell Lowell

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
Now is the high-tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it.

From "The Vision of Sir Launfal." ***Abridged.***

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THE GREAT STONE FACE

By Nathaniel Hawthorne

Henry James calls Hawthorne "a delicate, dusky flower" who "sprouted and bloomed" in a crevice of New England granite. The

bells of Independence Day were ringing when, in 1804, Hawthorne was born in the old seaport of Salem, Massachusetts. The Hawthornes were of unbroken Puritan stock. They had gone to meeting, followed the sea and burned witches all with equally good conscience, and it is no wonder that in the pages of their descendant, to whom their qualities filtered, "the cold bright air of New England seems to blow." As a boy Hawthorne was seldom with any companion, not even his sisters. Abnormally shy, he liked better than anything else long walks in the woods alone, unless it was to read poetry and *The Pilgrim's Progress*. His mother was poor, lived apart for days even from her family, and Hawthorne's life at this time seems dreary and narrow. Bowdoin College, where he went as a young man, offered wider opportunity both in books, and in friendships with Longfellow and Franklin Pierce, afterward president of the United States, who were his classmates. He deliberately devoted himself to literature. All day long he weighed coal at the Salem custom-house, but his imagination was busy at its "game of hide-and-seek," and even the dingy custom-house office with its pine desk and three-legged stool found place in a famous essay. When Hawthorne went to call on Miss Peabody, who became his wife, he was "a splendidly handsome youth, tall and strong." With the publication of *The Scarlet Letter*

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in 1850 his place in American literature was fixed. In 1853 he left his home in the Old Manse in Concord to become consul to Liverpool. His inherited shyness never deserted him, but the few who successfully "carried his fort of bashfulness" were rewarded by the gentlest and most beautiful friendship. He died in 1864.

One afternoon when the sun was going down, a mother and her little boy Ernest sat at the door of their cottage, talking about the Great Stone Face. They had but to lift their eyes, and there it was plainly to be seen, though miles away, with the sunshine brightening all its features.

And what was the Great Stone Face? The Great Stone Face was a work of Nature in her mood of majestic playfulness, formed on the perpendicular side of a mountain by some immense rocks, which had been thrown together in such a position as, when viewed at a proper distance, precisely to resemble the features of the human countenance. It seemed as if an enormous giant, or a Titan, had sculptured his own likeness on the precipice. There was the broad arch of the forehead, a hundred feet in height; the nose with its long bridge; and the vast lips, which, if they could have spoken, would have rolled their thunder accents from one end of the valley to the other.

"Mother," said Ernest, while the Titanic visage smiled on him, "I wish that it could speak, for it looks so very kindly that its voice must needs be pleasant. If I were to see a man with such a face, I should love him dearly."

"If an old prophecy should come to pass," answered his

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mother, "we may see a man, some time or other, with exactly such a face as that."

The prophecy said that at some future day a child should be born hereabout who was destined to become the greatest and noblest man of his time, and whose countenance, in manhood, should bear an exact resemblance to the Great Stone Face.

"O mother, dear mother!" cried Ernest, clapping his hands above his head, "I do hope that I shall live to see him!"

Ernest never forgot the story that his mother told him. It was always in his mind whenever he looked upon the Great Stone Face. He spent his childhood in the log cottage where he was born, and was dutiful to his mother, and helpful to her in many things, assisting her much with his little hands, and more with his loving heart. In this manner, from a happy yet thoughtful child, he grew to be a mild, quiet, modest boy, sun-browned with labor in the fields, but with more intelligence in his face than is seen in many lads who have been taught at famous schools. Yet Ernest had had no teacher, save only that the Great Stone Face became one to him. When the toil of the day was over, he would gaze at it for hours, until he began to imagine that those vast features recognized him, and gave him a smile of kindness and encouragement in response to his own look of veneration.

About this time, there went a rumor throughout the

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valley that the great man, foretold from ages long ago, who was to bear a resemblance to the Great Stone Face, had appeared at last. It seems that, many years before, a young man had left the valley and settled at a distant seaport, where, after getting together a little money, he had set up as a shopkeeper. His name—but I could never learn whether it was his real one, or a nickname that had grown out of his habits and success in life—was Gathergold.

It might be said of him, as of Midas in the fable, that whatever he touched with his finger immediately glistened, and grew yellow, and was changed at once into coin. And when Mr. Gathergold had become so rich that it would have taken him a hundred years only to count his wealth, he bethought himself of his native valley, and resolved to go back thither, and end his days where he was born. With this purpose in view, he sent a skilful architect to build him such a palace as should be fit for a man of his vast wealth to live in.

In due time, the mansion was finished; next came the upholsterers, with magnificent furniture; then, a whole troop of black and white servants, the harbingers of Mr. Gathergold, who, in his own majestic person, was expected to arrive at sunset. Our friend Ernest, meanwhile, had been deeply stirred by the idea that the great man, the noble man, the man of prophecy, after so many ages of delay, was at length to be made manifest to his native valley.

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"Here he comes!" cried a group of people who were assembled to witness the arrival. "Here comes the great Mr. Gathergold!"

A carriage, drawn by four horses, dashed round the turn of the road. Within it, thrust partly out of the window, appeared the face of a little old man, with a skin as yellow as gold. He had a low forehead, small, sharp eyes, puckered about with innumerable wrinkles, and very thin lips,

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which he made still thinner by pressing them forcibly together.

"The very image of the Great Stone Face!" shouted the people. "Sure enough, the old prophecy is true; and the great man has come at last!"

And, what greatly perplexed Ernest, they seemed actually to believe that here was the likeness which they spoke of. By the roadside there chanced to be an old beggar woman and two little beggar children, stragglers from some far-off region, who, as the carriage rolled onward, held out their hands and lifted up their doleful voices, most piteously beseeching charity. A yellow claw —the very same that had clawed together so much wealth —poked itself out of the coach window, and dropped some copper coins upon the ground; so that, though the great man's name seems to have been Gathergold, he might just as suitably have been nicknamed Scattercopper.

Ernest turned sadly from the wrinkled shrewdness of that visage and gazed up the valley, where, amid a gathering mist, gilded by the last sunbeams, he could still distinguish those glorious features which had impressed themselves into his soul. Their aspect cheered him. What did the benign lips seem to say?

"He will come! Fear not, Ernest; the man will come!"

The years went on, and Ernest ceased to be a boy. He had grown to be a young man now. He attracted little notice from the other inhabitants of the valley, for they

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saw nothing remarkable in his way of life, save that, when the labor of the day was over, he still loved to go apart, and gaze and meditate upon the Great Stone Face. According to their idea of the matter, however, it was a pardonable folly, for Ernest was industrious, kind and neighborly, and neglected no duty for the sake of this idle habit.

By this time poor Mr. Gathergold was dead and buried; and the oddest part of the matter was that his wealth, which was the body and spirit of his existence, had disappeared before his death, leaving nothing of him but a living skeleton covered over with a wrinkled, yellow skin. Since the melting away of his gold, it had been very generally allowed that there was no such striking resemblance, after all, betwixt the ignoble features of the ruined merchant and that majestic face upon the mountain side.

It so happened that a native-born son of the valley, many years before, had enlisted as a soldier, and, after a great deal of hard fighting, had now become an illustrious commander. Whatever he may be called in history, he was known in camps and on the battle-field under the nickname of Old Blood-and-Thunder. This war-worn veteran being now infirm with age and wounds, and weary of the turmoil of a military life, and of the roll of the drum and the clangor of the trumpet, that had so long been ringing in his ears, had lately signified a purpose of returning to his native valley, hoping to find repose where he remembered to have

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left it. The inhabitants, his old neighbors and their grown-up children, were resolved to welcome the renowned warrior with a salute of cannon and a public dinner; and all the more enthusiastically, it being affirmed that now, at last, the likeness of the Great Stone Face had actually appeared.

On the day of the festival, Ernest, and all the other people of the valley, left their work and proceeded to the spot where a banquet was prepared.

Our friend Ernest raised himself on his tiptoes, in hopes to get a glimpse of the celebrated guest. Meantime, he could overhear the remarks of various individuals who were comparing the features of the hero with the face on the distant mountain side.

"'Tis the same face, to a hair!" cried one man, cutting a caper for joy.

"Wonderfully like, that's a fact!" responded another.

Ernest beheld a war-worn and weather-beaten countenance, full of energy, and expressive of an iron will; but the gentle wisdom, the deep, broad, tender sympathies, were altogether wanting in Old Blood-and-Thunder's visage.

"This is not the man of prophecy," sighed Ernest to himself, as he made his way out of the throng. "And must the world wait longer yet?"

"Fear not, Ernest," said his heart, even as if the Great Face were whispering to him—"Fear not, Ernest."

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More years sped swiftly and tranquilly away. Ernest still dwelt in his native valley, and was now a man of middle age. By slow degrees he had become known among the people. Now, as heretofore, he labored for his bread, and was the same simple-hearted man that he had always been. He never stepped aside from his own path, yet would always reach a blessing to his neighbor.

When the people's minds had had a little time to cool, they were ready enough to acknowledge their mistake in imagining a similarity between General Blood-and-Thunder and the benign visage on the mountain side. But now, again, there were reports and many paragraphs in the newspapers, affirming that the likeness of the Great Stone Face had appeared upon the broad shoulders of a certain eminent statesman. He, like Mr. Gathergold and Old Blood-and-Thunder, was a native of the valley, but had left it in his early days, and taken up the trades of law and politics:

Before this time—indeed, as soon as he began to grow celebrated—his admirers had found out the resemblance between him and the Great Stone Face; and so much were they struck by it, that throughout the country this distinguished gentleman was known by the name of Old Stony Phiz.

While his friends were doing their best to make him president, Old Stony Phiz, as he was called, set out on a visit to the valley where he was born. Magnificent prep-

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arations were made to receive the illustrious statesman; a cavalcade of horsemen set forth to meet him at the boundary line of the state, and all the people left their business and gathered along the wayside to see him pass.

The cavalcade came prancing along the road, with a great clattering of hoofs and a mighty cloud of dust.

"Confess it," said one of Ernest's neighbors to him, "the Great Stone Face has met its match at last!"

Now, it must be owned that, at his first glimpse of the countenance which was bowing and smiling from the barouche, Ernest did fancy that there was a resemblance between it and the old familiar face upon the mountain side. The brow, with its massive depth and loftiness, and all the other features, indeed, were bold and strong. But the grand expression of a divine sympathy that illuminated the mountain visage might here be sought in vain.

Ernest turned away, melancholy, and almost despondent: for this was the saddest of his disappointments, to behold a man who might have fulfilled the prophecy, and had not willed to do so. Meantime, the cavalcade, the banners, the music, and the barouches swept past him, with the shouting crowd in the rear, leaving the dust to settle down, and the Great Stone Face to be revealed again, with the grandeur that it had worn for untold centuries.

"Lo, here I am, Ernest!" the benign lips seemed to say. "I have waited longer than thou, and am not yet weary. Fear not; the man will come."

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The years hurried onward, treading in their haste on one another's heels. And now they began to bring white hairs and scatter them over the head of Ernest; they made wrinkles across his forehead and furrows in his cheeks. He was an aged man. But not in vain had he grown old; more than the white hairs on his head were the wise thoughts in his mind. And Ernest had ceased to be obscure. Unsought for, undesired, had come the fame which so many seek, and made him known in the great world, beyond the limits of the valley in which he had dwelt so quietly.

While Ernest had been growing up and growing old, a bountiful Providence had granted a new poet to this earth. He, likewise, was a native of the valley, but had spent the greater part of his life at a distance from that romantic region, pouring out his sweet music amid the bustle and din of cities.

The songs of this poet found their way to Ernest. He read them after his customary toil, seated on the bench before his cottage-door, where for such a length of time he had filled his repose with thought, by gazing at the Great Stone Face.

"O majestic friend," he murmured, addressing the Great Stone Face, "is not this man worthy to resemble thee?"

The Face seemed to smile, but answered not a word.

Now it happened that the poet, though he dwelt so far away, had not only heard of Ernest, but had meditated

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much upon his character, until he deemed nothing so desirable as to meet this man whose untaught wisdom walked hand in hand with the noble simplicity of his life. One summer morning, therefore, he took passage by the railroad, and, in the decline of the afternoon, alighted from the cars at no great distance from Ernest's cottage.

Approaching the door, he there found the good old man, holding a volume in his hand, which he read, and then, with a finger between the leaves, looked lovingly at the Great Stone Face.

"Good evening," said the poet. "Can you give a traveler a night's lodging?"

"Willingly," answered Ernest. And then he added, smiling, "Methinks I never saw the Great Stone Face look so hospitably at a stranger."

At the hour of sunset, as had long been his frequent custom, Ernest was to speak to an assemblage of the neighboring inhabitants in the open air. He and the poet, arm in arm, still talking together as they went along, proceeded to the spot.

It was a small nook among the hills, with a gray precipice behind, the stern front of which was relieved by the pleasant foliage of many creeping plants, that made a tapestry for the naked rock by hanging their festoons from all its rugged angles.

At a small elevation above the ground, set in a rich framework of verdure, there appeared a niche, spacious

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enough to admit a human figure. Into this natural pulpit Ernest ascended and threw a look of familiar kindness around upon his audience.

Ernest began to speak, giving to the people of what was in his heart and mind. They accorded with his thoughts; and his thoughts had reality and depth, because they harmonized with the life which he had always lived.

At a distance, but distinctly to be seen, high up in the golden light of the setting sun, appeared the Great Stone Face, with hoary mists around it, like the white hairs around the brow of Ernest. Its look of grand beneficence seemed to embrace the world.

At that moment, in sympathy with a thought which he was about to utter, the face of Ernest assumed a grandeur of expression, so full of benevolence, that the poet, by an irresistible impulse, threw his arms aloft and shouted:—

"Behold! Behold! Ernest is himself the likeness of the Great Stone Face!"

Then all the people looked and saw that what the deep-sighted poet said was true. The prophecy was fulfilled.

But Ernest, having finished what he had to say, took the poet's arm, and walked slowly homeward, still hoping that some wiser and better man than himself would by and by appear, bearing a resemblance to the Great Stone Face.

Abridged.

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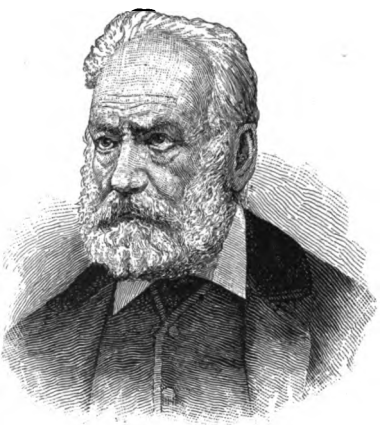
THE RUNAWAY CANNON

By Victor Hugo

Early in the last century there was born in Paris a child named Victor Hugo, who was so frail that no one thought he could live. But his tender and loving mother saved him by her care and gave France and the world a strong and brilliant man. Victor Hugo's father was an officer in the army, sent now to Corsica, now to Italy and again to Spain. Madame Hugo and her three young sons went too. In Italy Victor and his brothers played at the foot of Mt. Vesuvius. At the Spanish court the king was very fond of Victor and meant to make him a page. But the Hugos moved back to Paris. Hugo himself has told us of the fine old house where they lived, with its pleasant court in which there was a well and a willow tree. Beside the house was a large garden which had once belonged to an abbey and which was planted in chestnut and fruit trees. He remembered always with affection this garden, "shut in by high walls, sown with flowers, full of the murmur of voices, with almost an open field in its midst, almost a forest in the rear." But more interesting even than the garden was the strange man who lived in an old house at its foot, under Madame Hugo's protection. This man, who was an officer in hiding, played with the boys, told them stories and helped Victor in his Latin. One day he was found and taken away to be shot, which made Victor very sad. A little girl of the neighborhood named Adèle, who came to play in the garden, helped to comfort him. At twelve Victor and his brother Eugene were sent to a large school. Both



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boys were very popular and the school divided between them and fought battles. When fifteen Victor secretly submitted a poem to the French Academy which was highly praised and made his name known all over France. He decided to give his life to writing, though this meant "days without bread, evenings without a candle, an attic without fire, weeks without work, a coat out at the elbows." But fame came, and a pension from the king. He could now marry Adèle, whom he had always loved. Hugo's life and work were closely bound up with the historic events of the Second Empire in France. His greatest work was a novel, *Les Misérables.* [Born in 1802—died in 1885]

An incident from *Ninety-Three*, a story of the French Revolution.

It was evident that the vessel had unusual business on hand. Indeed, a man who had just come on board had the air of one entering upon an adventure. He was a tall old man, upright and robust, with a severe countenance, whose age it would have been difficult to guess accurately, for he seemed at once old and young—one of those men who are full of years and vigor; forty in point of energy, and eighty in point of power and authority.

As he came on deck his sea cloak blew open, exposing his large, loose breeches and top-boots, and a goat-skin vest which had one side tanned and embroidered with silk, while on the other the hair was left rough and bristling—a complete costume of the Breton peasant. These old-fashioned jackets answered alike for working-days and holidays: goat-skin all the week, festive dress on Sunday.

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As if to increase a resemblance which had been carefully studied, the peasant dress worn by the old man was threadbare at the knees and elbows, and seemed to have been long in use, while his coarse cloak might have belonged to a fisherman. He had on his head the round hat of the period—high, with a broad brim which, when turned down, gave the wearer a rustic look, but took a military air when fastened up at the side with a loop and a cockade. The old man wore his hat peasant fashion.

The "peasant" had a sailor's footing, and paced the deck with quiet gravity. He spoke to no one, except now and then a few low, quick words to the captain, who listened with respect, and seemed to consider his passenger, rather than himself, the commander.

A little after ten, the captain and second officer conducted the man in peasant's garb to his cabin, which was in reality the captain's state-room. As he went in, he said to them in a low voice:

"Gentlemen, you understand the importance of secrecy. Silence up to the moment of explosion. You two are the only persons here who know my name."

"We will carry it with us to the tomb," replied the captain.

"As for me," added the old man, "were I in the face of death, I would not tell it."

He entered the cabin.

The commander and the second officer returned on deck

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and walked up and down, side by side, in conversation. They were evidently talking about their passenger. But their words were cut short by a noise as unaccountable as it was awful. The cry and this noise came from the interior of the vessel.

A frightful thing had just happened; one of the carronades of the battery, a twenty-four pound cannon, had become loose.

This is perhaps the most dreadful thing that can take place at sea. Nothing more terrible can happen to a man-of-war under full sail.

A cannon that breaks loose from its fastenings is suddenly transformed into a supernatural beast. It is a monster developed from a machine. This mass rolls along on its wheels as easily as a billiard ball; it rolls with the rolling, pitches with the pitching, comes and goes, stops and seems to meditate, begins anew, darts like an arrow from one end of the ship to the other, whirls around, turns aside, evades, rears, hits out, crushes, kills, exterminates.

It has the air of having lost its patience, and of taking a mysterious, dull revenge. The mad mass leaps like a panther; it has the weight of an elephant, the agility of a mouse, the obstinacy of an ax; it takes one by surprise, like the surge of the sea; it flashes like lightning; it is deaf as the tomb; it weighs ten thousand pounds, and it bounds like a child's ball.

You can make a mastiff hear reason, can astound a bull,

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frighten a tiger, soften a lion; but there is no resource with that monster,—a cannon let loose. You can not kill it,—it is dead; at the same time it lives.

The planks beneath it give it play. It is moved by the ship, which is moved by the sea, which is moved by the wind. The ship, the waves, the blasts, all aid it; hence its frightful vitality. How to assail this fury? How to fetter this monstrous mechanism for wrecking a ship? How foresee its comings and goings, its returns, its stops, its shocks? Any one of these blows upon the sides may stave out the vessel.

At the moment when the lashings gave way the gunners were in the battery, occupied with such duties as sailors perform in expectation of the command to clear the decks for fight. The carronade dashed into this knot of men, and crushed four at the first blow; then glanced off to the larboard side, and struck a piece of the battery with such force as to unship it. Then rose the cry of distress which had been heard. The men rushed toward the ladder—the gun-deck emptied in the twinkling of an eye. The enormous cannon was left alone. This whole crew, accustomed to laugh in battle, now trembled.

The old passenger, who had descended to the gun-deck, looked like a form of stone stationed at the foot of the stairs. He stood motionless, gazing sternly about upon the devastation. Indeed, it seemed impossible to take a single step forward.

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Each bound of the liberated carronade threatened the destruction of the vessel. A few minutes more and shipwreck would be certain.

They must perish or put an end at once to the disaster. A decision must be made—but how?

All were silent—the cannon kept up its horrible noise.

The waves beat against the ship; their blows from without responded to the strokes of the cannon.

It was like two hammers alternating.

Suddenly, into the midst of this circus, where the escaped cannon leaped and bounded, there sprang a man with an iron bar in his hand. It was the gunner whose negligence had caused the accident—the captain of the gun.

Having been the means of bringing about the misfortune, he desired to repair it. He had caught up a handspike in one fist, a rope with a slipping noose in the other, and jumped down into the gun-deck.

Then a strange combat began,—the struggle of the gun against the gunner, a battle between matter and intelligence.

Livid, calm, tragic, rooted as it were in the planks, he waited. He waited for the cannon to pass near him. He began to address it as he might have done his dog.

"Come!" said he.

Perhaps he loved it. He seemed to wish it would turn toward him.

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But to come toward him would be to spring upon him. Then he would be lost. All stared in terrified silence.

"Come on!" said the man. It seemed to listen. Suddenly it leaped toward him. The man dodged. Then the struggle began,—a contest unheard of; the human warrior attacking the brazen beast; blind force on one side, soul on the other. It was as if a gigantic insect of iron was endowed with the will of a demon. Now and then this colossal grasshopper would strike the low ceiling of the gun-deck, then, falling back on its four wheels, like a tiger on all fours, would rush upon the man. He—supple, agile, adroit—writhed like a serpent before these lightning movements.

A piece of broken chain remained attached to the carronade; one end was fastened to the gun carriage; the other end thrashed wildly about, aggravating the danger with every bound of the cannon. The screw held it as in a clenched hand, and this chain, multiplying the strokes of the battering ram by those of the thong, made a terrible whirlwind around the gun,—a lash of iron in a fist of brass. The chain complicated the combat.

Despite all this, the man fought. Suddenly the cannon seemed to say to itself, Now, then, there must be an end to this. And it stopped. A crisis was felt to be at hand. All at once it hurled itself upon the gunner, who sprang aside with a laugh as the cannon passed him.

The gunner had taken refuge at the foot of the stairs,

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a few steps from the old man, who was watching. The gunner held his handspike in rest. The cannon seemed to perceive him, and, without taking the trouble to turn itself, backed upon him with the quickness of an ax-stroke.

The gunner, if driven back against the side, was lost. The crew uttered a cry.

But the old passenger, until now motionless, made a spring more rapid than all those wild whirls. He seized a bale of the false assignats, and, at the risk of being crushed, succeeded in flinging it between the wheels of the cannon.

The bale had the effect of a plug. A pebble may stop a log, a tree-branch turn an avalanche.

The cannon stumbled. The gunner, in his turn, seizing this terrible chance, plunged his iron bar between the spokes of one of the hind wheels.

The cannon was stopped. It staggered. The man, using the bar as a lever, rocked it to and fro. The heavy mass turned over with a clang like a falling bell, and the gunner, dripping with sweat, rushed forward headlong and passed the slipping-noose about the bronze neck of the overthrown monster.

It was ended. The man had conquered. The pygmy had taken the thunder-bolt prisoner. The whole crew hurried down with cables and chains, and in an instant the cannon was securely lashed.

Abridged.

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GREAT MEN

By Thomas Carlyle

Universal history, the history of what man has accomplished in this world, is at bottom the history of the great men who have worked here. They are the leaders of men, these great ones: the modelers, patterns, and in a wide sense creators, of whatsoever the general mass of men contrived to do or to attain. All things that we see standing accomplished in the world are properly the outer material result of thoughts that dwelt in the great men sent into the world; the soul of the whole world's history it may justly be considered, were the history of these. We can not look, however imperfectly, upon a great man without gaining something by him. He is the living light-fountain, which it is good and pleasant to be near. The light which enlightens, which has enlightened the darkness of the world; and this not as a kindled lamp only, but rather as a natural luminary shining by the gift of Heaven; a flowing light-fountain, as I say, of native original insight, of manhood and heroic nobleness—in whose radiance all souls feel that it is well with them. On any terms whatsoever you will not grudge to wander in such neighborhood for a while. Could we see *them* well, we should get some glimpses into the very marrow of the world's history.

From "Heroes and Hero Worship."

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THE NAME OF OLD GLORY

By James Whitcomb Riley

I

Old Glory! say, who,
By the ships and the crew,
And the long, blended ranks of the gray and the blue,—
Who gave you, Old Glory, the name that you bear
With such pride everywhere
As you cast yourself free to the rapturous air
And leap out full-length, as we're wanting you to?—
Who gave you that name, with the ring of the same,
And the honor and fame so becoming to you?—
Your stripes stroked in ripples of white and of red,
With your stars at their glittering best overhead—
By day or by night
Their delightfulest light
Laughing down from their little square heaven of blue!—
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?—say, who—
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?

The old banner lifted, and faltering then
In vague lisps and whispers fell silent again.

II

Old Glory: the story we're wanting to hear
Is what the plain facts of your christening were,—

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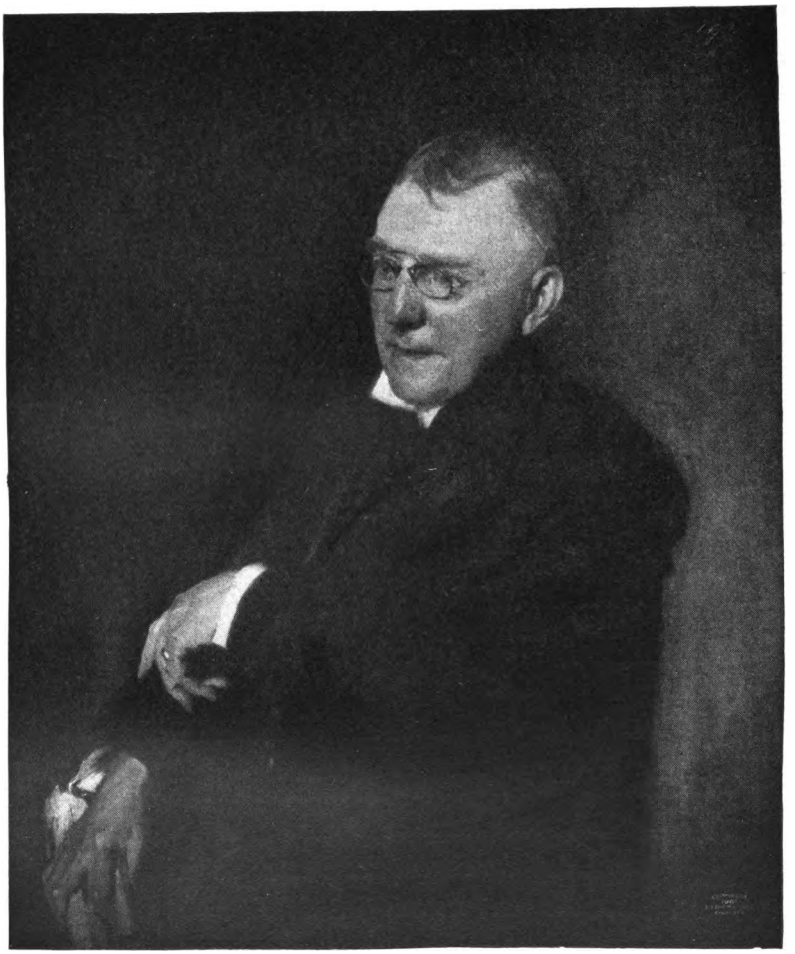

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

From the Portrait by John S. Sargent.

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For your name—just to hear it,
Repeat it, and cheer it, 's a tang to the spirit
As salt as a tear;—
And seeing you fly, and the boys marching by,
There's a shout in the throat and a blur in the eye
And an aching to live for you always—or die,
If, dying, we still keep you waving on high.
And so, by our love
For you, floating above,
And the scars of all wars and the sorrows thereof,
Who gave you the name of Old Glory, and why
Are we thrilled at the name of Old Glory?

Then the old banner leaped, like a sail in the blast,
And fluttered an audible answer at last.—

III

And it spake, with a shake of the voice, and it said:—

By the driven snow-white and the living blood-red
Of my bars, and their heaven of stars overhead—
By the symbol conjoined of them all, skyward cast,
As I float from the steeple, or flap at the mast,
Or droop o'er the sod where the long grasses nod,—
My name is as old as the glory of God.
. . . So I came by the name of Old Glory.

Abridged.

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NOTES

When a word has more than one meaning or is used figuratively, the definition given is the one that will aid in the direct interpretation of the text

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TOM AND MAGGIE

Confidentially, privately; **stodgy,** lumpy; **cobnuts,** hazelnuts; a game; **imploring,** begging; **toffee,** taffy; **meditatively,** thoughtfully; **contemptuously,** haughtily; **half-crown,** about sixty cents; **sixpence,** about twelve cents; **sovereign,** about five dollars; **shilling,** about twenty-four cents; **subsiding,** settling back; **peremptory,** positive, short; **wench,** girl; **perspicacity,** acute intelligence; **reprieve,** relieve, suspend; **disheveled** (dĭ-shĕv′-ld), in disorder; **subduer,** conqueror; **inconsistent,** out of harmony.

DAYBREAK

Matin, morning; **rook,** an English crow.

MOSES GOES TO THE FAIR

Antagonist, opponent; **discreet,** prudent; **higgle,** to argue for small advantage; **sell his hen on a rainy day,** a wet hen would look small; **deal,** pine; **pound,** about five dollars; **shagreen,** a kind of Russian leather; **paltry,** worthless; **murrain** (mur′-ān), a disease peculiar to cattle; **imposed upon,** cheated.

MY ARRIVAL IN PHILADELPHIA

Fatigued (fā-tēg′-ed), tired; **singular,** peculiar; **grotesque,** ludicrous or comical; **dispersed,** separated.

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THE CRUISE OF THE DOLPHIN

Dolphin, a fish, that changes color while dying; **inspecting,** examining; **hardtack,** a kind of hard biscuit or sea bread; **chowder,** a fish stew; **cunner,** a small perch; **sour-grape humor,** recall Æsop's *The Fox and the Grapes;* **throw a wet blanket,** to discourage; **expedition,** excursion; **squally,** stormy; **lisping,** hesitatingly; **conjecture,** guess; **scull,** oar.

AFTON WATERS

Braes, hills; **stock-dove,** a wild pigeon; **lapwing,** a small bird noted for its rapid, irregular flight; **birk,** birch; **wanton,** free, graceful.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Imbued, dyed; **canny,** keen; **demeanor,** behavior; **phenomenal,** extraordinary; **henchman,** servant; **sedan-chair,** a covered chair carried on poles; **Constance,** mother of Prince Arthur in Shakespeare's *King John;* **repertoire,** list of pieces.

THE ARCHERY CONTEST

Baldric, a belt worn over one shoulder and across the breast; **provost,** superintendent; **clout,** the center of the target; **lists,** field of contest; **cleave,** cut; **vindicated,** proved.

THE SHIPWRECK

Agitation, disturbance; **interminable,** never ending; **appalling,** terrifying; **maze,** network; **inconceivable,** impossible to imagine; **precautions,** care; **capstan,** an iron contrivance used for moving heavy weights; **penetrating,** passing into; **singular,** peculiar; **distracted,** mad; **valiantly,** bravely; **consternation,** horror.

THE SIMPLE OLD MAN

Portmanteau (pōrt-man'-tō), leather bag; **philosopher,** a wise man.

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THE DEATH OF SOCRATES

Alien (āl′ yen), foreign; **precepts,** instruction; **libation,** a wine poured as a sacrifice; **deem,** consider; **owe a cock,** a sacrifice; **Æsculapius,** the god of health.

THE REVENGE

Nurture, bringing up; **"wise in winged things,"** knew about birds and insects; **poet laureate,** a poet officially appointed in England whose duty it is to compose odes for state occasions; **pinnace,** a small coast boat; **Inquisition,** the Spanish Inquisition, infamous for its torture of heretics; **galleon,** a large sailing vessel; **plight,** condition; **swarthier,** darker.

JOHN HALIFAX

Remorseless, without pity; **external,** outside; **involuntarily,** unintentionally; **catechism,** questioning; **serried,** compact; **groat,** about eight cents; **aversion,** dislike; **irrepressible,** not to be kept back; **respectful deference,** modesty; **inexorable,** unyielding.

CRANFORD

Savored, tasted or suggested; **esprit de corps** (es-prē de-kōr), the common spirit; **gentility,** of good birth; **pattens,** a sole of wood, usually supported by an iron ring; **phraseology,** words of; **ostentatious,** showy; **alleging,** declaring; **vehemently,** strongly; **obnoxious,** objectionable; **tacitly,** silently; **tabooed,** forbidden; **daunted,** discouraged; **sarcastic compliments,** cutting remarks; **facility,** readiness; **devising,** planning; **expedients,** ways; **dilemmas,** troubles.

AUTUMN (Spenser)

Joyéd, two syllables for the sake of meter; **yold,** yielded.

THE BELLS

Runic, enchanted; the letters of the old Norse alphabet were

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called runes and were supposed to have a magic origin; **molten,** melted; **gloat,** look greedily; **euphony,** sweet sound; **voluminously wells,** swells in volume; **rapture,** happiness; **turbulency,** tumult; **expostulation,** remonstrance; **palpitating,** fluttering.

HANDY ANDY GOES TO THE POST-OFFICE

Combustible, a substance easily burned; **aggression,** assault; **vouched to,** assured; **anathemas,** curses; **contrived,** managed.

THE ISLES OF GREECE

Statuaries, sculptors; **Sappho,** a Greek poet, ranked by Aristotle with Homer; **Delos,** a small island near Greece; **Phœbus,** Apollo, the sun god; **Marathon,** the plain upon which one of the decisive battles of the world was fought in 490 B. C. in which the Greeks kept back the Persian invaders; **Salamis,** the scene of the great naval battle in 480 B. C. between the Persians under Xerxes, and the Greeks who defeated them.

A BIRDSEYE VIEW OF EUROPE

Sirocco, a hot wind from Africa; **chased,** engraved; **frankincense,** fragrant gum; **abate,** lessen; **porphyry,** a colored marble; **lucent,** shining.

THE CAPTAIN OF PLYMOUTH

Cordovan leather, coming from Cordova, Spain; **Saxon,** the Saxons are fair haired and fair complexioned; **Saint Gregory,** a monk in the sixth century, who, in passing through the slave-market at Rome, saw three Anglo-Saxon boys from Britain; **arcabucero,** a Spanish archer; **morass,** swamp; **howitzer,** cannon.

MARMION AND DOUGLAS

'Plain, complain; **behest,** command; **swarthy,** dark complexioned; **ire,** wrath; **hoary,** white; **unscathed,** uninjured; **rowel,** a wheel on a spur; **mandate,** command.

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THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON

Newton, an English philosopher who formulated the law of gravitation; **Bacon,** an English philosopher; **Locke,** an English philosopher; **delineate,** to describe; **penetration,** clear and deep understanding; **judiciously,** with good judgment; **integrity,** honesty; **consanguinity** (kon-san-gwin'-i-ti), relation of persons by blood; **bias,** to prejudice; **ascendency,** controlling influence; **visionary,** imaginary; **deportment,** manner of carrying one's self; **colloquial,** pertaining to common conversation; **mediocrity,** a middle state, neither very good nor very poor; **copiousness,** plenty; **fluency,** readiness of utterance; **diffusely,** with many words; **constellation,** a group of bright stars; **arduous,** difficult; **scrupulously,** with regard to minute particulars.

TO THE DANDELION

Fit environment, right surroundings; **circuitous, winding; recurring,** coming back; **buccaneers,** pirates; **Eldorado,** a fabulous region in South America long sought by the Spaniards for gold; **untainted,** unstained; **peers,** equals; **prodigal,** spendthrift; **deem,** think.

THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE

Genial, pleasant; **gambrel-roofed,** curb-roofed; **cloister,** monastery; **oriel,** bay-window; **prospect,** view; **lyric,** a poem that can be sung; **satiric,** ridicule; **shay,** chaise, a two-wheeled carriage; **logical,** well planned; **Georgius Secundus,** George II of England; **Lisbon-town,** Lisbon, Portugal, nearly destroyed by earthquake in 1755; **felloe,** the rim of a wheel; **thill,** shaft; **encore,** the same again.

WHO OWNS THE MOUNTAINS?

Injunction, command; **precept,** instruction; **placid,** peaceful; **consoling,** cheering; **diffuse,** spread.

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OUR RURAL DIVINITY

Ruminating, cud-chewing; **Oriental,** Asiatic; **Herodotus,** a Greek historian who lived about 480 B. C.; **Taurus,** Andhumbla's calf; **large-lettered rendering,** a fairy tale; **available,** helpful; **Scythians,** the people who in ancient times lived in northern Europe and Asia; **epizootic,** influenza; **Arcadian,** from Arcadia, an ideal country imagined by Sir Philip Sidney; **Juno,** the queen of Heaven, who once became angry and changed a maiden named Io into a cow; **Georgic,** a poem relating to agriculture; **Bucolic,** a poem about a shepherd's life; **Herculean,** having the strength of the Greek hero Hercules; **Odin,** the greatest of the Norse gods; **bovine,** cow-like; **Vikings,** Norsemen; **kine,** cattle; **domain,** place; **potential,** possible; **Evening at the Farm,** see *Child Classics, Fourth Reader;* **forage,** feed; **stanchion,** stall; **demeanor,** behavior; **Chloe** (Klō-ē), the heroine in a Greek pastoral romance of the fourth century; **Devonshire** (-sher), a county in England; **patriarch,** the head of the family, especially in Jewish history, here applied humorously.

RECESSIONAL

Nineveh and Tyre were two of the wealthy cities of ancient Assyria and Phœnicia. They are now, owing to repeated conquests, in ruins; **reeking tube,** smoking cannon; **iron shard,** iron shell.

DON QUIXOTE AND THE WINDMILLS

Don Quixote (Dŏn Kē hō′ tē); **league,** about three miles; **miscreant,** villain; **Briareus,** a giant fabled to have a hundred hands; **arrogance,** insolence; **Lady Dulcinea,** his lady love; **couching,** lowering to position for attack; **Rosinante,** Don Quixote's horse.

HERVE RIEL

Herve Riel (Er vā Rē el′); **foster,** nourish; **vital,** life-giving; **heritages,** inheritances; **offing,** deep water; **disembogues,** dis-

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charges; **stanched,** made strong; **rampired,** ramparted; **heroes on the Louvre,** on the Louvre, the great art gallery of Paris, is carved a frieze of the famous men of France.

MR. PICKWICK DRIVES

Inimitable, can not be copied; **symmetry,** good proportion of parts; **evinced,** showed; **inclination,** desire; **deputy,** one who acts for another; **impetuosity,** violence; **presentiment,** foreboding; **concentrated,** centered; **propensity,** tendency; **manœuver,** to change position, as of troops; **equestrian,** horseman; **actuated,** moved; **absurdity,** ridiculousness.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF A WONDERFUL CITY

Data, information; **encumber,** weigh down; **summoned,** called; **reversed,** upside down; **mania,** madness; **propolis,** bee-glue; **exudation,** sweating of gum; **imponderable,** without weight; **evolved,** developed; **incantation,** enchantment; **abdomen,** ab-dō'-men; **inspiration,** exaltation; **detach,** separate; **passive,** inactive; **apex,** top; **steeps,** soaks; **dexterously,** skilfully; **veneering,** a thin leaf of wood glued to a cheaper wood; **consistency,** firmness; **affixed,** attached; **keystone,** the topmost stone of an arch; **apparitions,** appearances; **aspect,** appearance; **function,** office; **predecessors,** those who went before; **essential,** necessary; **unanimously,** with one voice; **fraternal,** brotherly.

SIGURD AND GREYFELL

Mediæval, belonging to the Middle Ages; **moat,** a trench around a castle, filled with water, for defense; **Epping Forest,** a royal forest in Essex, England; **faring,** journeying; **carles,** peasants; **sooth,** truth; **fosterer,** one who brings up; **Gripir,** a half-god; **Valkyrs,** maidens of the god Odin, who presided over battles and carried the souls of the dead heroes to Valhalla; **smithying stead,** blacksmith's shop; **lea,** field; **a grey-clad man,** Odin, the greatest

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of the Norse gods; **mews,** gulls; **fain,** anxious; **litten,** lighted; **close,** field.

HOW MUCH LAND A MAN NEEDS

Singularly, unusually; **Reminiscenses,** recollections; **resolve,** determine; **Bashkirs,** a wild tribe inhabiting a Russian province; **kumiss,** fermented milk; **verst,** about two-thirds of a mile.

INDIANA AND HER PEOPLE

Alien, foreign; **conspicuous,** easily seen; **sustained,** held up; **formative,** growing; **insure,** make sure of; **posterity,** children; **impulse,** feeling; **destiny,** future life; **essential,** necessary; **romance,** a wonder tale; **issue,** point of debate; **proviso,** clause; **potent,** powerful; **defined,** made clear; **dominate,** rule; **congenial,** pleasant; **ingress,** entrance; **initiative,** power to originate; **urban,** city; **antecedents,** ancestry; **prestige** (pres-tēzh'), influence; **demeaning,** behaving; **assurance,** promise; **prevailing,** most general; **tranquillity,** peace; **illusion,** charming appearance.

TO AUTUMN (Keats)

Maturing, perfecting; **conspiring,** plotting; **granary,** storehouse for grain; **winnow,** to separate chaff from wheat by fanning; **swath,** the wheat that can be cut by one sweep of the scythe; **croft,** a small farm.

THE SEA FIGHT

Legionaries, military band; **incentive,** encouragement; **afoul,** entangled; **forefend,** prohibit; **imperturbable,** calm; **filial,** bearing the relation of a child; **belated,** delayed; **fathom,** six feet; **multiform,** many ways; **vortex,** whirlpool.

THE SLAYING OF HECTOR

Attest, witness; **covenants,** contracts; **plight,** pledge; **intent,** purpose; **Pallas,** goddess of wisdom and war; **illustrious,** renowned;

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Pelides, Achilles, the son of Peleus; **Deiphobus** (dē-if′-o-bus); **passively,** unresistingly; **Vulcan,** the fire god who had made for Achilles wonderful armor. The shield alone was a picture of the earth as the Greeks thought it. (See *The Iliad,* Book XVIII.) **Hesper,** Hesperus, the evening star; **Patroclus,** the bosom friend of Achilles; slain by Hector, who wears his armor; **avenge,** pay back; **Paris,** a brother to Hector; **Apollo,** the god of archery and light; **Scaean** (Skē′-an), the gate of Troy that faced the Grecian camp; **Hades,** the place of departed spirits.

RAB AND HIS FRIENDS

Isaac, Isaac Watts; **inference,** conclusion; **induction,** reasoning; **annular,** ring-shaped; **mobile,** movable; **centripetal,** drawing to the center; **pastoral,** rustic; **premature,** too soon; **Culloden,** in Scotland, where a battle was fought in 1746; **Shakespearian dewlaps,** the skin that hangs from the neck of an ox, which laps the dew in grazing. Shakespeare, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* compares the hounds of Theseus with reference to their dewlaps, to Thersalian bulls; **black-a-vised,** dark complexioned; **Homer,** a Greek poet; **mitigated,** appeased; **Iliad, Trojans, Hector,** see page 240.

ICHABOD CRANE

Pensive, thoughtful; **ferule,** rod; **sundry,** various; **despotic,** overbearing; **contraband,** forbidden; **legion,** company; **Mercury,** a messenger of the gods, who wore a winged cap; **impunity,** without punishment; **furbishing,** cleaning; **was domiciliated,** lived; **choleric,** easily irritated; **spectral,** ghostly; **shambled,** shuffled; **apparition,** ghost; **culinary,** relating to the kitchen; **opulence,** abundance; **treacle,** molasses; **itinerant,** wandering; **perverse,** stubborn; **starveling,** lean; **pedagogue,** teacher; **pertinacious,** obstinate; **arrant,** shameless; **casual,** incidental; **scathed,** injured; **covert,** shelter; **lateral,** side; **cudgeled,** pounded; **inflexible,** unbending; **involuntary,** unintentional; **fervor,** earnestness; **ascertained,** found

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out; **molestation,** disturbance; **stave,** bar; **competitor,** rival; **executor,** one appointed by law to settle an estate.

THE FORUM SCENE FROM JULIUS CÆSAR

Censure, condemn; **the question of his death,** the explanation of his death; **extenuated,** underestimated; **enforced,** exaggerated; **lover,** friend; **do grace,** show respect; **interred,** buried; **ransom,** money paid for the release of a prisoner; **coffers,** money chests; **Lupercal,** a grotto in Rome dedicated to Lupercus, the god of shepherds; **commons,** common people; **napkins,** handkerchiefs; **issue,** children; **meet,** fit; **o'er shot,** gone too far; **Nervii,** a hostile tribe defeated by Cæsar in 57 B. C.; **Pompey,** a famous Roman general defeated by Cæsar in 48 B. C.; **dint,** blow; **vesture,** garment; **wit,** understanding; **drachma,** about twenty cents.

THE SIEGE OF LEYDEN

Expedient, plan; **minute** (mi-nūt'), tiny; **shamble,** place for slaughtering; **converted,** turned into; **expedients,** means; **mortality,** death-rate; **engendered,** caused; **abridge,** shorten; **Valdez,** the Spanish commander; **burgomaster,** mayor; **inflexibility,** resoluteness; **assailed,** attacked; **Adrian Van der Werf,** the burgomaster, who declared that his men would eat their left hands while fighting with their right, rather than yield; **haggard,** wasted; **tranquil,** peaceful; **literally,** word by word; **menaces,** threats; **appease,** satisfy; **Admiral Boisot,** in charge of the relief fleet; **submerged,** under water; **precipitately,** hastily; **acquired,** gained; **armada,** fleet; **reconnoitering,** examining; **conjunction,** connection; **insuperable,** unconquerable; **impediment,** obstruction; **detour,** winding course; **sortie,** a sally by a body of troops; **audacity,** daring; **frustrate,** defeat.

TO A SKYLARK

Blithe, gay; **profuse,** pouring forth with fullness; **unpremeditated,** unstudied.

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THE LADY OF SHALOTT

Wold, plain; **dusk,** grow dark; **pad,** horse; **bow-shot,** read, like a bow-shot; **greaves,** armor; **Galaxy,** the Milky Way.

SPEECH BEFORE THE VIRGINIA CONVENTION

Illusions, deceptive visions; **siren,** a mythical sea nymph who lures men to destruction; **transforms,** changes; **arduous,** difficult; **disposed,** inclined; **concern,** affect; **temporal,** earthly; **solace,** comfort; **insidious,** deceitful; **comports,** agrees with; **resort,** turn to; **avert,** turn away; **remonstrated,** argued against; **supplicated,** begged; **prostrated,** laid flat; **interposition,** stepping between; **arrest,** stop; **inviolate,** uninjured; **cope,** meet; **formidable,** tremendous; **invincible,** unconquerable; **extenuate,** lessen.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

Elegy, a plaintive poem; **curfew,** an evening bell, instituted by William the Conqueror, meaning, to put out lights and go to bed; **knell,** death bell; **glimmering,** unsteady; **molest,** disturb; **incense,** perfume; **clarion,** horn; **sire,** father; **glebe,** soil; **jocund,** happy; **disdainful,** haughty; **annals,** history; **heraldry,** a record of persons of noble descent; **pomp,** display; **inevitable,** not to be avoided; **storied urn,** a vessel containing the ashes of the dead upon which are engraved lines of praise; **animated bust,** a marble head and shoulders looking so much like the original that it seems to have life; **mansion,** body; **provoke,** rouse; **Hampden,** a distinguished English statesman who lived in the time of Charles I; **dauntless,** fearless; **Milton,** one of the greatest English poets; **Cromwell,** Lord Protector of England in the seventeenth century; **sequestered,** obscure; **tenor,** course; **swain,** young man; **dirge,** funeral march; **recompense,** reward; **frailties,** faults.

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DISSERTATION ON ROAST PIG

Piquant (pē'kant), stimulating to the taste; **unique,** unmatched; **manuscript,** unpublished book; **obscurely,** indistinctly; **Confucius,** a celebrated Chinese philosopher born 550 B. C.; **Mundane Mutations,** earthly changes; **designates,** describes; **mast,** corn; **conflagration,** fire; **esteemed,** considered; **consternation,** horror; **assailed,** attacked; **premonitory,** warning; **nether,** under; **sire,** father; **ensued,** took place; **rending,** tearing; **asunder,** apart; **ejaculations,** cries; **inconsiderable,** small; **assize town,** county seat; **obnoxious,** troublesome; **sage,** wise man; **dynasty,** reign; **obvious,** evident; **implicit,** trusting; **pretext,** excuse; **assigned,** given.

TO R. L. S.

Incredible, impossible to believe; **sair doubt,** much doubt; **thole,** bear; **stealthy,** stolen; **immaterial,** of no consequence; **implication,** understanding; **haver,** a foolish thing; **ettled,** desired; **James,** James Durie, the hero of *The Master of Ballantrae;* **redding,** clearing; **wanly,** feebly; **accomplice,** associate in crime; **enticing,** tempting; **conceive,** think of; **Alan Breck,** a character in *Kidnapped,* by Stevenson; **John Silver,** a prominent character in *Treasure Island;* **abjure,** reject; **engrossed,** swallowed up; **hantle,** a great deal; **dinna,** do not.

ON PAROLE

Blockhouse, a small house with loopholes for muskets, used as a fort; **admixture,** other elements; **insubordinate,** rebellious; **stealthy,** sly; **taut,** tight; **supercargo,** a person on a merchant vessel whose duty it is to superintend all the commercial transactions of the voyage; **stockade,** an inclosure or pen made with posts and stakes; **alteration,** change; **apprehension,** fear, uneasiness; **pestiferous,** plague-bearing, unhealthy; **slough** (slōō), a low miry spot; **rudiment,** first step; **yarn through the spars,** talk through the bars; **accomplice,** a confederate; **preponderance,** hold upon.

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A LIST OF BOOKS FOR HOME READING

EDITED FOR CHILD CLASSICS BY HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

ALDRICH, THOMAS BAILEY	*The Story of a Bad Boy*
ALDRICH, THOMAS BAILEY (EDITOR)	*Young Folks' Library (Twenty Vols.)*
BARRIE, JAMES M.	*The Little Minister*
*BEESON, R. KATHARINE (EDITOR)	*Child's Calendar Beautiful*
BROOKS, PHILLIPS	*Letters of Travel*
*BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN	*Translation of The Iliad and The Odyssey*
BUNYAN, JOHN	*The Pilgrim's Progress*
*BURROUGHS, JOHN	*Songs of Nature*
BURROUGHS, JOHN	*A Year in the Fields*
CABLE, GEORGE W.	*Old Creole Days*
CERVANTES, MIGUEL DE	*Don Quixote*
CHAPIN, ANNA ALICE	*Wonder Tales from Wagner*
CHURCH, ALFRED J.	*Stories of The Iliad and The Odyssey*
CLEMENS, SAMUEL L. (MARK TWAIN)	*The Prince and The Pauper*
COOPER, JAMES FENIMORE	*The Last of the Mohicans*
COOPER, JAMES FENIMORE	*The Spy*
CRAIK, DINAH MULOCK	*John Halifax, Gentleman*
DEFOE, DANIEL	*Robinson Crusoe*
DICKENS, CHARLES	*A Christmas Carol*
DICKENS, CHARLES	*The Old Curiosity Shop*
DICKENS, CHARLES	*David Copperfield*
EGGLESTON, EDWARD	*The Hoosier Schoolboy*
EMERSON, RALPH WALDO	*Essays*
EVANS, MARY ANN (GEORGE ELIOT)	*The Mill on the Floss*
FRANKLIN, BENJAMIN	*Autobiography*
GINN, EDWIN (EDITOR)	*Plutarch's Lives*

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HALE, EDWARD EVERETT . . . *The Man Without a Country*
*HARRIS-GILBERT (EDITORS) . . *Poems by Grades (Grammar)*
HARRIS, JOEL CHANDLER . . . *Uncle Remus, His Songs and Sayings*
HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL . . . *Tanglewood Tales*
*HENLEY, WILLIAM E. . . . . *Lyra Heroica*
HENTY, GEORGE ALFRED . . . *Wulf, the Saxon*
HUFFORD, LOIS G. . . . . *Shakespeare in Tale and Verse*
HUGHES, THOMAS . . . . . *Tom Brown's School-Days*
HUGO, VICTOR (S. E. WILTSE, EDITOR) . . . . . *Jean Valjean*
IRVING, WASHINGTON . . . . *The Sketch-Book*
IRVING, WASHINGTON . . . . *Tales of the Alhambra*
JEWETT, SARAH ORNE . . . . *The White Heron*
JORDAN, DAVID STARR . . . . *Science Sketches*
*KEATS, JOHN . . . . . *Selected Poems*
KELLER, HELEN . . . . . *The Story of My Life*
KINGSLEY, CHARLES . . . . *Greek Heroes*
KINGSLEY, CHARLES . . . . *Westward Ho*
KIPLING, RUDYARD . . . . *Captains Courageous*
*LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL . . . *Complete Poetical Works*
†MABIE, HAMILTON WRIGHT (EDITOR) . . . . . *Legends Every Child Should Know*
†MABIE, HAMILTON WRIGHT (EDITOR) . . . . . *Myths Every Child Should Know*
MALORY, THOMAS (SIDNEY LANIER, EDITOR) . . . . *The Boy's King Arthur*
MITCHELL, S. WEIR . . . . *Hugh Wynne*
MORGAN, JAMES . . . . . *Lincoln. The Boy and The Man*
MOTLEY, JOHN LOTHROP . . . *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*
MUNROE, KIRK . . . . . *With Crockett and Bowie*
NORTON, CHARLES ELIOT (EDITOR) . . . . . *Heart of Oak Books, VI and VII*
PALMER, GEORGE H. . . . . *Translation of The Iliad and The Odyssey*
POE, EDGAR ALLAN . . . . *The Gold Bug*
PYLE, HOWARD . . . . . *Robin Hood*
*REPPLIER, AGNES (EDITOR) . . *A Book of Famous Verse*
RIIS, JACOB . . . . . *The Making of an American*
*RILEY, JAMES WHITCOMB . . . *Afterwhiles*
*RILEY, JAMES WHITCOMB . . . *Green Fields and Running Brooks*
RUSKIN, JOHN . . . . . *Sesame and Lilies*

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SCOTT, SIR WALTER	*Ivanhoe*
SCOTT, SIR WALTER	*Quentin Durward*
*SCOTT, SIR WALTER	*The Lady of the Lake*
*SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM	*Julius Cæsar*
*SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM	*The Merchant of Venice*
*SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM	*The Tempest*
*SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM	*A Midsummer Night's Dream*
*SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM	*Macbeth*
*SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM	*As You Like It*
SHALER, NATHANIEL	*The Story of Our Continent*
*SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE	*Selected Poems*
STANLEY, HENRY M.	*In Darkest Africa*
*STEDMAN, EDMUND CLARENCE (EDITOR)	*An American Anthology*
*STEDMAN, EDMUND CLARENCE (EDITOR)	*A Victorian Anthology*
STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS	*Treasure Island*
STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS	*Kidnapped*
STRANG, HERBERT	*Rob the Ranger*
TAPPAN, EVA MARCH	*Old Ballads in Prose*
TAPPAN, EVA MARCH (EDITOR)	*The Children's Hour* (*Ten Vols.*)
*TENNYSON, ALFRED, LORD	*Complete Poetical Works*
TOLSTOY, LEO	*The Long Exile*
TOLSTOY, LEO	*Gospel Stories*
TROWBRIDGE, JOHN TOWNSEND	*Jack Hazard*
VACHELL, H. A.	*The Hill*
VAN DYKE, HENRY	*Fisherman's Luck*
VAN DYKE, HENRY	*The Blue Flower*
WALLACE, LEW.	*Ben-Hur*
WARNER, CHARLES DUDLEY	*Being A Boy*
WASHINGTON, BOOKER T.	*Up From Slavery*
WHITNEY, ADELAIDE D. T.	*Real Folks*
*WIGGIN, KATE DOUGLAS (EDITOR)	*Golden Numbers*
*WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM	*Selected Poems*
YONGE, CHARLOTTE	*A Book of Golden Deeds*

*Poetry.

†Added by the Editors of *Child Classics.*

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SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

1. Know your lesson—both its literary possibilities and its technical difficulties.

2. Know your class—both as children whose lives are to be affected for good by the inspiration they are to receive through this lesson with you, and as readers with varying powers to interpret the printed page.

The reading lesson should be a social exercise. Children who are ready for *The Fifth Reader* have acquired considerable power of independent study, and they should come to the recitation prepared to contribute individually and abundantly to the pleasure of the whole class. Such a result is possible when the teacher throws upon each member of the class all the responsibility he can carry.

Children are able and are delighted to do far more than is usually permitted. Let them, as far as possible, plan the lesson, ask the questions, make the criticisms. Insist upon large, suggestive, helpful criticism. Do not permit such superficial comment as "Miss ——, James said 'and' for 'but.'" Rather require one child to address the other kindly, "I get a different thought. It seems to me it should be read in this way." You are working for power, not information. Do not become discouraged if the children's questions are not so good as yours, the first week or the second; and above all, do not think you are wasting time. Train the children to ask keen questions, to pass by the nine unimportant ones and to ask the tenth pertinent one. In less time than you realize the pupils will be demanding of one another clarity of thought and good expression beyond anything that you could get. The cause is the child's self-activity.

It would seem, therefore, that the teacher should become a trainer

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of teachers of reading. To do this she must be able to read herself, to sense the lesson in all its literary values, and to get a corresponding response from her class. Five books especially helpful in such work are, Hinsdale's *Teaching of the Language Arts* and *Art of Study;* Chubb's *The Teaching of English;* Baker, Carpenter and Scott's *The Teaching of English*, and Carson's *The Voice and Spiritual Education.*

Reading lessons fall into two types, extensive and intensive—sight reading and study reading. The division is based on the difficulty of the text, not on any inherent difference in the nature of the selections. A lesson that would be extensive reading for *The Fifth Reader* pupil would, in all probability, be intensive reading for *The Fourth Reader* one. The child should have both kinds of work, for through one he acquires facility in expression, and through the other power to get deeper thought.

Little need be said on extensive reading. It should be pure pleasure. The teacher may seat herself among the children, who, with books closed, listen to several read in turn such a story as *The Simple Old Man,* or who dramatize impromptu a selection like *Moses Goes to the Fair,* one child reading the author's part.

Intensive reading is the test of the teacher. There is no limit to the artistic skill she may put forth. A few general principles may be in place.

The selection should be presented as a whole to the class before they begin to analyze it. This can be done in such a poem as Poe's *The Bells* by the teacher's reading through the entire piece, to key the class through her voice to its spiritual pitch; or, if a narrative, such as *Ichabod Crane,* by assigning it to be read during study time and reproduced orally in outline. Following this study of the whole, will come the study of the larger literary units included, such as, in *The Bells,* the sleigh-bells, the wedding-bells; or in *Ichabod Crane,* the school, the journey, the quilting frolic; and last, the careful study of the single sentence.

In such an essay as *Our Rural Divinity,* the children should be questioned not only upon the classical allusions explained in the notes, but upon their own interpretation of such a sentence as "She has not the

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classic beauty of the horse, but in picture-making qualities she is far ahead of him." However, do not spoil the child's pleasure in a selection by over-emphasizing the study of individual words. The connotation of words is a matter of gradual acquirement and children can not grasp at once all the finer shades of meaning in a masterpiece.

The child's constructive imagination should constantly be appealed to. Ask him, for instance, to give in his own words the picture described in the first three stanzas of the *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard;* or to dramatize *The Archery Contest*, embellishing the dialogue with appropriate action and adding dialogue, if it can be done effectively.

Children delight to make original drawings and could be asked to illustrate such selections as *The Cruise of The Dolphin*, and *Darius Green and His Flying Machine.*

Great opportunity for developing the child's taste is afforded in the home reading lists. There is no substitute in this matter for personal interest on the part of the teacher. One good way to interest children in a book is to read to them a part of the story. The book can then be lent over night to some child who will tell to the class the next day what he has read. The teacher may continue for a few moments the reading of the story that the class shall again feel the author's power and style and the book then be given to another child for further report. *Fanciful Tales*, by Frank R. Stockton, and *Jean Valjean* are of absorbing interest when taken in this way.

Ten seasonal poems have been printed in italics, in the hope that by setting them apart in this way the children will more easily see the beauty in nature painted by the poet. If possible, they should be read at the appropriate time of the year.

Clear-cut enunciation, erect bearing, the light falling properly on the book, are matters which should need no comment.

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